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A
RIDE ON HORSEBACK
TO
FLORENCE
THROUGH
FRANCE AND SWITZERLAND.

DESCRIBED IN A SERIES OF LETTERS

BY

A LADY.

"I will not change my horse for any that treads but on four pasterns: he trots the air; the earth sings when he touches it; the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes; he is the prince of palfreys; his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces homage: nay, the man hath no wit that cannot from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb vary deserved praise on my palfrey."—SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry the Fifth*.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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Wednesday, July the 5th 1838.
Hotel de Meurice, à Calais.

MY DEAR WILLIAM,
WHEN we called on you a few weeks since, on our ride from Liverpool to Dover, you desired a journal of that which was to follow across France and to Florence. We em-

barked, then, at seven in the morning of the 4th of July, with no wind, but a heavy swell and drizzling rain: D—— and myself, Fanny and the patient Grizzel in their horse boxes, with John (from Cork!) beside them, combing tails and rubbing curb-chains—his resource against ennui. Landed at ten: Fanny profiting by her first free moment to bite a douanier who caressed her; and from his calling obtained no more pity from the bystanders than from John, who was grinning derision at his “big ear-ring.” Worried by the Custom-house, though we have nothing contraband. The signalement of the horses taken with care and gravity: it would suit any grey mare and bay pony in the world. The officers do not quite understand the shining of their coats, and (supposing them cleaned after the fashion of spoons) asked John “with what powder?” he has been rather awed by the ceremony of receiving his passport, particularly when standing up to be measured and described. We remain here three days, as the inn is exceedingly comfortable, but there is very little to see; on the Grande Place, near the lighthouse tower, stood, even in 1830, the ruins of the old Halle, where John de Vienne the governor, and Sire Walter de Mauny communicated the hard terms of surrender to Eustache St. Pierre: there is no trace of it now. The site of St.

Pierre's house is marked by a neat marble slab, at the corner of the street which bears his name. The building still called "Cour de Guise," though it has been turned to various purposes, rebuilt and altered, was the wool staple originally built by Edward the Third of England; and afterwards bestowed on Guise the Balafré, in reward of his services when he retook Calais from the English in 1577. The church has little worth notice excepting its altar. The vessel, which in Louis the Thirteenth's time bore it from Genoa, on its way to Antwerp, was wrecked on the Calais coast. With its bassi-relievi and crowd of statues and marble columns, it wants simplicity, and is too large for the place it occupies; for the roof appears to crush the glory of the Saviour. The old Suisse who shows the church is most proud of a Last Supper carved in relief, gilded and coloured: he knocks on the head the little figure of Christ to prove his assertion, "Monsieur c'est en bois!"

In the old revolution this church was unprofaned: a Club built before it masked its entrance; and the then mayor of Calais warned Lebon that he might enter if he would, but that he could not answer for the temper of his townsmen.

The chief building in Calais is the Hôtel de Ville with its handsome tower, and a clock

which has a sweet clear chime ; before it, each on its pedestal, are the busts of Richelieu and Guise le Balafré : that of Eustache St. Pierre holds the place of honour on the façade. To reward for the trouble of walking up stairs, the old woman only exhibited two rooms, “là où l'on marie” and “là où l'on reçoit,” she called them : in the latter, Louis Philip, whom the artist intended to smile, and who sneers instead, occupies the wall opposite a Surrender of Calais. The citadel is forbidden ground ; we were turned back by the sentinel, as we were proceeding to search for the ruins of the Chateau of Calais, in which, by Richard the Second's order, the Duke of Gloucester was imprisoned and murdered ; they are built into a bastion, called that of the “Vieux Chateau.”

John has decided that eating a dinner in France is the most wonderful thing which has happened to him yet. He describes the spreading a white cloth over his knees preparatory to serving up soup, fish, made dishes and dessert ; he has made acquaintance with the “Garçon d'Ecurie,” whose thin tall figure is a contrast to his own, with its round head and bowed legs. They keep up a conversation of signs and contortions ; this hot day they have passed seated in a wheelbarrow on the sunny side of the court-yard : it was first Pierre's place of repose, but beginning by sitting on

the wheel, and encroaching by degrees, John made it so uncomfortable to his comrade, that he gained sole possession, and is now coiled up asleep. He told me this morning that he must go to church, the Irish father by whom he was married a month ago not having "quite done with him in the way of confession:" I represented that these priests were Frenchmen; that he said was of no consequence, "Clargy spaking all kinds of languages." He knew but one exception, and that was the very father who married him and could not speak Irish; it was he who (by John's account) gave him a blow when instead of the fifteen shillings he demanded he offered him five.

The stout waiter François, known for four and twenty years at the hotel, is as perfect a specimen of French nature in his class, as is John of that of Ireland. He informed me he had lately crossed to England; an ordinary intellect would have supposed it was to see the country, or the coronation, but no, it was to see Lablache! and being in London he also saw Taglioni!! and her dancing, he said, went to his very soul. While we were at dinner, a fair girl, with a wrinkled old woman on her arm, looked in at the window and touched a bad guitar: I said we wanted no music, and François scolded her away, but as he stooped down to arrange the fire, muttered in a low

voice, "It was true that she was troublesome, and had only one excuse, she supported her old mother." We gave her something, and François, whose face had grown radiant, told us his own story, and how he had worked from a boy with the hope of assisting his father, and at last had purchased him an annuity of 600 francs, which the old man had enjoyed thirteen years, proud in the gift of a son, who, like Corporal Trim, thought that "Honour thy father and thy mother" meant allowing them a part of his earnings. "He had been looked on as the best son of the province;" and his own child had promised well likewise but he died—he thought he might have weathered the storm, but death, François said, was the strongest and not to be battled with; and with a mixture of feeling and philosophy, as he changed my soup-plate, he shook his head and added, "que voulez-vous?"

D—— misses a *Commissionnaire*, a civil fellow well known to all who frequented the Hotel Meurice, his story being romantic from its commencement; he has become a hero malgré lui; he was brought from Portugal when a child by an officer of the 11th Regiment, and left here when the army of occupation quitted France. He travelled to Paris in the July of 1830 and was there surprised by the revolution. Being of a peaceable temper

he hid himself within doors ; through some unlucky window a ball came and grazed his arm, and, determined to profit by events if possible, as soon as danger was passed he emerged, showing his wounds and claiming cross and pension ; he has obtained both as due to his merit, and is now a "gros portier dans un hôtel de libéral." We walked this lovely evening past the Courtgain to the Pier. The Courtgain is the fishermen's quarter, being nothing more than a large bastion ceded them, with permission to build, in 1622 ; it contains seven very narrow streets. We watched the fishing-boats towed out against wind and tide by their owners' wives and daughters ; the men look picturesque in their red caps and high boots, and they crawl through the mud and up the sides of their craft, with two oars serving for ladder, with the dexterity of cats. It blew fresh this evening ; the boats were out at sea a few moments after the women let go the ropes at the pier head. They did not murmur at their hard work, nor did sign or token offer them thanks for it. The skiffs sailed on and they just glanced at them as they lessened in the distance, and returned dragging along and scolding disobedient children ; yet the sky was wild though the sun shone ; sufficiently stormy to make one wonder they looked no longer.

St. Omer, July 8th, Grande St. Catherine.

One may certainly ride from Calais hither, and say "it is all barren." The soil seems a deep sand, and we wondered that it could produce even thin wheat and dry grass; crossed the "*Pont Sans pareil*," which is thrown over the two canals, where they meet at right angles. Twenty-six miles of broad straight road, only enlivened by a few pollarded trees, a great many windmills, some melancholy red chateaux with great gates and long avenues, and here and there villages of wretched cabins each in its unwholesome enclosure; the green pond in front and the tall trees around it: the group surmounted by a spire. Such as they are, they give the dead flat a look of the living: but they are scantily scattered. Left Ardres to the right: it has been a strong place, and is going to decay. Guines is farther on, and the field of "*Cloth of Gold*," which still bears its name, lies between them, but not on the road: but for D——'s recollection of 1815, and some interest in tracing his old quarters, it would have been duller still.

Approached St. Omer at last: rode between rows of stripped elms with deplorable heads; through a long suburb; along a fine avenue skirting the fortifications, over bridges and drawbridges unending, and we were in the town. This is a good inn. We walked after dinner

to see the Abbey of St. Bertin; our guide the “*grosse fille d'auberge*.” Its interior was burned in the old revolution, and the “Conseil Municipal,” judging the safety of the townsmen endangered, has caused all to be taken down, saving a side wall and its beautiful tower. English visitors still ascend the latter for the sake of the view, but it must be a work of danger; it is cracked to the very top, and bends awfully. Over its porch was a fresco painting, whose outline and some faded colours remain, and above it, sown there by some of the winds of heaven, grows and flourishes a young pear tree.

We seated ourselves on some timber to look at the sunset and the falling abbey, and the *fille d'auberge* sat down also. She said all the small houses round were inhabited by English, who admire ruins “fureusement.” When she was tired of talking she remembered she was wanted and left us. We returned ourselves through handsome desolate streets, passing some hotels of Louis the Thirteenth’s time, and many Spaish houses, of I presume Queen Elizabeth’s date, for they exhibit the gable peaked or in-steps of stone, but have an ugly addition of shell-like ornaments over doors and windows. The Place du Haut Pont, which we crossed, is surrounded by these. The Place itself, with its

crooked canal crossed by a wooden bridge and disappearing under a dark arch of some ancient building—the boats lying on the water ready to depart for Dunkirk—a group of people collected on its edge round a street singer—looked in the red indistinct light like a Dutch picture or a fragment of opera scenery.

July 9th.

The cathedral is very fine, and we regretted that an exceedingly gruff Suisse would not allow us to stay more than five minutes in the lovely Gothic chapel behind the altar, which would be faultless, but that it is over-painted and gilded. Above the altar is a Crucifixion in stone, with a background of stained glass, through which the light comes on it with great effect, but rather theatrically. At the foot of the altar steps was a female figure in almost modern costume, seated on the floor, looking like a great wooden doll. What she does there I cannot say, and the Suisse left me no time to examine. We were obliged to rest satisfied with a passing glimpse of this, and the “grilles de chapelles,” on either side, in fine Italian marble, and the tomb in the nave of some monk or bishop who lies here in costly effigy. We went thence to St. Denis. Its exterior in some degree resembles St. Bertin and Nôtre Dame, as its square tower has the same character, but it has been pieced

and renewed within. It was "fête" in this church, an old man said, and to do it honour the high altar was ornamented with hundreds of roses, and myrtle and orange-trees in their tubs, ranged in the choir beneath the church banners. On the right of the choir is the altar of the "Sacre Cœur," on either side of which hang strings of silver hearts as big as the palm of the hand, offerings of the faithful!

On the left, in a hole sunk in the wall, framed and lined with room-paper, except on festivals screened from profane eyes by little pink calico curtains, is a gilded bust of St. Bertin, adorned with steel court buttons. Walking down the aisle on this side we arrived before the chapel of St. Hubert; we looked through the grille, and saw on the opposite wall a larger recess, its folding-doors thrown back for the holiday. Within, the saint (a foot high) kneels in a flowing wig and Roman toga! a tiny tin cor de chasse, such as you have seen on the caps of the light infantry of the National Guard, tacked to his side! The background, a piece of room-paper representing a great green tree; on which (in relief of course) shines out a second and similar hunting horn! The saint's dog, in an attitude of astonishment, gazes, as does Hubert, on a small wooden stag, who stands on a rock; the Crucifix and two Thieves springing from

his forehead in place of antlers. Below, is written, "The Conversion of St. Hubert."

In a second recess of the same chapel, St. Hubert reappears, rewarded; in gilded canonicals and holding a bunch of flowers, but still hangs at his girdle, to prove his identity, the tin cor de chasse of the bonnet de Voltigeurs.

I saw lower down a devout inscription praying that "St. Joseph's presence in that spot might protect all carpenters," and near the entrance an ancient basso reliefo brought from the tomb of the Abbot of St. Bertin.

We walked on to the college, and round its fine courts. Some of the buildings bear the date of Francis the First, but the church and college themselves were erected by the Jesuits in the time of their power—1629. The former merely presents to the street a high ornamented gable, and a vast space within not worth looking at. Its curiosities (placed here temporarily) are some bassi reliefs of Spanish processions, dug up some miles from St. Omer, and a group representing St. Pepin (who was the dwarf of his century) killing with his fist a lion, who is gnawing a bull.

The fire-engines are also here till the Hôtel de Ville, which is in progress, shall be ready to house them. I was surprised to see their buckets are baskets saturated with pitch, and hempen vessels of the same form, and to hear

they answer perfectly. We walked on the ramparts which command the view of the prodigiously strong fortifications, and the flat, which can at pleasure be inundated a mile round; but like the broad desolate streets, the prospect is surpassingly melancholy.

Lillers. Hotel de la Poste, July 10th.

A fine avenue, leaving St. Omier; and a rather more interesting country, through which flows the little river. One hill in the distance (which we took for Cassel) breaking the flat, and here and there, some rather pretty looking hamlets—each cabin within its prairie; but between these no sign of habitation. The light sandy soil is extremely cultivated, and the unending plain less sad now than it will be later in the season, as the corn is in ear, and the bean and poppy fields are in blossom. From the seed of this purple and white poppy is expressed salad oil. Aire, which we passed through, is a picturesque, fortified town, its ramparts shaded with fine green trees. Beyond Aire, on each side of the grand route, are numberless gardens, and it was gay and sweet with flowers.

At every mile we pass a “petite chapelle,” being usually a small wooden case with a glass door, perched on a pole, planted at the road-side; and within, a tiny figure of the virgin, attired in white muslin. I saw Notre

Dame de Grace, Nôtre Dame de Guerison, and Nôtre Dame de Bonne Fin ; the last with no great pleasure, thinking she might be there installed on account of the arrival of the black fever, which is in Flanders. We fancied the villagers looked pale, and passed at a gallop.

John had arrived before us at Lillers ; and fearing the diligence had taken him too far, and unable to ask the name of the place in which he was deposited, he locked up our baggage in a room of the inn, and, with the great key in his hand, was contemplating a walk back to St. Omer. This inn is a mere farm-house with bad accommodation ; the landlord and his friends sat smoking in the room where we dined ; he regrets we will not walk three quarters of a league to the fête, and the servant and the landlady's daughter are now describing Dominique's dancing, and a minute ago had nearly come to high words about Dominique.

St. Pol, July 11th.

Started in burning weather, having found no conveyance for John, who trudged after cheerfully, though he says " it is these straight roads what breaks the heart of a traveller." Stopped to rest whenever the shade of a bush made it possible, for the fine trees which grew here as well as on most of the grandes routes of France are all felled. Saw no traveller,

excepting a white haired bishop, in his purple robes, who passed in his carriage. John said "he would have kneeled to ax a blessing but he took him for an officer;" at last we came up with a petite voiture, within which we deposited John, who directly commenced a conversation no one was likely to sustain. Arrived here ourselves, having suffered a good deal from the intense heat; and drank some beer which a peasant sold at four sous a quart, and explained to her how I sat on Fanny having no one behind to hold me on. Avoid this inn on pain of bad meat, and bad beds, and mistakes in the bill. Strolled out, for refreshment, in the heavy dew, and finding a rather pretty walk compared to the frightful plain, hailed as if it had been Swiss scenery the dry bed of a little stream with a bridge and broken bank, shaded by young birch trees, and a path winding upwards from it through corn and bean fields and a tiny copse to the town.

Doullens, le Grand Turc, July 12th.

Left St. Pol at four in the afternoon, to avoid the heat, and found it still so excessive that we sat under the shade of the first trees we found, and let the horses feed until the sun declined. John was to follow in the "Service des Dépêches," a heavy cab with a rawboned horse. The peasantry hereabouts are worse lodged and more filthy than between

Calais and St. Omer. Woe to whom penetrate within the prairie, or step across the floor. The evening grew dark so suddenly that we had some trouble in finding (not the road, for there are no cross-ways or green lanes) but its least stony part, in the steep rough descent to Doullens ; took a poppy field for a lake ; it struck ten as we arrived in the bad air of the narrow street, where reigns the Grand Turk the moon rising as our ride ended. John appeared in the mail a few minutes after ; it had changed horses on the road, but certainly not fatigued either, for ours were not put out of a walk. The fille d'auberge blinded me by holding her candle in my face to examine hat, habit, and wearer, before she thought proper to lead the way to a room. The atmosphere abominable, and the draught which, when I threw open the windows, came in from the narrow street and dirty yard, worse than the air it expelled. Nothing to be had but *cafe au lait* and cherries, but the beds comfortable and the dark-eyed bonne good humoured. She swept the room before breakfast this morning, and the floor bore witness to its being a favour.

We walked to the citadel, which is just without the town, now occupied by only twenty-five men ; a pretty avenue leads to it up the glacis. We were admitted without difficulty, though with some formality. The soldier at

the gate summoned the Corporal ; the Corporal asked permission of the Commandant, and returned to conduct us across the two draw-bridges. The form of the citadel is a square, flanked at each angle by a bastion, and defended by outworks. From his manners and conversation, the Corporal might have been a nobleman—for he had perfect ease and no familiarity ; he offered his hand to assist me in climbing where it was rough and steep, but only when assistance was necessary. On the side of the citadel furthest from the town is the place where political offenders were confined some years back ; it is a fort within a fort, and has its own defences. The rampart commands it, and its sentinel kept a constant look out, yet, in spite of all precautions, some escaped. They were retaken, but unpunished, Louis Philip having shortly after proclaimed his “general amnesty.” Subterranean passages opening from this citadel conduct to the town, and completely mine it. The heat was so intense that we could not make the entire tour, though it was only eleven o’clock ; the Corporal regretted being deprived of the pleasure of accompanying us further, and accepted the silver put in his hand without looking at it, and with seeming reluctance, as a physician does his first fee.

Doullens has belonged to many masters : to

the Huguenots during the wars of religion, then to their enemies, afterwards to the Spaniards, who took it when Henry the Fourth was yet unsettled on his throne. It was in 1595, and the surprise of Amiens, which took place two years after, was accomplished by the governor of Doullens' love for a fair widow. The governor was the famous Captain Hernand Teillo, and the lady the Dame de Monchy, who was rich as well as noble and beautiful. "I was born at Amiens," she replied proudly, when he besought her to accept his hand: "I will espouse no man unless we obey the same royal master; either abandon the King of Spain and become French as I am, or take Amiens and make me a Spanish subject."

Adopting this last alternative, and having sworn to succeed, the Spaniard Hernand Teillo marched with his troops towards Amiens; before day broke a strong detachment lay concealed behind hedges near the town, the chapel of St. Montain and la Madelaine were occupied, and the cavalry concealed in a valley; at dawn, Hernand Teillo having made choice of sixteen soldiers and four officers on whose resolution he could rely, disguised the former as peasants and market women, and sent them by different paths to the gate of Amiens, carrying on their backs market baskets of walnuts and apples; the

four officers, disguised in like manner, walked beside a heavy cart laden with wood covered over with straw; one acting as waggoner. The movement of troops, however secretly made, could not be entirely concealed, and some peasants not counterfeits apprized the governor of Amiens of what was passing; it was said he had been bought over, at all events he treated it as an idle report. At six o'clock, the gates of the town being opened, the sixteen soldiers, preceded by their officers and waggon, boldly presented themselves for admission at the gate called Montre Ecu; arrived under the entrance arch, the waggon stopped, and the waggoner silently cut the traces that the portcullis might be arrested in its fall; at the same moment, one of the pretended peasants undid, as if by mistake, the cord which fastened the mouth of a sack of walnuts, and its contents were scattered on the pavement. The guard was composed of wretched mechanics (for Amiens, in her pride, had refused a royal garrison); they abandoned their post to seize on the prize, and the Spaniards, drawing their arms from beneath their clothes, in the course of a few moments had massacred their unresisting enemies, and gained possession of the guard house. The sentinel placed on the gate heard the cries of the wounded, and cut the ropes which upheld the

portcullis, but the waggon was exactly beneath, and the portcullis fell on it and fixed it there, leaving the way open to the foe. The citizens roused, came in numbers to repulse the Spaniards who poured in, and to a body of Irishmen under his command Hernand Teillo owed in a great measure his success. In their gallant defence of the town, perished numbers of its inhabitants : the Comte de St. Pol, governor of the province, failed to imitate their noble example ; for he fled, as soon as from the tower of the royal chateau he inhabited he recognised the red scarfs of the Spaniards. The townsmen were disarmed the same day ; the sack of Amiens permitted for eight more ; and these past, the already ruined citizens reduced to starvation by the exaction of heavy sums of money. Married to the Lady of Monchy, Hernand Teillo was rewarded for his success : and Henry the Fourth of France, after a night passed at a ball, had just lain down to rest when the courier arrived with news of the surprise of Amiens. Sully was summoned to his bedside, and Henry, grasping his hand in strong emotion, said, "I have played the part of king of France long enough; I must return to that of king of Navarre."

All the nobility of France encamped before Amiens ; the effective force amounted to 18,000

men, and Hernand Teillo, reduced to extremity, implored the assistance of the Archduke Albert, who was at Arras, and who arrived at the head of 4,000 horse and 15,000 foot. It is told that the day on which Henry was informed of their approach, he rode to a height whence he could distinguish the Spanish army advancing in good order; and leaning over his saddle bow, he prayed heaven, "If his sins deserved heavy punishment to strike the guilty: but not to scatter the flock for the fault of the shepherd."

Hernand Teillo never knew that relief was so near; he had already fallen by a musket shot, near the Porte de Montre Ecn—that very gate by which he entered. Beside it canvas had been spread to conceal the workmen while they repaired the breaches made in the rampart: a French soldier fancied he saw a shade through, and fired—it was Hernand Teillo. His successor Montenegro surrendered Amiens to King Henry on the 25th of September.

We left Doullens at twelve, for I thought no sun could be so terrible as the Grand Turk's air; but the heat proved more intense than I ever felt it in France, and whenever we found shade, which was but three times; we stopped exhausted. Overtook, travelling at this rate, John in the diligence; woke a half-naked child which was blistering in

it, or even glance at what was given her. The horses were put to a few minutes after, and they led him to the coach; he walked like a man in his sleep, and I think his sight is impaired, for tho' his face was flushed, his eyes were like stone. While we were at the table d'hôte, a very undaunted looking ballad-singer brought her harp to the door, and reaped a good harvest: the landlord tried to get up a subscription for the unfortunate peasant, but failed.

Here is the prettiest fair in the world: but held within the precincts of an ancient church and monastery, whose outer wall, still standing, exhibits the remains of fine tombs defaced and broken: part of the cloister, its arches filled up with masonry, is there also; and these make strange boundaries to ranges of shops forming streets between avenues of lime-trees, shows and buffoons, feats of horsemanship and rope-dancing. If the nuns who lie beneath the old monuments could look forth, they would understand the meaning of revolution. We walked to the fair after dinner, when it was brilliantly lighted, and the gay standings and green branches showed to advantage. It is the resort of the beau monde of Amiens, and its theatres and temporary cafés were crowded. I asked the meaning of the frequent discharges of mus-

ketry we heard — “ Madame,” said a grave shopman, “ c'est la prise de Constantin !”

The exhibition of paintings by Amiens artists is held in the Hôtel de Ville, and does them no great honour: the subject of one picture you will think curious. I copy from the catalogue: “ Christmas Eve: some good children are employed in reverently gathering together miraculous playthings, sent them by the *Enfant Jésus* down the chimney”!!!

The Gaol joins the Hôtel de Ville. As we came out, we saw a crowd collected round a large machine like an omnibus, except that it received light and air from apertures in its roof: it was marked “ Service des Prisonniers,” and is destined to convey some convicts to Bicêtre to-night: a better mode of transport than dragging them along the road in chains.

The Beffroi, a strange looking tower which rises alone on the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville, now serves as a prison for minor offences: it contains the great bell tolled on solemn occasions. It is said that this tower was raised by Louis le Gros, but the town records make no mention of it till the year 1244; it has been twice consumed by fire—the first time in 1524, when it was the scene of an awful tragedy. The keeper had ascended to the lantern at its top before the flames broke forth: and when about to descend, found, to

his horror, that smoke and fire barred his passage. He attempted to force his way, and they drove him back ; he rushed to the top once more, and shrieked for assistance to the terrified crowd : it was impossible to afford it ; and as the floor heated beneath his feet, he implored, in his agony, that some one present would fire on him. His sad prayer was granted ; and having recommended his soul to God, he fell dead from a harquebuss shot.

There is a fine “*Etablissement des Bains*” near our hôtel, supplied by the river, but before you go thither, do not, as I did, walk in view of the filthy buildings which hang over the Somme, as the muddy water causes disagreeable associations, particularly as it also washes the walls of the church in the principal street, now converted into a splendid hospital.

I have said nothing of the Cathedral, yet there we have passed the greater portion of our time ; and for its sake remain three days at Amiens. Its foundations were laid in 1220, when Everard was Bishop of Amiens, and Louis the Eighth King of France. Excepting its towers, it was finished about 1288.

415 feet long within, 132 in height, its proportions are so perfect, that its size fails to strike, except by comparison. I was made

aware of it only by looking at a human figure in the aisle. What a pity that bad taste should have covered a great part of the carved stone work, and several tombs in the chapels, with painted and gilt wainscotings! Among the latter, one in black marble of the churchman who united Isabella of Bavaria, of infamous memory, to Charles the Sixth, the royal maniac. The gilding of the altar, railings, &c. was lately renewed by the testamentary donation of an Englishman, who, together with his wife and family, embraced the Catholic religion here. They were converted, the landlady tells me, by the wife of the English clergyman! who herself had abjured protestantism shortly before!! The little angel, who beside the kneeling figure of a bishop weeps behind the high altar, was so prized by the English, that it is said they offered to purchase him for his weight in gold. He sits with his head leaned on his hand, and his legs hung carelessly down—an image of all-absorbing sorrow. The monument was an offering of gratitude from its sculptor to the memory of the prelate who had been his patron; but why an ill-executed figure of the Virgin is placed so close as to spoil the effect, no one can tell.

The organ is voiceless still, notwithstanding the 40,000 francs spent this year on its repair.

As we are to leave Amiens in the morning, we returned to the Cathedral after dinner, as I wished, in company of its Suisse, to walk round it once more—but that this man is straight, and has two eyes, he might be the original of Quasimodo. We were too early, and staid outside to look again at the three beautiful porches, deeply sunk in the noble façade, among whose multitude of carved saints innumerable birds have built their nests, in cavities made by decapitated heads, and limbs wanting; they were flying about in quantities. As we entered, the priest was about to conclude his evening sermon; we waited its close, and I thought I had not seen the cathedral to advantage before. The weather was burning and cloudless; and while the coloured rosacee of the transept opposite us looked deeper and richer, because, not fronting the west, it admitted no sunbeams; they came through a side window, and the whole cross aisle was a flood of light: roof, columns, and arches illuminated in all their details; and the figure of Fenelon's friend, half reclined on his tomb, seemed about to start up. Through the stained glass of the large rose above the organ, and the smaller one on each side, the glory from the west streamed in likewise, brightening the gay dresses of the still congregation, and the bare head of the energetic

priest, and the pulpit, supported by the three Cardinal Virtues, and surmounted by an angel whose foot seems hardly to rest on its roof, and whose hand points upward. You would have moralized on the Virtues cowering in shadow, and the winged form above them (like their emanation) floating in splendour.

The Suisse came to conduct us: his pride seemed centered in the cathedral, and in the study of its walls he says he has passed wakeful nights. The two bronzed monuments, hardly raised from the floor to right and left of the principal entrance, a human figure rudely outlined on each, are those of the founder Everard and his successor Godefroy.

Walking up the left-hand aisle, the Suisse pointed to the Crucifix Miraculeux: it is of the seventh century, clad in long gilded robes, wearing an expression, not of pain, but triumph; such being the mode of representing the Saviour before the time of Charlemagne. The miracle on which rests its fame consists in a change of lodging it one night effected, for it was originally placed in a chapel on the right of the nave. Why it preferred one opposite, the tradition does not tell.

Here, where the transept crosses the nave, is the tomb of the ambassador who negotiated peace between Francis the First of France and the Emperor Charles. The emblematical

figures are those of Force wresting a Salamander from the grasp of Peace—Francis paid tribute. An altar opposite, erected during a plague, conceals the monument of a bishop, who, holding the see of Amiens at the period of the battle of Crecy, received and sheltered Philip of Valois. A pavement stone in the transept marks the grave of Gresset. The chapel near contains, in a superb reliquary, a piece of the skull of John the Baptist! and each time we have visited the cathedral, we have seen the same old lady kneeling before it, in immovable devotion. The curious stone screen raised outside the choir represents the various events of John the Baptist's life; the small figures, though rudely drawn, have great expression; arches, canopies and pinnacles, carved above them in the same stone, form a light and beautiful frame. Formerly this screen surrounded the choir; the taste of Louis the Fifteenth's time substituted the gilt bronze railing. The Suisse stopped a moment to admire the weeping cherub and criticise (not unskilfully) a beautiful Virgin, carved by the same hand, in the chapel, behind the high altar. A few steps further, the pavement stones for a considerable space are marked each with a deeply carved cross. It would seem that here, during the religious wars, there once took place a conflict between

Huguenots and Catholics, in which many of the latter died. The pavement of the transept has one grave-stone more near the side entrance to the right; the initials it bears are H. T. (Hernand Teillo), for he was buried here; and it was of him that Henry the Fourth, viewing his small armour, said, "I had not believed so mighty a spirit could be lodged so narrowly!"

The carving of the screen, the canons' seats, &c. of the choir, as they are celebrated for their beauty, we wished to see nearer; but their exhibition did not lie in our cicerone's department—he went in search of a fat woman who has the key in charge. "Monsieur," he said, smiling as he presented her, "c'est la dame du cœur!"

The sculptor of this fairy-work was by agreement bound to sacred subjects; and only an oversight left to his own taste the adorning of the wood-work which divides the canons' seats. The artist was acquainted with their persons and histories; and when his task was done, each found his elbow resting on an indiscreet allusion to his life or himself. Some chafed over their own grotesque portraits; a meek looking young ass dressed in canonicals gazed sympathetically in the face of another; and the most unkindly treated of all beheld his own figure in a contrite attitude, his own hands

receiving an infant from the hands of a lady ! We staid in the cathedral till the daylight failed ; and the high roof looked loftier when we could barely distinguish where it rested on the groups of slender columns. It will be long ere we forget its beauty, and the beautiful changes of its aspect ; from the time its three portals thrown open after evening service admitted the whole flood of sunset, which lit it up as for a rejoicing, till the glow had faded ; which it did so slowly, as if it had been loth to leave it.

Went to bed at twelve ; a violent thunder-storm ; up again at three ; off at four ; and but that the two hotel dogs followed us and we turned back fearing to lose them, we were in a fair way for Rouen ; as the roads join and we had chosen the wrong one. A beautiful sunrise and uninteresting country. Arrived at half-past eight this 17th of July at Breteuil, and its Hôtel de l'Ange, a fallen one !

Doubtful meat, sulky servants, dirty floors ; windows commanding the view of a farrier's premises, admitting the scent of the smoking hoofs, which since nine this morning have accommodated themselves to red-hot shoes ; nothing to be seen but "a belvedere," that is, a circular seat at the top of a mound, which having climbed, we may look at the road we have travelled. Starved with the sem-

blance of a dinner, disgusted with the stairs which act as fowl-house, and some of whose steps the bonne, to prove her cleanliness, scraped with a dinner knife! Walked out, weary of the farrier, the two comrades who assist, and the boy who dusts the flies away, and were driven back by the still dirtier town.

CHAPTER II.

Clermont—Chateau now a Penitentiary—a Stronghold of the English in Charles the Sixth's time—Creil, where Peter the Hermit preached the first Crusade—Charles the Sixth's place of Confinement during his Madness—Chantilly—Ecouen—Henry last Duke of Montmorency—Presentiment of his Father—at eighteen created Lord High Admiral—His early love in Languedoc—His prudential Marriage at the Louvre—His Successes at Rochelle—Coldness of Louis the Thirteenth, and jealousy of Richelieu—His gallantry at Veillane—Restoration of Prisoners—Humanity during the plague at Rivoli—His anxiety to become High Constable of France—Richelieu's injustice—His retirement to Languedoc—Privileges of Languedoc—Prince Gaston's efforts to win over Montmorency—The Duke's arrest by Richelieu's orders, rendered impossible through the people's affection—renewed efforts of Gaston—Persuasions of the Duchess—Montmorency's reluctant consent—Gaston's indecision and high words with the Duke—Battle of Castlenaudary—His emulation with the Comte de Moret to strike the first blow—The ditch leaped alone as at Veillane—The troops held back by Gaston in sight of his peril—Montmorency overpowered—Dragged from under his dead horse and carried before Schomberg—The female portrait on his arm discovered by a spy, and notice of his wearing it sent to incense the King by the Cardinal—The cries of the people beneath the Palace windows—His farewell to his wife, and legacy to Richelieu—The emotion of his Judges—His condemnation—Religious feeling of his last hours—His farewell to the statue of his Godfather—His

calm death, and blood sought for as that of a martyr—His burial among the bones of the Sainted—The imprisonment of his widow—Her sad life—Her taking the veil—Louis the Thirteenth's visit to her mourning cell and her reply to the Cardinal's messengers—The King's remorse—The apparition in the Hall of Ecouen—St. Denis—Foundation of the Cathedral by Dagobert, St. Denis having appeared to him in a dream—Miraculous consecration of the church and the leper's new skin—Tombs—The column to the memory of Francis, erected by Mary of Scotland—Breaking open of the monuments in 1793—Turenne in a glass case—a lock of Henry the Fourth's beard making a soldier's moustache—Plunder of a nose by an Englishman—The Caveau of the last Condé—Devotion of a Russian General to Henry the Fourth's memory—The Cathedral preserved during the Revolution by being converted into a Market-house—Paris.

18th July.

ONE of the pleasures of travelling consists in leaving obnoxious places. Quitted Breteuil at four, in a fog cold as December; passing the Abbey, an old building with turrets and Gothic windows, and a grove whose alleys might have proved a resource, had we known they were so near yesterday. Long hills, but no view; till a short distance from Clermont, below the road to the right, we looked down on a wooded country, and the town, built on its bold hill, appeared before us; and we continued to skirt a pretty valley, passing chateaux and pleasure grounds, till, by a gentle ascent, we arrived at the Croissant, really a very good inn, and after Breteuil, a paradise.

Fed a puppy, and Fanny showed symptoms of a jealous disposition. D—— arrived just in time to save his life, as she had taken him in her mouth, and was shaking him by the skin of his back. The heat kept us within doors till evening, when we climbed the remainder of the hill. Passed the place and the church to the chateau, which is now a penitentiary, containing 1500 women, and was in early days a fortress of the Franks, to protect them from Norman invasion; and in Charles the Sixth's time a stronghold of the English. French guide-books still call it a Gothic castle, though I could see no trace of Gothic architecture remaining, except in the building on the place now the Hôtel de Ville, which has still the vestiges of battlements, and one old tower. The road leads, beneath an ancient arch, to the public promenade which surrounds the chateau which crowns it, like a verdant belt, its fine trees making, in French taste, stars and circles. The view it commands, as it juts over the valley, is very lovely; as the river shines below, and seems to lose itself winding among wooded hills, which succeed each other far to the right. The townspeople were assembled on the terrace, playing rackets with much noise and small skill; we sat on one of the stone benches watching the game, and the sun set—

decidedly we prefer setting to rising suns ; D——, in particular, has no taste for the beauties of nature at half-past four.

Left at five : passing on our way Creil on the Oise, looking from the bridge towards the west, you see built, in a rather elevated situation, the village of Montataire. It is said that here Peter the Hermit first preached the crusade. The ruined castle on the island of Creil was built in Charles the Fifth of France's time, and a kind of balcony with iron gates, which belonged to Charles the Sixth's apartment, was formerly shown. He was confined here during his madness, and the well built in the centre of the floor for heating the rooms with charcoal (for chimneys were not yet in use) remained also. I do not know whether they exist now.

It is a romantically situated town, and the view back to it, from the hill beyond, very interesting. Thence a straight road leads to Chantilly, and is wearisome enough, though a great part of it skirts the forest; but the trees here are young, and mostly oak, and yet without shade or beauty. A long descent conducts to the miserable town, and we stopped at the Hôtel de Bourbon Condé, the best and very bad, to breakfast and dine, intending to go on at sunset. I came here long

ago to see the over-ornamented park, and the stables for 240 horses ; but to-day, instead of braving the burning sun, I lay down tired at last with early hours, and read a savage selection from discoveries in savage islands. John arrived, brought by the pity of the conductor, joined to the price of his plate, of course. There being no room, he had constructed a pyramid of baggage on his back, preparatory to walking, when the conductor perched him in some unknown corner. He is growing troublesome ; complaining yesterday of dining on bones, which on inquiry proved two fricasseed fowls ! and anxious to know the punishment when a foreigner fights a Frenchman. We started after a dear dinner of bad meat, at the same time with the diligence, whose passengers we astonished, because, having taken the horses along a pathway and off the high road, our only way to return was over a ditch, which was narrow, but excited great shouting notwithstanding. The road through the forest pretty, but after quitting it, shorn of all its fine trees—got to Ecouen very warm and thirsty—drank some beer in the street, and looked as we passed at the old chateau, 400 years the property of the Montmorency. Henry, marshal of Montmorency, was its last owner of the name.

His history is so interesting, that I am tempted to write some of its circumstances here.

The war-cry of the Montmorency was "Dieu aide au premier baron Chrétien," for the first baron was (tradition tells) baptized at the same time with Clovis, the first Christian king. The last, who was beheaded in 1632 and left no heir, was born in 1595. An astrologer drew his horoscope, and predicted that he would outshine his ancestors in glory, if he could avoid a danger which threatened his thirty-eighth year. He is described as being from his childhood mild, brave, and beautiful; possessing those graces of exterior which set off noble qualities. Henry the Fourth loved him as his own son; and taking pleasure in talking with the boy, he one day asked, "What is the virtue best fitted to a monarch?" "Clemency," said the child; "since only kings have privilege to pardon." He was thirteen when Henry bestowed on him the survivance of the governorship of Languedoc possessed by his father, who conducted him there, and himself installed him in his dignities; but when he had placed him in the seat the governor occupied in the parliament of Toulouse, a sudden presentiment of evil came over him, and he burst into tears. The king was sad without the boy, and soon recalled him to

court, and proposed his marriage with his own daughter by Henriette d'Entragues. The constable of Montmorency had fixed his wishes on his son's union with Mademoiselle de Beaufort, Henry's daughter also, but by Gabrielle d'Estrées, and more beloved by him, as well as more beautiful; and the King, irritated by opposition, exiled him to Chantilly. He was there and in disgrace, when a marriage with the rich demoiselle de Chemilly was proposed to him for his heir. Thinking the King might disapprove, he desired his brother would conduct the youth to one of his own mansions, that he might there meet his destined bride; but Henry the Fourth, apprized of what was passing, sent an order to Duplessis, the commandant at Saumur, to arrest there, on their way, the Duke d'Amville and the young governor. Duplessis in consequence called upon them, and the Duke, suspecting his errand, invited him to dine. The officer refused, yet, wishing to do his duty civilly, put off the arrest till after dinner, merely placing a sentinel at the gates, intending to return in an hour or two. D'Amville and his nephew, instead of repairing to the eating-hall, walked straight to the stables, and riding out a private way, joined an escort of fifty gentlemen. When the King knew he had been outwitted, he sent

the Duke of Soubise, with two companies of the guards, to the house where the marriage was to take place, with orders (if necessary) to force an entrance, and bring away Mademoiselle de Chemilly, but Soubise, on arriving, found them united. Some time after, the Constable, finding his daughter-in-law less rich than he expected, determined on dissolving this very marriage. The King gave his assent, and Montmorency was neither old enough nor sufficiently in love to resist him. Many thought that this violation of his vow brought on him the disasters of his after-life. Henry, rather than disoblige his favourite, broke a former engagement made for Mademoiselle de Beaufort, and her marriage with Montmorency was about to take place in 1610, when the King was murdered. The Duke was yet only fifteen. Three years after he was created Lord High Admiral, and the queen-mother proposed his union with the Princess Orsini, her relation, for Mademoiselle de Beaufort's consequence had died with her father. The young Duke was disinclined to this marriage, for in his own Languedoc he had fallen in love with a lady so surpassingly lovely, that for her sake he was ready to forget ambition and make her his wife. She had been married to an old man, who, shortly after Montmorency first saw her, slipped at he

feeble descended some steps, and died of the blow received on his head. The Duke, who witnessed this awful death, first consoled and then loved the widow: but overruled by his father, and perhaps influenced by all this high alliance promised him, he quitted Languedoc for Paris, accompanied by a hundred gentlemen and nobles of his province. He was lodged in the Louvre, and married there with all the ceremonial which accompanies the wedding of a prince; but either because his heart was far away with the fair lady of Montroux, or because something whispered that out of this ill-starred union would grow all his future misfortune, his joy was ill feigned. There was even an unwonted bitterness in his manner which brought on him a foolish quarrel; for, presenting to the Duke of Retz (who had espoused his deserted bride, Madlle. de Chemilly) a bowl of sweetmeats, which he had himself tasted, he said, "Take these, Sir; it is not the first time you have accepted what I have left;" they fought in consequence, but Montmorency disarmed him. The Duchess Mary of Orsini was gentle and of a fine figure, but by no means handsome. In spite of his infidelity, which she knew and deplored the more, seeing its object so beautiful, she was fondly attached to her husband and gained his esteem and affection by her

uncomplaining gentleness. Once he remarked with sorrow, that she looked pale and changed. "It is true that my countenance is so," she replied mildly, "it must suffice you that my heart is not." His history would occupy too much space if told in detail. For many years almost constantly successful in the civil wars which desolated France; a faithful as well as brave subject; notwithstanding that the Cardinal Richelieu and the Duke of Luynes were his enemies, he refused to join the queen-mother against the King when they parted in anger. He was called the "King of Men" by his soldiers, who adored him. Sent to command the naval attack of La Rochelle, he was denied the needful supplies through the influence of Richelieu, and spent, to procure them, a part of his private fortune. He found the Dutch Admiral Houstain had lost a vessel, and wanted munition, and furnished him with both; yet when, having succeeded gloriously, he returned to court, he was coldly received by Louis the Thirteenth, and the jealous Cardinal soon after caused the suppression of the post of Lord High Admiral.

The religious wars ended, the King sent an army into Italy to support the Duke of Mantua against the Austrians. Richelieu had the command, and rather than not serve, Montmorency went as volunteer. The King bestowed on him,

shortly after, the command of his army at Pignerol ; then sent him to head the troops which entered Piedmont, where he obtained a signal victory. His army had received orders to join that of Marshal Laforce, but the Duke of Savoy lay between. The latter commenced the attack in an unexpected quarter, and the Marquis of Effiat and others advised rather to sacrifice the one regiment in peril than to risk the army. Montmorency exclaimed, "Who love me, follow!" and rushed forward at the head of the King's gens d'armes. Prince Doria was approaching ; and the duke, to meet him with less delay, and well mounted, leaped a broad ditch which lay between them, and, though unfollowed, forced his way before a regiment of infantry, whose fire did not stop him, and through the ranks of a squadron commanded by Prince Doria, whom he wounded ; and had arrived fighting and unharmed in the sixth rank of these horsemen before he was joined by any of those who had made a detour instead of leaping after him, and who, having believed him dead, found that he alone had half routed a squadron. By this and other exploits, continued throughout the day, the battle of Veillane was won ; and the generous duke, who among his prisoners had taken almost all the officers of the Piedmontese army, sent them back to the Duchess of Savoy,

who was King Louis's sister. He had received no wound; but came from the field, the gold ornaments hacked from his splendid armour, and himself so bruised that he was hardly to be recognised. His horse, which was called "Le Remède," was wounded in twenty places, though slightly; and as it was a strong and beautiful animal, one of Montmorency's officers wished for and received him from his general.

His troops were attacked at Rivoli by the plague, and to aid sick friends and soldiers he sold luxuries and comforts, and his headquarters, far from being kept free from infection, rather resembled an hospital. Spite of his successes and the love of his army, or rather on account of them (for Richelieu envied his popularity, and already meditated his ruin), he was recalled. The soldiers mourned over him. "Who," they said, "will lead us to victory when we lose Montmorency?" And yet, when the duke arrived at Lyons, and found there the King to all appearance dying, and Richelieu torn by anxiety, he took pity on the latter and frankly offered him protection in the province he commanded: relays were held in readiness to bear the Cardinal thither in case of the fatal termination of Louis's malady; he vowed eternal gratitude, but forgot it as the King recovered. Montmorency had yielded

his assent to the suppression of the States of Languedoc,—a loss of privilege which the province deplored, and he too repented. The King at his request promised their re-establishment, but avoided keeping his word; and the duke, whose ambition was to hold, like so many of his ancestors, the office of constable of France, being only created marshal, and otherwise coldly treated at court, retired to Languedoc. The Duke of Angoulême, his brother-in-law, said, when he bade him farewell, “that the king could never forget his services, and that his friends would always have sufficient influence to efface the false impressions made by the Cardinal;” but the duke shook his head sadly. “I do not flatter myself,” he said; “I shall not return to court, if affairs there continue as at present; my welfare is in the hands of God.”

Retired to the seat of his government, the duke's heart was set on recovering the privileges of the province. By the King's command the subject occupied the states-general assembled at Pezenas, but the King's commissaries, Miron and Hemery, had the Cardinal's private instructions to yield in nothing, for he hoped to wear out the patience of the governor by oppression of the province. He knew by his spies that the King's brother Gaston intended striving to win over Montmorency;

and as it was his maxim to treat as guilty those who possibly might become so, he dispatched an order to Hemery to arrest the duke. The latter just then making a journey to Montpellier, Hemery and the Marquis des Fossés followed, intending to make him prisoner there; but they judged the people's love for him would render it impossible. Des Fossés altered his opinion when he found he was to attend the representation of a drama acted in his honour by the Jesuits' pupils. He placed soldiers at the college gates to seize him, and issued an order to the garrison of the citadel, which joined it, to remain under arms. The duke, warned of what was passing, at first would not believe it possible, but the report spreading, persons of rank and condition flocked round him, offering to seize Hemery and Des Fossés, and to take possession of the citadel, which would have been easy, as it was feebly garrisoned, but the duke refused; a proof he did not then contemplate the treason to which Richelieu's injustice was urging him. He went, contrary to advice, to the college, and returned, none having dared molest him, and two days after returned to Pezenas, where he told what had happened to the duchets, and his uncle, and other private counsellors there; they were loud in their cry for vengeance. The bishop

of Alby, who was with Montmorency, had a nephew, partisan of Gaston and the queen-mother, with whom he corresponded. Just about this time a new commission arrived from court empowered to tax the province, and Alby and his nephew, who had come in disguise to treat with the governor, took advantage of it to influence him. They reminded him of reward denied and services forgotten; of the death of his cousin De Bouteville; the refusal to restore the privileges of Languedoc; the execution of the innocent Marshal of Marillac; yet all would have failed, had not the duchess joined to persuade, for she was niece of the queen-mother. A young girl who served her overheard a conversation between them. The duchess spoke low, in sentences broken by sobs; and the duke at last answered: "I will do so; you need persuade me no longer, your ambition shall be satisfied: but remember it will cost me my life." Soud'heilles, the captain of his guard, was then in Paris; and the cardinal, alarmed when the duke had declared himself, dispatched him to Languedoc to try his influence with his master. Montmorency wavered, but the duchess and his confidants persuaded him, that to desert Gaston would be dishonour. He had a final conference with them, and returned from it straight to Soud'-

heilles. "My dear friend," he said, "the stone is thrown, I cannot call it back again."

The weak Gaston, then, as afterwards, incapable of opposing a foe as of protecting a friend long, was ill advised at this juncture, and arrived before the time agreed on with Montmorency, and before his measures could be taken. He had fifteen hundred half-armed men, the sympathy of the people, but neither Narbonne nor Montpellier. Lodeve received him, and from thence he sent a messenger to the duke.

"He has advisers who betray him," he said, "and his over haste impairs his cause: but be it so, we must face the storm; and I feel it will fall on me."

On the way to Beaucaire, which opposed Gaston, the duke passed Montpellier, and the people came out, weeping as they understood his danger. Beaucaire would have been taken; but when the army was before it, the Duke of Elbeuf claimed the chief command, which had been promised Montmorency; and Gaston being undecided, as usual, the delay of the attack gave time for the king's troops to come up. He soon after, through the treason of some of his advisers, lost St. Felix de Carmain, and when the news of its surrender reached the prince, there came with it that of the advance of the royal troops to take Castelnau-dary; near

which lay his forces. The duke disposed his army in order of battle, near a brick bridge, which crossed the road, half a league from the town. "The time of your triumph is come," he said to Gaston; "but this sword," touching his own, "must be red to the hilt first." The prince coldly answered, "Your rodemontades are never ending, Monsieur de Montmorency, but as yet, when you have promised me success, I have only been indebted to you for hope." "I am not sorry to say to you now, that it will always be easy for me to make my peace with the King, and with two or three more to retire." In consequence of this, high words ensued between the duke and Gaston, and they parted hardly reconciled.

It was a subject of emulation between the Comte de Moret and Montmorency to strike the first blow in the battle; and the latter, to make sure of himself doing so, asserted, as he advanced precipitately, that he went only to reconnoitre a post, and with some impatience commanded the noblemen who followed him to keep back! The Comte de Rieux, who rode close, reminded him, that it was his duty to be prudent, as on the general's fate hung the army's. Montmorency knew him for a brave man, yet he said what was far from his thoughts, "It would seem you are afraid;" and to shorten remonstrance as well as dis-

tance, he leaped his horse, as at Viellane, across a broad fence, and found himself at the other side with the Comte de la Feuillade, the Vicomte du Pujol Villeneuve, and a few more, in the midst of the enemy's infantry. At the first fire, all with him fell, except Pujol, who fought by his side till a shot in the leg disabled him. His company of gens-d'armes came up, but the infantry, posted to advantage, kept up a fire which few escaped; yet the duke was unshaken; he opened a way wherever he turned, and might have retired with ease, and gloriously, to bring up the army; but being within their sight, he believed the troops would advance to support him; and a corps of cavalry, commanded by Baron de Laurières, coming up, he spurred so impetuously to meet them, that horse and man, as he encountered them, went down; and discharged on the head-piece of the leader's son, Baron de Bourdet, so violent a blow, that the casque, examined after the battle, seemed indented by a battleaxe rather than a sword. His father rose from the ground at the moment, and seeing his son stagger, he wounded mortally the duke's charger, and Montmorency fell with and under his dying horse. If Gaston had then brought up the army, this misfortune might have been repaired. The Duke of Elbeuf and Pny Laurens, and La

THE PORTRAIT OF HIS SON.

drew forth the miniature; but deviously as it was done, it could not be hidden from a spy of the cardinal, present at the scene, and it was reported to Richelieu, who made use of it as a means to render Louis the Thirteenth unplaceable, as the picture was that of his queen, Anne of Austria!

The Count de Moret, natural son of Henry Fourth, received his death-wound not thirty-four years ago, from his companion in arms. The hour in presence of the refinement on cruelty practised by the cardinal, and while all the people, they dared, murmured shunnt, was litter to Toulouse, notwithstanding the intolerable heat and his incurable infirmities. The inhabitants of Toulouse vowed to pay any cost, but the cardinal remained inflexible in their resolves, and the duke passed through without stopping. And, he was conducted to the Masséna, where the Marquis of the Graville, and promised him the duke might have a passage led out of the town, who used with such familiarity as they did with the cardinal, to have a sum of

Ferté Imbaut, (the two last suspected of having been bought over,) persuaded him to hold back, though his peril was visible from where they stood. A report next reached the prince, that his general had fallen, whereupon, flinging down his arms, and panic-struck, he exclaimed, "Sound the retreat, I will play this game no further."

During this time Guiltaut and St. Preuil, captains of the royal guard, had come up with the duke, and mourned over him as he was drawn with difficulty from under his dead horse, covered with its gore and his own, for he was desperately wounded; and the blood which gushed from his mouth, as he lay with the weight pressing on him, had almost stifled him. "I sacrificed myself to ungrateful cowards," he said, as soon as he could speak, "though it was told me, even before Beaucaire, that I was betrayed in the prince's army." Four soldiers raised him gently, and carried him to Marshal Schomberg, who received him with the esteem and tenderness which were his due. It is told that he wore on his arm, when taken prisoner, a portrait enriched with diamonds; this was perceived by his friend, De Bellievre, who was afterwards President of the Parliament. Recognizing the female head, he pretended to question the duke, and taking his arm as he spoke to him, adroitly

drew forth the miniature ; but dexterously as it was done, it could not be hidden from a spy of the cardinal, present at the scene, and it was reported to Richelieu, who made use of it as a means to render Louis the Thirteenth implacable, as the picture was that of his queen, Anne of Austria !

The Count de Moret, natural son of Henry the Fourth, received his death-wound not thirty paces from his companion in arms. The latter, in consequence of the refinement on cruelty practised by the cardinal, and while all the people, loud as they dared, murmured shame, was borne in a litter to Toulouse, notwithstanding the insupportable heat and his uncured wounds. The inhabitants of Toulouse vowed to save him at any cost, but the cardinal received intimation of their resolves, and the prisoner was carried through without stopping to Leitoure. Arrived, he was conducted to the castle, and here a chance of escape presented itself again, for the Marchioness of Castelnau bribed one of the guards, and provided him with ropes, by which the duke might be lowered to a place whence a passage led out into the country ; and the marchioness, who was a determined woman, advanced with twenty horsemen as near to the citadel as they dared ; but the guard was discovered with the ropes in his possession, by the lieutenant of

the citadel, and killed by him on the spot, in the first burst of passion.

Notwithstanding the prayers of the army and the people, those of his brothers-in-law, the Prince of Condé and Duke of Angoulême, the agony of the duchess—the proceedings against Montmorency went on, and to a fatal termination. He expressed penitence for his conduct, and showed as much firmness as in his best days. He was persuaded by De Launay and his confessor to ask his pardon of the king : “ Tell the cardinal,” he added to Launay, charged with the message, “ that if he saves my life, he will have no reason to repent of it : but also that I do not ask the king’s council to act against conviction, if they believe my death more useful to the state than might be the rest of the years I have to live.”

Anne of Austria, the queen consort, solicited by the Duke of Epernon and the principal nobility of the court, to intercede with the king, feared the cardinal’s misinterpretation, and applied to him in the first instance. He answered that he did not doubt the king’s granting any favour she desired, but that she herself should also consider, that the annoyance she was about to cause him would injure his health, which, since his malady at Lyons, he had never recovered ; and Anne, seeing by the

cardinal's manner, that, by saving the captive she risked his anger, determined rather to let him die. The people assembled under the king's windows, and their cry reached his ears : he asked its import, it was " Mercy for Montmorency !" The king merely permitted him to dispose of his property, notwithstanding the confiscation about to be pronounced, and the duke occupied himself with the payment of his debts and the care of his vassals. He wrote an affectionate farewell to his unhappy wife, who was not in a state to read it, and sent to Richelieu, who had once wished to possess it, a fine picture of St. Sebastian, as his dying gift.

The last night of his existence he slept during six hours, tranquilly, as if the coming events of the next day were unknown to him, and prayed fervently when he woke. The hour arrived for his being conducted to the palace, he received the Count of Charlus, who came to seek him, cheerfully as ever, but refused to allow his surgeon to dress his wounds, saying they would soon be cured. He asked for something to eat, and then got into the carriage, which was open. The Counts of Charlus and Launay followed, and four companies of soldiers escorted him ; the rest of the army lined the streets he passed through, or filled the squares of the town. As he stood with

mild demeanour and bareheaded before his judges, his noble presence was that of the governor, not the criminal. The judges seeing him they loved, and were perforce about to doom, looked down to hide the tears which rose in spite of them, or buried their faces in their handkerchiefs. He was desired to sit on the criminal's stool, which however, contrary to custom, had been raised to the level of the judges' seats, and, contrary to custom also, he was left unbound. He was painfully affected while replying to the question, "Whether he had children by his marriage," for he mourned the want of an heir.

The trial over, he was conducted from the Palace of Justice back to the Hôtel de Ville, where he recommenced his devotions, and these ended, conversed with his friends and wrote some private instructions for his family; and the Count de Charlus, his face covered with tears, asking in the king's name for his order of the Holy Ghost and bâton of marshal, he delivered them calmly, saying, "it was true that one crime had cancelled the services which obtained them;" and then took some slight refreshment. He next repaired to the chapel. The commissaries of the court arrived to read his sentence to him, he listened with perfect tranquillity, kneeling before the altar, and rising when they concluded, and sobbed with

their emotion, he spoke to them with great kindness. He was informed that the royal favour (though indeed it was the cardinal's fear) allowed his being executed within the courts of the Hôtel de Ville instead of on the public square. Dc Launay was at this time with the king, who had sent for him, and the duke's friends felt hope revive; but Louis merely desired "that he should die unbound," and this he declined, saying, "he would end life as he deserved, like a criminal." He cut off his own hair, and changed his rich attire for the poor clothes of a soldier; he had bowed, as he came along, to the troops who guarded him, and bade them farewell. There was some delay, (perhaps in consequence of changing the place of execution,) and during this time the duke remained seated on a bench adjoining the chapel balustrade, and conversed with his confessor, too low for others to overhear. He asked for water to wash his mouth, for he suffered from sore throat: "Father," he said, "can you explain to me my feelings? Before heaven I assure you that I go to death with satisfaction, without regret or dread; and if I had never believed in God until now, this firmness vouchsafed to my weak nature would make me adore him." Efforts, even in this last hour, were made to save him, but in vain, though the Pope's nun-

cio was one who pleaded. He calmly presented his arms to be bound by the executioner, and desired Father Arnoux to take from his hand the crucifix, since "the just might not be bound with the guilty." He was led into the court where was the scaffold, and his surgeon cut his hair which he had left too long, and fainted when he had done; even the executioner wept. The marble statue of Henry the Fourth stood above one of the entrances, and he gazed at it earnestly. The confessor noticing it, he said, "Father, he was a good and generous prince." Continuing to advance, he ascended the steps of the scaffold as firmly as if they had led to glory. He spoke to a jesuit who stood beneath: "I pray you," he said, "prevent, if you may, my head from falling to the earth; receive it, if possible." He kneeled and prayed once more, and adjusted himself on the block, which gave him great pain, as it was too low; a single stroke severed his head from his body. The gates were thrown open; people and troops thronged in with cries of grief, crowding round and on the scaffold, reverently dipping kerchiefs in his blood, which they held to be that of a martyr. That day, a soldier drew on the executioner to kill the wretch by whose vile hand the best and bravest of men had died. The people withheld and

concealed him, for the cardinal caused search to be made that he might be put to death. His hatred was not quenched in Montmorency's blood, for he persecuted his friends and relatives.

After the execution, the duke's body was folded in a black silk velvet pall, and conveyed in a carriage to the abbey of St. Sernin, where it was buried in a chapel in which only the bones of saints had been laid, and the counts of Toulouse had been refused a sepulchre. Masses for the repose of his soul were said in every part of France, as well as by the command of the empress at Vienna, and the arch-duchess in the Low Countries. The king imprisoned the unhappy widow in the castle of Moulins, where she remained eight months reproaching herself with her husband's untimely death; but feeling that time elapsed, that there could be no reason for doubting her, and ashamed of his rigour, he desired her to choose her place of residence, either within or without his kingdom; she staid at Moulins. Having purchased a house adjoining the convent of La Visitation, she there lived an exemplary life during ten years, her only consolation a portrait of the duke, gazing on which she spent whole days. Before her marriage she had wished to become a nun, and the desire now reviving, in her mistaken

fervour, she believed it a duty to part with this which she looked on as a last tie to the world, and ere she entered the convent she wept over it once more and then parted from it.

Some time after, the king passing through Moulins, did her the honour of a visit, and the next day the cardinal sent to offer her his compliments. In her cell hung with black, the shadow of what she had been, the duchess received his officer : “Tell your master,” she said, “that I thank him, but that my tears are still undried!” After his general’s death, the king’s remorse was awakened; and he confessed that he repented of many things which had been done during his inauspicious journey to Languedoc. He once arrived late at Ecouen, intending to pass the night there. It was evening, and the monarch passed slowly along one of the vast halls on his way to the apartment prepared for him. His suite followed at a little distance, but rushed to his side when he uttered a faint cry, and stretched his arm forth in the gloom as if to put back some one advancing on him.

“What ails you, sire,” they exclaimed as he stood still, and in an attitude of defence against what appeared to them empty space. “He was there! I saw Montmorency there,” said the king; “I cannot sleep in this castle;”

and turning precipitately, Louis the Thirteenth left the hall. Ecouen now again, as during the empire, belongs to the Legion of Honour. As we rode down the hill, the fine view of Paris once more stretched below us in the sunshine. I had not seen it for some years, and looked at it now with a strange sensation, pleasant and painful, for it seemed like home, because so much of early association is connected with it, and I felt it was not home, because death and marriage, time and revolution have so severed and scattered all the links which held me here, that I shall scarcely find a trace of where they were once riveted.

From Ecouen to St. Denis the way seemed wearisome, for we had ridden fifteen leagues since morning, yet Fanny went prancing into the inn yard gay as at starting. A disagreeable hotel from its unconquerable bad air. To-day, 19th July, D—— is gone to Paris in search of apartments; and I, followed by John, have passed an hour in the cathedral. The Suisse, I believe, thought his countenance suspicious, for he was unwilling to lead the way. Near the principal entrance, on the left hand, is a strange monument, erected by St. Louis to Dagobert. This church (my authority is the Benedictine who wrote its history) was founded under singular circumstances. When Clotaire the Second was king

its place was occupied by a small chapel, which had already miraculous properties, being built over St. Denis's tomb. A stag, hard pressed, had one day taken refuge within, and the hounds were unable to follow. Prince Dagobert witnessed this fact. He soon after incurred his father's anger by barbarously ill-treating his governor, and he repaired to the sanctuary. The royal guards sent to seize him were invisibly withheld, and the prince fell asleep while they rushed to and fro, vainly attempting to come nearer. St. Denis appeared to him in a dream, and desired that he would erect a building in his honour. Become king he obeyed the saint's mandate; and when the day for the consecration of the church came (the 24th February, 636), and a great crowd assembled to witness it, the people were all forced to retire, excepting one poor leper, who hid himself in a corner of the chapel. Night closed in, and of a sudden he beheld a great light shining through one of the windows, filling the whole church; and continuing to fix his eyes on the same window, he saw the Saviour enter at it, followed by St. Peter and St. Paul, St. Rustique and St. Eleuthere, and also by a great multitude of saints and angels. He consecrated the church, walked round it, heading the procession, scattered holy water on the pavement, poured celestial oil on the walls,

and at last perceived the leper : he commanded him to tell faithfully what he had seen to king and prelate. "Alas!" said the leper, "I cannot approach them for my rags and my leprosy."

He had no sooner said this, than he felt the skin of his face gently lifted, and being cast against the wall it stuck there, and that which remained in its place was pure as a child's; and looking at his clothes he saw he was richly habited: this miracle performed, he watched the Saviour and the celestial procession issue forth by the same window, and went and told the king.*

More interesting than Dagobert's tomb, or those of Louis the Twelfth, and Anne of Brittany, and Henry the Second, and Catherine de Medicis, with her countenance telling of a life of intrigue, public massacre and private murder, is the slight marble column, at whose foot are three weeping angels,—for it was raised by Mary of Scotland to the memory of her young husband, who died when she had been a wife and queen of France but one short year. The monument of Francis the First is in the opposite aisle; the figures of himself and his wife Anne, kneeling on the top of the stone canopy, under which they are again repre-

* History of the Abbey of St. Denis, by Doublet.

sented dead. The alto relieveo of the battle of Marignan, which surrounds the tomb, is very beautiful. On each side of the choir steps lead down to the crypt, and the Suisse unlocked the iron gate, though still I saw against his will, and we walked through the avenue of royal tombstones, wherein kings and queens do not sleep now; since a municipal decree, proceeding from St. Denis itself, in conformity with the decree of the Convention, ordered on the 12th of October, 1793, the breaking open of the monuments for the sake of the lead they might contain, and the scattering of bones, some of which had lain there near 1500 years. Curiosity induced the workmen to commence by the grave of Turenne. He was found in an extraordinary state of preservation, perfectly resembling the portraits and medals which we possess of him, only that the skin had darkened. The distortion of feature, caused by his violent death (by a cannon ball), remained, as the mouth was very wide open. He was, at the suggestion of some present, confided to one "Host," keeper of the cathedral, and by him placed in an oaken case with a glass cover, and for eight months exhibited in the vestry. The vault of the Bourbons and the tomb of Henry the Fourth were next opened, and the body found so perfect, that the features had undergone no

change. He also was exhibited during the two following days, and then borne to the churchyard, called De Valois, where he was buried in a grave dug at its extremity, on the right hand and north side. A soldier present at the time rushed towards the corpse, and with his sabre cut from it a lock of the long beard, exclaiming, that "He too was a Frenchman," and henceforth would wear no other mustachio; and holding the lock on his upper lip, and saying he was sure of conquering any enemy of France, went away.

The remainder of the bodies, some in a state of putrefaction, which during this unnatural work produced malignant fever, others, reduced to skeletons or ashes, were dragged from their coffins, and flung by torch-light into one wide grave. The Suisse pointed out the side door near Mary Stuart's funeral column, as that through which they were carried. The monuments in the crypt are ranged in chronological order: among the most ancient, those of the royal fury Fredegonde and her daughter-in-law Brunehaude, who died torn by wild horses. The vaults are but half under ground, and a dreary day-light enters, falling on the figures stretched on the tombs, for those only of the earliest period are mere outlines. The rest are dressed in the costume of their time, with hands crossed and

raised, and the dog or lion couched at the feet. "Here," said the Suisse, stopping before one of the Capetian race, and pointing to the very prominent nose which had been broken from his face and lay there yet un cemented, "is the token of the last English visit. A gentleman came, conversed with me, walked by my side, and when he thought me not attending to his movements, wrenched off this nose. I seized it in his hand in his coat pocket; he said he had broken it by mistake, and pocketed it in absence of mind. *Mon pauvre nez, que je n'ai pas encore restitué,*" said the Suisse in indignation. I understood at last why he had an objection to showing the church, and tranquillized him by making John walk on before. Here were laid Clovis, the first Christian king, and his wife, Bertha, who converted him; King John after his ill-fortune at Poitiers; his excursion on his white horse through the streets of London, beside his conqueror, on his pony; his visit to his own kingdom, and voluntary return to captivity to die.

We wished to enter the vault where the Bourbons are interred, but this the Suisse said was impossible, as he had not the keys, and even Mons. Thiers had been denied admittance some days before. The last buried was Louis the Eighteenth, whose chapelle ardente I saw

here when I was a child, and with its splendid sarcophagus, purple velvet hangings, and thousand lights, and the silent crowd pressing to see, was a scene of melancholy brilliancy. The “chapelle ardente” occupied the whole of the nave, inclosed by the hangings, and terminated by a burning cross.

The “caveau,” which holds the last Condé, is totally dark, excepting where the lamp, which burns so feebly in its bad air, just shows the damp-decaying pall hanging in ribands. The lapse of centuries robs in some measure of its sadness the long range of monuments we passed before; but it is not so as we look through the iron gate at these dimly-seen coffins.

We think of the ditch of Vincennes and the bed-room of St. Leu!

It was in the now-closed vault of the Bourbons that Henry the Fourth lay. One anecdote more I must tell you, as it proves the respect entertained for his memory. It is told by Le Noir, the antiquarian:—

“The day following that of the allied armies’ entrance into Paris, a Russian general, accompanied by a detachment of cavalry, presented himself at eight in the morning at the museum of the Petits Augustins. He said he had heard in Russia of the collection I had formed, and as a lover of the arts it was

the first place he desired to visit in Paris. I opened the gates to him, and he and his soldiers dismounted. Arrived in the hall of the sixteenth century, a statue in white marble absorbed his attention. I said to him, ‘It is the statue of Henry the Fourth.’ He repeated my words in Russian to his companions, and all, uncovering their heads, kneeled on one knee to do homage to the dead king of France.”

In January, 1815, the remains of Louis the Sixteenth and Marie Antoinette were transferred to the vault of the Bourbons. In 1817, all the noble or royal remains cast forth from the violated tombs were once more deposited within them in presence of the chancellor, the necessary authorities and witnesses, a company of the gardes du corps and the clergy of St. Denis. Immense crowds flocked thither, by a bright moonlight which shone on the old towers, making the numberless torches which flashed on the walls almost useless; the broken and mingled bones were returned to their first place of repose, after a twenty-four years’ exile.

The Cathedral of St. Denis will shortly be in complete repair, though it was ravaged in the revolution, and roofless during twelve years; though it was several times offered for sale without finding a purchaser; and its destruction had been commanded, when Petit

Radel, architecte des domaines, proposed, with a view to preserve it, that it should be left as it stood then, with uncovered walls, and rain, or snow, falling in its aisles, and serve as a kind of market-house in the fairs which occur frequently during the year!

Paris, and in our old apartment, 20th of July.

Unforeseen circumstances have postponed till next spring our ride to Italy, when I will continue these notes for you, and we shall go as heretofore, except that John will no longer be of the party; his disposition has become so warlike that we intend sending him back to Ireland.

CHAPTER III.

Departure under an unlucky star—Essonne—Petit Bourg—The Czar Peter—Fontainebleau—Palace—Apartments of the Emperor Charles the Fifth—Chamber where Pius the Seventh said mass daily—Chapel founded in the seventh century—Cypher of the Saviour and Virgin placed beside those of Henry the Second and Diana of Pottiers—Princess Mary of Orleans—Napoleon's apartments—Marie Antoinette's boudoir—Carving by Louis the Sixteenth's hand—Monaldeschi, favourite of Queen Christina—Gallery where he was murdered—Account of his murder by the Monk who confessed him, of his burial at dusk in the church of Avon—Window thrown open by Henry the Fourth, to announce Louis the Thirteenth's birth—Gallery of Henry the Second, called Galerie des Réformés—Petition in which they took the name presented here by Coligny—Open chamber above the Donjon—Arch where Louis the Thirteenth was publicly baptized—Biron's tower—His treason—His denial—His last interview with Henry the Fourth—Napoleon—The forest—The Comte de Moret, last inhabitant of the Hermitage of Franchard—Fanny's sagacity—Croix du Grand Veneur—The spectre hunt—Apparition and warning to Henry the Fourth, corroborated by Sully—Avon—Monaldeschi, Christina's fickle lover—The old church—The fat porter—The grave beneath the Benetier—The Englishmen's sacrilege—Monaldeschi their relative—Precautions against travellers.

Hôtel de France, Fontainebleau,
April 5th, 1839.

SET forth once more on the second, under an unlucky star, for the rain commenced as we passed the barrier, and having received it on

our heads during a walk of four hours, (for over the broken pavement, or through the three-foot-thick mud at its sides it was impossible to trot,) we were glad to take refuge in a wretched auberge at Essonne. I think I mentioned to you "a country inn" in England where we stopped, tempted by its quiet appearance, and charmed by the brilliantly white curtains of the tiny bed-room : but alas ! the farmers were returning from Tewkesbury fair, and they drank and sang in the kitchen below. We rejoiced that this could not pass a certain hour, but they had smoked, and the fumes of tobacco rose to our room through the chinks of the floor, and there being no chimney could not get out again ; then the family put the house to rights ; then we heard the horses kick all night, there being in the shed next theirs pigs, with whom they would not fraternize ; and the rats galloped to and fro, and squeaked at our very pillows, and when these were quiet, at dawn up rose mine host and hostess, and the maid of all work to scour the house from top to bottom, and run about it in pattens. All this is comfort, compared to a country auberge in France. Arriving wet and weary, to stand in the middle of a great brick-floored room, in which there has been no fire all the winter, in expectation of seeing damp faggots burn ; and finding when they do that the door into the

corridor must be left wide open, that the draught may conduct towards the chimney the smoke, and the steam of wet clothes and damp sheets which must be dried there, as the economical kitchen hearth exhibits only a few dying embers,—this was our case. The good old woman to be sure offered a remedy, as she said that we might, if we liked, take a dry pair of sheets, which had been slept in only once, and recommended hanging the dripping habit and cloaks in the grenier, whose unglazed windows let in full as much rain as wind. Add to my previous enumeration a dinner of dry bouilli, and greasy cabbage, a faggot for our feet serving as a rug, and dirty alcove with plenty of cobwebs but no curtains.

I believe the descent of the road into Essonne commands a pretty view, but the rain blinded me. We passed on the right hand the château du Petit Bourg, once the Duke d'Antin's, now the property of the parvenu Spanish banker, whose collection of pictures is the finest in Paris, and who once, history says, kept a wine-shop on the boulevard. It was here the Czar Peter dined on his way to Fontainebleau, May 30th, 1700, where the Duke de Villeroy received him; and after a stag-hunt in the forest and a carouse in the Pavilion de l'Etang, it was necessary to carry

himself and his suite into the boats, and thence into the carriages, which bore inebriated majesty back to Petit Bourg.

Awaking the 3d with a cold on my chest, and determined at least on being ill in better quarters, set out, rain having subsided to fog: a bad and weary road, till, two leagues from Fontainebleau, we entered the forest, and it looks really royal with its magnificent trees and hills of rock: green (though spring is so backward) with the luxuriant holly, which flourishes everywhere, and the different coloured bright mosses which clothe its old trunks; and masses of strange shaped stone. Stopped at the Hôtel de France, on the Place du Château opposite the palace; a fine, frowning, old building, looking as if sorrow and crime might have lodged within its walls without tales told. This inn has every possible comfort to recommend it, and is reasonable besides. Some of our country-people, who formerly spoiled the road by extravagance, now drive rather hard bargains. What do you think of a post-carriage containing six, having just now stopped, wanting beds, tea, and eggs for their party for six francs?

April 5th

Went yesterday to see the Château, and returned there to-day. The surveillant

of yesterday gruffly turned us back, as the Infant of Spain was expected, but admitted us in consideration of the fee. Our guide to-day showed the Château much more fully, and could be prevailed on by no entreaty to accept payment. They are strictly enjoined to take nothing. The grand staircase, whose entrance is in the Cour du Cheval Blanc, was built in Louis the Thirteenth's time. The apartments on the right, now those of the Duke and Duchess of Orleans, and splendidly furnished on their marriage, are the same in which the Emperor Charles the Fifth was lodged when he visited Francis the First in 1539; afterwards those of Catherine de Medicis, and, when she and her bloody line had passed away, of Anne of Austria; and next of Maria Theresa, wife of Louis the Fourteenth. The portraits of the two last are placed above the entrance doors of the chamber next the saloon, which still bears the name of Chambre des Reines-Mères. Here in this very room was mass daily said by Pius the Seventh, during his forced stay in 1812, in the same apartments which had been decorated for his arrival when he came to crown Napoleon in 1804.

The most ancient as well as the most interesting part of the Château is the Gothic chapel of St. Saturnin. Built by Louis the Seventh in the twelfth century, and consecrated

by Thomas à Becket, archbishop of Canterbury, to whose tomb, considering him a saint and martyr, Louis the Seventh afterwards made a pilgrimage, it was restored by Francis the First, and embellished by Henry the Second. The cyphers puzzled me ; and they are indeed strangely mingled, for those of the Saviour and the Virgin, I and M, are placed alternately with the H, D, those of King Henry the Second, and his mistress Diana !

The chapel is small and low, a most impressive place : the heavy masonry looking likely to stand till the crumbling of the world shakes it down, and dimly lighted by three narrow windows, whose coloured glass was painted at Sevres, from drawings by poor Princess Mary. The young artist beatified the members of her family before their time. St. Philip is an excellent likeness of the king, made saint-like by a long beard. The superb confessional, in carved oak, looks coeval with the walls, but it is the recent work of a clever Parisian artisan.

The apartments now Louis Philip's were once Napoleon's. The Cabinet de Travail precedes the Emperor's bed-room, and contains the small plain table on which he signed his abdication, and the fac simile of its rough copy in his own hand, so scrawled and blotted, I could not read a word. The bed-room is

still furnished as it was in his time, saving the golden eagles, which were removed on the restoration, and are about to be replaced now. The king occupies, not this chamber, but the next in order, which was the unfortunate Marie Antoinette's. The Salle du Trône which follows is also in the same state as during the empire, except that the portrait of Louis the Thirteenth, which hung here when this was his bed-chamber, replaces that of Napoleon.

The charming little room next it, which was the Queen's boudoir, would interest you, not so much for its lovely decorations, as because it was constructed for Marie Antoinette by Louis the Sixteenth's order; and the beautiful espagnolettes of the windows (up which the delicately carved gold acanthus leaves twine on a blue ground) were the work of the king's own hand. This suite of apartments looks on the Cour de l'Orangerie, of which the Galerie de Diane, and the apartments directly beneath it, which were once the Galerie des Cerfs, form another side. I was most anxious to see the latter, which is interesting as the scene of Monaldeschi's murder, the favourite of the crowned barbarian Christina of Sweden. It is not shown now; it was falling into decay in the Emperor's time, the guide said, and by him replaced by apartments for the King of Rome. From the window at which we were standing, he pointed to the one near which Monaldeschi was assas-

sinated. An inscription marks it, the third from where the gallery joins the main building.

Christina abdicated the 16th of June, 1654. She crossed France in her way to Italy. As she was about to proceed to Paris, a command of Louis the Fourteenth stopped her at Fontainebleau, where she arrived the 3d of October, 1657. The following extract is from the account given by Lebel, the head of the Mathurin monastery.

"The 8th of November, 1657, at a quarter past nine in the morning, the Queen of Sweden, who was lodged in the conciergerie of the château, sent a running footman to fetch me. He said, 'If you are the superior of the monastery, I have her majesty's order to bring you where you may have speech together.' I replied, I was so, and would accompany him to learn her will; and without taking any one along with me, fearing to make her wait, I followed the valet to the antechamber. I was detained there some minutes, but the valet having at last returned, I was conducted to the Queen's chamber. I found her alone, and having offered her my humble respects, I asked what she required of her servant. She desired me to follow her to the Galerie des Cerfs, where we might speak undisturbed; and being entered there, she asked whether we had ever met before. I replied, I had merely had the

honour of saluting her, and offering my best services, for which her goodness thanked me. Whereupon she said, that the robe I wore induced her to confide in me, and desired that I would promise to keep her secret as one under the seal of confession. I answered, that whenever I was intrusted with aught, I became naturally dumb on that subject; and being discreet with regard to the humble, I had of course stronger reason for discretion now; and I added, Scripture saith, ‘it is good to keep the king’s secret.’ Having asked me this question, she placed in my hands a packet of papers, without superscription, but sealed with three seals, bidding me to return it to her in such time and presence as should be commanded me by her majesty. She desired also that I would take note of the day, hour, and place in which she gave it to my care, and without further conversation I retired with the packet, leaving the Queen in the gallery. On Saturday, the 10th day of the same month, at one in the afternoon, the Queen of Sweden again sent a valet to fetch me; whereupon I went to a cabinet and took thence the packet, thinking she might demand it of me. I followed the footman, who conducted me through the gate of the donjon, and into the Galerie des Cerfs, and as soon as I was within, closed the door on me with a vivacity which surprised

me. Perceiving about the centre of the gallery the Queen, talking to one of her suite, whom she called Marquis, (I afterwards knew it was Monaldeschi,) I approached her, and she asked in a rather loud tone of voice, in hearing of the marquis and of three men who stood near, for ‘the papers.’ Two of these men were some steps from her, and the third by her side. I drew near and presented the packet. Her majesty took and examined it for a time, and then opening the enclosure, gave the letters it contained to the marquis, saying with a grave voice and commanding manner, ‘Are not these known to you?’ He denied that they were, but turned very pale. ‘You will not avow these,’ rejoined the Queen, (they were in truth only copies made by her own hand;) and having allowed him to examine them, she next drew from under her robe the originals, and, showing them, called him traitor, and made him acknowledge his writing and signature. She asked him the same question several times, and the marquis strove to excuse himself, and cast the blame on others. At last he threw himself on his knees, craving her forgiveness; and the three men present at the same moment drew their swords from the scabbard. He started up again, imploring her to hear him, and drew her as he spoke earnestly from one corner to

another of the gallery. Her majesty did not refuse, but listened very patiently, never showing anger or weariness. When he pressed her most to receive his excuses, she turned to me, and said, ‘Bear witness, father, that I hasten nothing against this man, but that I give to a perfidious traitor all the time that he requires ; yea, even more, to justify himself if possible ;’ and approaching the marquis again she leaned on the rounded head of her ebony cane.

“The Marquis of Monaldeschi, hard pressed by the Queen, gave her other papers, and with them two or three small keys, which he took from a pocket, whence at the same time fell several pieces of silver. Their conference lasted rather more than an hour, and his replies not having satisfied her, she again walked up to me, saying in a voice still rather loud, but grave and calm, ‘Father, I retire, and leave you this man ; have a care of his soul, and prepare him to die.’ If her sentence had been pronounced against myself, I should scarcely have felt more terror. I and the marquis both kneeled down to implore her pardon ; she said, ‘He was more criminal than many condemned to the wheel, and she could not grant it ;’ that, thinking him a faithful subject, she had communicated to him her most important affairs and secret thoughts ; that she

would not remind him of the benefits she had conferred on him, as his conscience might serve for tormentor, for she had favoured him more than a brother.' The Queen then retired, and the marquis, left with me and the three with their drawn swords, continued on his knees, praying me to follow her majesty, and strive to soften her. The men desired him to confess, pointing their swords at his throat, but forbearing to touch him, and I with tears in my eyes besought him to ask pardon of God.

"He who seemed the chief of the three men, himself taking pity on him, did indeed seek the Queen, but returned sorrowful, and said, weeping, 'Marquis, think only of God, for you must indeed die.' The marquis, who at the words seemed half frantic, prostrated himself on the ground once more, and desired that I would myself seek her, and try the effect of my prayers. I did so, and found her alone in her chamber, her countenance serene, and her manner betraying no emotion. I sunk down before her, conjuring her majesty by the sorrows of Christ to have mercy. She said, 'She regretted the necessity she was under to refuse me, for, from his perfidy to her, he could expect neither respite nor pardon.'

"Finding that entreaties availed nothing, I took the liberty of representing that she was

beneath the roof of the King of France, and bade her beware of what she did, as he might disapprove. She called heaven to witness that she bore no personal hatred to the marquis, but that she chose to punish an unparalleled treason; that she was not lodged by the king as one who took refuge, neither was she a captive; and as she obeyed nought save her own will, she chose to administer justice to her servants at all times and in all places.

"In this extremity I knew not what to resolve on. I could not quit the château; and even had it been in my power, I felt bound by charity and my conscience to dispose the marquis to die. I returned then to the gallery, and embracing the unhappy man, who was drowned in tears, I exhorted him to turn all his thoughts to God and his conscience, as there was no hope for him on earth.

"At this news, having uttered two or three melancholy cries, he kneeled down before me as I sat on one of the benches, and commenced his confession, which having nearly concluded, he rose and cried aloud twice. He then ended his confession, mingling French, Latin, and Italian in his fear and confusion. The Queen's almoner at that moment entered, and the marquis, without waiting to receive absolution, went to him, conceiving hopes from his favour with her majesty. They whispered apart,

holding one another by the hand for some time, and then the almoner went out, taking with him the chief of the three. The latter returned alone, and said, ‘Marquis, you must die without more delay : have you confessed?’ Saying this, he pressed him against the wall at that end of the gallery where hangs the picture of St. Germain en Laye, and I could not so suddenly turn aside as to avoid seeing him struck in the chest on the right side, and that he, trying to ward off the blow, caught the blade in his right hand, from which, as the other drew it back, it cut off three fingers.

“ He then exclaimed that he wore a shirt of mail, as in truth he did, one which weighed nine or ten pounds, and the same man repeated the blow, aiming it at his face, and the marquis cried out, ‘ Father, father ! ’ I went to him, and the other retreated a little, and he confessed somewhat more, and I gave him absolution, imposing on him for penitence that he should suffer a violent death. He threw himself on the floor, and as he fell, one of the men gave him a blow on the head, which carried away part of the skull ; and, being stretched on his face, he made signs that they should cut his throat ; and they wounded him there several times, but not mortally, because the shirt of mail rose high under the collar of his doublet, and deadened the blows. All this

time I caused him to think of Heaven, and
was at present. The chief of the three
then asked me whether he should finish him,
and I answered again, not now. I had no
intention to stop, as I had served me for his
soul, for his life, and then he begged my
mercy, and said he was very thank me such
a favor.

The poor Marquis was but expiring then
when we heard the roar of the gallery
over, and recalled his courage, seeing the al-
armist there and directed himself towards him,
supporting himself upon the wall-ribbing.
I was in his right hand and the amputation passed
to his left, and the Marquis holding his hands,
said something as if he was professing; and
the amputee having first asked my leave, gave
him absolution and turned beseeching me to
repeat what he said to the Queen. At this
moment the same who had wounded him in the
throat before, and who had stood by the almo-
nier's side, pierced it through with a long nar-
row sword, whereupon the marquis fell on his
right side, and did not speak again, but con-
tinued to breathe yet a quarter of an hour,
during which time I exhorted him as well as I
was able. Having lost all his blood, he ex-
pired at three-quarters past three. I recited the
De Profundis, and the chief of the three men
moved a leg and then an arm, to see if he were

really dead, and searched his pockets, but found nothing, excepting a small knife and a prayer book : we then all three departed to receive the Queen's orders. She said she regretted having been forced to command his execution; but that she had done justice, and prayed heaven to pardon him. She desired me to see that his corpse was carried away and buried, and that masses were said for the repose of his soul. I had a coffin made, and because of the darkness, the bad road, and the weight, it was placed in a cart, and I sent with it my chaplain and vicar to the church of Avon, with three men to assist, and orders to bury the body within the church near the 'benitier,' and this was done at three quarters past five that same evening.

LEBEL."

The church, or rather chapel of the Holy Trinity, was founded by Francis the First, but ornamented in Henry the Fourth's reign. The niches near the altar contain the statues in white marble of Charlemagne, and Louis the Ninth, the sainted king. Louis the Fifteenth's marriage with the daughter of the unfortunate Stanislas, king of Poland, was celebrated here, and latterly that of the Duke of Orleans with the Princess Helen.

It is to be repaired without delay, not

before reparation is needful, as the deep cracks through the ceilings and faded frescoes testify. The Galerie de François Premier was built and decorated in his time and yet unrestored; the pale salamanders are barely visible on the walls. The queen's antechamber was the imperial dining-room in Napoleon's time, and the Salon de Reception the apartment in which Louis the Thirteenth was born. King Henry threw open one of those windows to announce the news to his courtiers, who were walking in the oval court below. The chamber of St. Louis formed part of a pavilion built during his reign, but bears no trace of ancient architecture; over its chimney is a fine Henry the Fourth on horseback, in white marble; it belonged to a chimney piece, which gave its name to the hall, changed in Louis the Fifteenth's time to a shabby theatre, for it was called Salle de la belle Cheminée. The statues of Strength and Peace were the chivalrous king's fitting supporters. The whole was thrown aside in the stores of the Château, and left there dusty and forgotten, till Louis Philip's command replaced the equestrian statue in St. Louis's chamber, and the other two in the Salle des Gardes adjoining.

A corridor conducts to the gallery of Henry the Second. It was built by Francis the First, and decorated by his son; and now its ancient

glory revived with scrupulous fidelity, the deep ornamented recesses in which the five tall windows on each side are sunk, the gorgeous ceiling, the walls covered with gold, and frescoes by Primatice or Nicolo, are, even to the silver crescent and the cypher, reappearing at every step, the same as when Diana of Poitiers and her royal lover trod its floor. The only loss it has sustained is that of the two bronze satyrs eight feet high which supported the chimney-piece : they were seized for ammunition in 1793, and Napoleon replaced them by two pillars now standing. The chimney-piece was the work of Rondelet, Francis the First's famous sculptor ; its centre exhibits the arms of France, encircled by a wreath and crowned by Diana's crescent. There are two pictures at this end of the hall ; one of Francis killing a wild boar in the forest, the other of the famous combat of a condemned man with a loup-cervier, which desolated the country round Fontainebleau. He was a nobleman, and besought permission to meet his death in this manner, but, having exterminated the monster, he was pardoned. At one time this hall was called Galerie des Réformés ; for the Calvinists, with Admiral Coligny at their head, here presented to Francis the Second the first petition in which they styled themselves " Reformers." The

Admiral was their organ to the young king, whose brother was to be his murderer. The ball on the Duke of Orleans' marriage was given in this hall. The windows to the park look on the Etang and its pavilion, which bore the name of Cabinet de Conseil, when Catherine de Medicis, and after her the Cardinal de Richelieu, retired there with their secret advisers. Directly beneath the gallery is the Salle Louis Philippe, which was, in Louis the Fourteenth's reign, the Dauphin's apartments, now a magnificent dining-hall, supported by Doric columns, and ornamented in the taste of the Renaissance. Opposite its five windows, on the parterre, are three superb entrances, opening on a corridor lighted by glass doors, which look on the Cour Ovale; a fourth entrance communicates with the Porte Dorée. It is a splendid porch or portico, brilliant with gilding and just revived frescos, its length the width of the dining-hall—at one end opening on the Allee de Maintenon, named, by the proudest and vainest king in Europe, after his plebeian wife; at the other on the Oval Court, which I mentioned before, but did not tell you that the donjon which terminates it is the spot where Louis the Thirteenth was christened when seven years old. A flight of steps on either side of the entrance arch conducts to

the open chamber it supports, and the child was named there in public; all catholic ceremonial observed, that no doubts of his creed might rest on the people's minds.

Perhaps my long description of Fontainebleau has wearied you, and yet I might continue it much longer; so large a portion of French history is connected with its walls. The guide pointed to the tower in which the Marshal, Duc de Biron, past the night after his arrest, ere he was transferred to the Bastile. Notwithstanding that Henry the Fourth had three times saved his life in battle, and designed to make him his son-in-law, he conspired against him with the Duke of Savoy. France was to be divided into as many petty sovereignties as provinces, all placed under the protection of the king of Spain; and the bribe which seduced Biron, who was the vainest and bravest man of his day, consisted of Franche Comté and Burgundy, and a marriage with a daughter of Spain or Savoy. Lafin, confidant of the traitor-duke, betrayed him in turn, but had the art to persuade him of the king's ignorance, when he summoned his former friend to his presence, and the marshal denied everything.

"Marshal," said the king, "I must hear from your own mouth what I unhappily know already. Speak to me but frankly, and what-

ever your crime against me, I promise you protection and pardon."

"Your majesty presses a man of honour too far," said the marshal impatiently.

"Would to God it were so," rejoined Henry the Fourth sadly; "reflect ere you reply." The general remained silent, and the king walked slowly to the door; and, as he reached it, said, still more in sorrow than in anger: "Adieu, Baron de Biron." He was tried and condemned; and beheaded within the gates of the Bastile.

The Cour du Cheval Blanc, silent as it is now, calls back Napoleon's adieus to his old guard, which took place here.

April 6th.

Notwithstanding the most bitter of east winds, we have ridden over great part of the forest, the wildest and finest I ever saw. Its groves of old oak, interspersed with tracts clothed with black firs, and hills, and valleys of barren stone; the Hermitage of Franchard; the wonderful Roche qui pleure, through which filters water, which the good peasants still collect as a sovereign remedy against disease, are on the Paris side of the forest. Shortly before arriving at Franchard, there is a plain iron cross raised on a heap of flints, the scene of some old murder. Our road from the

town lay through oaks in their hundred years' majesty : the box forming dark thickets everywhere, and the ground between already blue and white with periwinkles and anemones. In summer it is one carpet of flowers. Franchard had a hermitage even in the time of our Richard Cœur de Lion ; it became afterwards a monastery which was also deserted : shortly after the battle of Castelnaudary, its last inhabitant arrived thither, and lived and died alone in its ruins. It was whispered at the time, that the Comte de Moret, who (some said) had perished in the battle, had on the contrary received but some slight wounds which in no way endangered his life ; he had disappeared : and the recluse who hid himself in poverty and solitude at the same period was believed to conceal from the vindictive cardinal the companion in arms of the unhappy Montmorency.

The valley of La Solle is on the other side of the grande route. The steep road dips suddenly down, winding among fantastic rocks, piled one on the other, overgrown with brilliant mosses, trees growing luxuriantly on or among them. I noticed some whose trunks shot upwards from so narrow a place of support, that the branches on either side seemed extended to poise them, as a bird spreads its wings for the air to bear it up ; and others, whose roots

stretched themselves over the bare granite platform, casing it to its edge, and thence dropped down to plant themselves in the earth which nourishes them scantily. In this part of the forest the holly grows everywhere, and is gay with red berries even now. We were doubtful of the way back; and Fanny, whose sagacity has been so often proved, was called on to assist. When the reins are laid on her neck, she is perfectly aware of her own importance, and stops and snuffles at each road she sees, often choosing short-cuts and foot-paths. To-day, after leaving the valley, we came suddenly on one of the abrupt rocky hills which we have met with often here; there was a broad alley on each side, but Fanny chose neither, and taking a little track through the trees, trotted on and up, climbing like a cat, and when I dismounted to ease her, pulling me on by the rein I held. Arrived at the top, from the little arid plain we found a view worth our trouble; down the other side she led again, emerging in a bridle-road, from which branched eight others. She considered a moment, and then, hurrying as she does when her mind is made up, she chose one of these alleys, and in five minutes we passed a finger-post, which marked it, "Chemin de Fontainebleau."

On the Paris road is the Croix du Grand

Veneur : he is the hero of terrible tales, being a spectre, who often and on various occasions has appeared to the kings of France. The last who saw him was Henry the Fourth. One day of the year 1599 he had been hunting unsuccessfully, for his hounds had twice lost the scent, and he was slowly riding back through the forest on the Moret side, when his ill-humour was increased by suddenly hearing the cry of dogs and the flourish of hunting horns, which seemed to sound a triumphant blast. The king, who rode at some distance from his attendants with the Count of Soissons, turned angrily to him, "Note who the bold intruder may be," he exclaimed, and the count, with several of the courtiers, spurred towards the sound. As they disappeared, the king started back, for a tall huntsman,—tall beyond human height,—attired in black, with a shining eye and livid cheek, stood before him. He accosted the monarch in a voice of thunder, and said, "Amendez-vous." Henry's look for a moment quailed before him ; and when he fixed it on the spot where the huntsman had stood, he was gone. The Count of Soissons and his companions returned, said they had seen, but at a distance, a dark huntsman, at the head of a numerous hunt, mounted on horses which seemed to feel the rocky soil no obstacle. Whether he came to warn the king of

a darkening future and bloody close, I cannot tell ; some say he spoke more than the monarch told ; he rode the rest of the way in silence. After this apparition the Grand Veneur continued to be heard at times, though he was not seen again. Once, (Sully says,) when he waited impatiently for Henry's return to communicate some important affair, he heard the horns and horses' hoofs close to the chateau, and ran out to meet him, but nothing was visible ; and when the king had really come, he learned he had been at the time four leagues away.

7th April.

Walked to-day (the east wind sharper than ever) to the church at Avon, where Monaldeschi lies, under the benitier. The crime for which Christina murdered him was never precisely known ; but it was hinted that he had been a favoured and then fickle lover. Taking the right road through the park, and along the canal made by Henry the Fourth, it is hardly distant the quarter of a league it is called ; we took the wrong and a much longer way. The little old edifice was built in the tenth century, and stands at the end of the unpaved dirty village. A washer-woman and a dozen children came to see what we wanted. We wanted to get into the locked-

up church, and were desired to apply at the seminary, which is nearly opposite. The porter issued with the key. He was the roundest, merriest, ugliest, piece of human nature imaginable; I should think he acted cook as well as porter, and he is quite out of keeping with the spot where he stood. With its low gloomy arches, and damp irregular pavement of worn tombstones, it seems the fitting place for the hurried interment of a murdered man, in the dusk of a winter's evening. One of the flags of the choir is marked with the fleurs de lis, and a half-effaced figure; below is the heart of Philip le Bel's queen, who died here about 1304. Two old painted windows light the church dimly; near the entrance door, just in front of the antique vessel for holy water, is the narrow stone inscribed with ancient letters, "Ci git Monaldexi." The porter told a strange story.

Three years since, (the village church being then always left open,) a party of Englishmen came to visit it. They arrived with a number of workmen, hired in the cottages, and whom they had paid beforehand, and liberally, for the work to be done. By their employers' order these men opened the grave, to take possession of the skeleton, for the English gentlemen asserted that Monaldeschi was their relation. The curé had been absent, but re-

turned during this extraordinary operation, and flew to forbid sacrilege! The workmen ceased, but they had been so diligent that the bones were already uncovered, and the Englishmen insisted on carrying them away; and, despite of the curé, held the skull fast. Finding his remonstrances useless, the priest hurried away, and returned with some gens-d'armes, when the skull was replaced in the coffin.

The Englishmen were allowed to depart. They had cracked, in their labour, the grave-stone, and crumbled a good many of those beside it; a large square of brick-work replaces them. "Since then," the porter said, winking at us, as if he fancied we too had some design on the bones he guards, "when strangers are curious, I accompany them, and we keep the church locked."

CHAPTER IV.

Moret—The Nunnery—Louis the Fourteenth's black Daughter—Two useful Saints—Villeneuve la Guyard—Descriptions deceitful—Strange Cure for Blood to the Head—A River-god on terra firma—Sens—St. Colombe, Thomas à Becket's refuge—Villeneuve le Roy—Place where the Vine was first cultivated—Auxerre—The Chapter's hundred years' Law-suit concerning Fur Trimamings—The Canons' Games at Ball—The Cathedral, occupying the site of the first Christian Chapel—St. Germain—The Saint's refusal to get out of his Grave to reform England—Tombs of Dukes of Burgundy—Ill-treatment in a Church from a School at its devotions—Lucy le Bois—The Face in a Hole in the Wall—Taken for a beast—Arnay le Duc—La Rocheapot—A danger avoided through Grizzel's affection—An unamiable Carter—Chalona, Caesar's head-quarters—Cross seen by Constantine—Punishment of past times for unskilful Physicians—A Prince of Portugal, Monk at St. Laurent—Cathedral.

10th April.

A PRETTY road through the forest, on whose borders is the old town of Moret; its ancient gateway and the ruins of its fortifications and strong castle looking picturesque through the trees. The fine gothic church remains, but the convent, which was honoured by the presence of a royal nun, no longer exists. Louis the Fourteenth had by his wife, Maria Theresa, a daughter, who came into the world perfectly

black. The King not choosing to own a negress, it was asserted that she had died ; she was committed to the custody of these walls, and well and respectfully treated, for the abbess received a large annuity on her account. It is said that her royal father and mother sometimes came to see her ; perhaps the comparison between what she was and might have been, but for the caprice of nature, preyed on her mind, for her life was not a long one. Two saints, of unquestionable merit, have chapels in their honour near Moret. St. Nicaise will cure the most obstinate cough, and St. Memert the bite of a mad dog.

The next post very uninteresting, to Fossard, which is one of those wretched-looking villages which straggle along each side of the broad, bad roads of France. Stopped to sleep at Villeneuve la Guyard, a hopeless-looking place with a good inn, though it does not fulfil the promise of its printed card, which speaks of "new and splendid furniture, French and English attendance, large and commodious stables, baths, and a garden of rare plants adjoining." The chambers hung with painted canvass, thick with the dust of years, and the square hole cut in the panel of the door, that the blast rushing in might prevent the chimneys smoking, did not quite answer the expectations raised. The groom of the filthy

stable, for French stables are cleaned once a year only, was a feeble, gray peasant. The fat girl waited alternately on us and the diligence dinner ; the baths were invisible, as was the garden, unless represented by the strip where primroses and cabbages grew among broken crockery, protected by the paling, on which hung to dry an avenue of cotton pocket-handkerchiefs. There was nothing to see when we had walked round the little church, and been driven home by the troop of urchins who, just out of school, clattered after me in sabots. Returned to the inn yard, we found there an amusing specimen of French manners in a certain class. By the well sat, in an oilskin cape and cloak, an old gentleman, who with his wife we had seen arrive in a one-horse vehicle. He was dripping like a river-god, and she, in the attitude of Hebe, pouring on his bare head jugs of well-water. As neither were at all embarrassed, we were soon acquainted ; he had attacks of blood to the head, and therefore the watering of it by three buckets at a time is performed twice a day, and the operation of cupping three times a week, by his wife, who has taken lessons on purpose ; like some other good people, she likes complaining, and before we had been known to each other five minutes, she told me that since her husband had retired from business, this malady had

come upon him ; that they had travelled to see the sea, and it had ennuyé him ; that they were now on their way to drink the waters in Savoy, and he already spoke of turning back ; in short, that he was impatient and fanciful, and made her life insupportable. A great source of grief and fidget to him was the old horse, lean and uncleaned, who daily dragged themselves and baggage in the heavy vehicle. He wondered he was not fat and hungry like ours.

11th April.

Left early, intending to sleep at Sens for the sake of the cathedral. Pont-sur-Yonne, which lies on the road, has an old church and fine bridge. The entrance to Sens under the arched gateway is striking ; and its boulevards and public promenades remarkably neat and pretty. When we rode into the yard of the Ecu, we found mine host, who came to meet us, high in his charges and impertinent besides ; so turned the horses' heads again,—merely fed them at an auberge close by, and went on. I saw only the exterior of the fine cathedral. A quarter of a league from Sens was the abbey of St. Colombe, where Thomas à Becket hid himself three years from the fury of Henry of England. A beautiful shining day, for the east wind has yielded at last. The approach to Villeneuve le Roy is through a pretty tran-

quil country, the road winding along the bank of the river, and sheltered on the other side by an abruptly rising ground, planted with vineyards. An elbow in this road brings suddenly in sight the old town's gateway : like that of Moret, an entrance-arch, flanked by turrets, with the gouttière above, whence boiling pitch and lead poured on the intruder.

It is of Louis the Sixth's time, I was going to say it has frowned there ever since ; but this evening, in the golden sunshine, it smiled in harmony with all the rest : the troops of gay boys at play under the care of a good-natured priest, and the bright little stream which bathed Fanny's tired feet.

We had good beds and a decent stable at the inn; but its butcher and cook are "leagued to destroy." Our French acquaintance had arrived before us,—just as the lady-innkeeper was telling me her country people were far better travellers than formerly, as they ate and drank and paid uncomplainingly now, as the English once had done, my friend, who had seen us dismount, came to greet me, and tell (in the landlady's presence) that every thing in the house was extravagant and execrable ; and then, having surveyed the chamber selected for us, insisted on her yielding one better, in which we are installed, thanks to her. We walked together in the

evening to the pretty gardens outside the town : it has a similar entrance at its other extremity, and the ancient walls and towers of the fortifications remain ; and the moat, converted to peaceful uses, now forms bright gardens, covered with blossom.

I bought for a franc an enormous basket of carrots for the horses ; and when we returned to the inn, my companion elevated one before the eyes of the landlady, reproaching her with its being the same size for which that morning she demanded five sous !

12th April.

Left Villeneuve for Auxerre ; a north-east wind and gloomy sky again, under which the scene looked disenchanted. A less uninteresting country as far as Joigny, which is built on the height, its houses and churches rising in terraces with a broad quay and handsome bridge, but neither trees nor flower-gardens as in a country town in England ; looking this grey, cold day only dirt and barrenness. We met, as we passed along, our feverish acquaintance, he walking to cool his head without a hat ; his lady abusing the hotel, where their horse was feeding ; they too were bound for Auxerre.

Nothing more melancholy than Joigny, excepting the road beyond it ; it crosses the bridge, and lies over a marshy flat, lately

overflowed by the river, and seeming to produce little, saving a few willows and broom-like poplars. We have pavement again for some miles here, and the sides of the road were impassable. Leaving Bassou, a hopeless looking place, behind, we were in the vine country: an ugly one it is, but this is the place of all Gaul where the grape was first grown in the third century. From a long steep hill we looked back on a most gloomy though extensive view; its descent leads to Auxerre. At the Porte de Paris was our hatless friend, who had passed us on the way; he was good-naturedly watching our coming to point out the road to the Leopard; we should otherwise have made a long round instead of riding down the avenue to the quay where it stands. It is a comfortable and reasonable inn, and the view up and down the broad river, with bridge and islands and barges, very pretty. The avenue before the hotel, and along the Yonne, is the walk of the Auxerre fashionables; a formidable looking "*jeune France*" was promenading there, but now magnificent in curls and beard and crimson cloak and cigar. The town, whose streets are high and narrow, looks to advantage from the river; it is built in an amphitheatre, the old abbey of St. Germain, the prefecture, the cathedral towers, and those of

other fine churches, rising tier above tier over the quay. I walked in quest of letters to the post-office, and found that to do so required strength of mind, for a bonnet forms no part of my baggage : and I went in my riding habit, as I dismounted, followed by all the little boys and girls, and some of their papas and mammas : the very clerk at the post-office, civil as he was, could not refrain from several questions, the “ how and whence” respecting the first habit which had been seen at Auxerre. Yet we are only forty leagues from Paris, and the Parisians have lately made riding so fashionable, that I have heard young ladies, asked whether they liked the exercise, exclaim they “ adored it,” and seen gentlemen of fifty on ponies follow in the train of the riding master. The cathedral is small and beautiful ; we stood near one of the side entrances admiring the elegance of its Nun’s-walk, and the view down the aisle, where it circles round the choir, and arches and columns seem crowded together.

The finely carved capitals of these columns were lighted brilliantly and variously by the sunbeams through the rich stained windows. The prospect from the nave would be open to the chapel behind the high altar, but that modern taste has suspended over the latter a wooden ornament, closely resembling the

tester of a bed ; it intercepts the view of the lovely little chapel, and the strangely light pillars which support it ; on one of these is pasted a paper, promising "plenary indulgence" to all such as on saints' days, therein specified, shall recite particular prayers. So all who are "heavy laden" repair to the chapel at Auxerre.

On the wall close by is a tablet to the memory of Georges de Beauvoir, Marshal of Chastellux, who, in the year 1444, retook the town of Crevant from the English, and with his own hand (says the inscription) killed the Lord High Constable of Scotland. The celebrated Amyot, preceptor of King Henry the Third, is also interred here ; it is said that the chapter, formerly rich, ruined itself by law-suits, and one is particularly cited which lasted a long time. The canons asserted their right of wearing ermine on their robes ; it was forbidden them ; some yielded, others were stubborn : they were called, to distinguish them, "Trimmed" and "Untrimmed." Litigation ensued, and the last named gained the lawsuit, when it had been pending one hundred years.

The cathedral has some customs peculiar to itself. A strange one was abolished only in the sixteenth century. The canons were in the habit of playing at ball in the nave, and for money, and the sums thus won were ex-

pended in feasts for the chapter. It is said that it was erected on the site of the first Christian chapel, raised here in the third century.

The old church of St. Germain near (now that of the Hôtel Dieu, and barbarously whitewashed) takes its name from the sixth Bishop of Auxerre, who first built it on the spot where stood the house in which he was born, and who was buried here in 448. The saint's story says, that having travelled to England he there met and converted at Oxford one Micomer, a learned doctor, whom he then made his coadjutor in reclaiming Great Britain from Paganism. Micomer returned to France, died, and was buried. St. Germain visiting his tomb at Tonnerre, apostrophized his disciple, now a saint. "Micomer," he said, "rise from your tomb: there are fresh disorders and fallings away in England and Ireland; rise and go, set all in order." A voice replied from the tomb, "Be tranquil, father, on that subject, for England and Ireland will not need our interference, and heaven commands my body to remain in peace here, and my soul in eternal glory." St Germain rejoined, "It is well, may I soon be with you in paradise." The subterranean church of St. Germain is famous for its antiquity, and also because it contains, besides the tombs of

sainted bishops, those of Hugh, Duke of Burgundy, father of Hugues Capet of France, as well as of other dukes of Burgundy, and counts of Auxerre ; (for the county of Auxerre belonged by turns to France and her turbulent province.) It was united to the crown in Charles the Fifth's reign, ceded to the duchy by Charles the Sixth, and became finally French when Charles the Téméraire, last sovereign of Burgundy, was killed before Nancy. We did not see the vaults, for the pale, diseased faces which came round us, as this is now the hospital church, made it by no means tempting to stay. Near the church stands its ancient belfry, a picturesque tower. We went in search of St. François, which is in the lower part of the town, and seen outside is a noble gothic building ; within it disappointed me, though indeed I had barely time to judge of it, for as we entered we found a whole school on its knees, which, without any change of position, saluted my habit and myself with shouts and hootings notwithstanding the reprobating looks of a young priest, and fairly drove us out and followed us home, pushing against us to stare closer ; so, having had no room to walk, and barely enough to breathe to day, I must buy a bonnet at Chalons.

Rouvray, 14th of April.

Cold weather still, but sunny, and the bridge

and steep road which looks on Auxerre, once passed, no view to reward for the long succession of bare hills. Near the town the vine is much cultivated, but in France its stunted stumps give no charm to scenery. Further on the soil is worse, but prodigiously manured, and they grow oats and rye in what appears a stiff red clay, lightened only by layers of flat stones, which would break English hearts and ploughs. Nothing to relieve the eye, not a bush, not a speck of green, not an habitation for miles on either side of the glaring white road ; we travelled for ever up the steep rise, and down the sharp descent, which succeed as like each other and uninteresting as if all had been cast in the same mould. Fed the horses at a lone farm-house, and reached at sunset the prettier country near Lucy le Bois ; for the road for about a mile passes through a young oak wood, and it was really refreshing to the sight, as we had not seen a tree for twenty-seven miles. The village stands in a sheltered and rather pretty valley, at the foot of a hill, which is a petty mountain, so thought the post horses, who toiled up it. We got in at dusk. The sharp landlady was out, and her delegates were two good civil old women, her aunt and mother-in-law, and though it is an humble inn, we had good beds and a bright fire, and an excellent dinner from the hands of poor

Annette, whose province is to clean the house, attend the comers, cook the meals, wash the linen, milk the cows, make bread, cheese, and batter, and bear (she told me in confidence) the blows of the spoilt child.

When the hostess returned, we saw no more of the old people and their civility, but the fine lady and her imposition instead.

Slept at Lucy, and rode on in the morning to this town, Rouvray, a melancholy road and wretched place, but the beds, cook, and stabling of the Hôtel de l'Ancienne Poste very good. As D— always stops to feed the horses on the way, and the wonder my costume excites becomes very annoying, I to-day took refuge in the stable, and saw there a great face in a blue night-cap, staring at me through a hole in the wall. Before reaching the town we passed a group of labourers at work, and men and women ran to the edge of the high bank above the road to look down at me. I laughed at their astonishment; a fact the foremost of the group communicated to the rest, saying, “*Voilà que cela nous rit.*” “Cela” does not mean a human being, so that I do not exactly know for what they took me. Mons. Digy's printed card asserts, in English, that “Post hotel is situated in the most fine quarter of town,” which means, the dirtiest end of the long street: The wind is high, and this

the night-capped crowd. From the long hill above Givry, the green plains and distant heights look to advantage, as does the old chateau, with peaked roof and turrets, which stands by the winding river in the hollow. We next came on a broad moor, and the horses enjoyed a long gallop over turf, the first since Salisbury Plain. It is broken by a few patches of brushwood, and covered with a very beautiful purple flower, whose name is unknown to me. We saw no habitation for miles; none, indeed, till we reached its extremity, where there is a lone inn, with ruined outhouses, in a wild and solitary situation, just fitting for the last scene of a *Porte St. Martin* melodrama.

The road thence descends suddenly, edging a precipice, and commanding a view which is a contrast to all we have toiled through till now. We rode under abrupt banks, and fragments of reddish rock, and below was a glen, shut in by hills, or rather small stony mountains, planted with vines, wherever cultivation is not impossible. There was no verdure, for the vine stalks are yet bare of leaves, and the face of the hills is only varied by the different tints of rock and soil, and the enclosures of the small fields, formed by piles of slaty stones thrown up from them; yet the prospect was beautiful as well as grand. The broken hill

nearest us stood forth in deep shadow ; those before, as well as the narrow valley, lay in splendid sunshine, and beyond them, through the haze of heat and distance, shone the windings of the Saone, and stretched the rich plains of Bresse, and above all towered the range of the Jura, resembling the cloud which hung over it, but that its rosy white was more delicate still. At our feet were two villages, so hidden in their nooks, that we perceived them only when the road passed directly above. The furthest is La Rocheapot ; its square castle, flanked by four massive towers, covers the surface of the solitary rock which forms its foundation, and rises among the cabins, yet at a commanding distance, as (ere power had departed and respect had followed) the old noble once did among his vassals.

Two watch-towers are still standing, and the windows opened at different epochs, some arched, some Elizabethan, make frames for the blue sky seen through them, or are lightly curtained by ivy, which seldom grows luxuriantly in France ; its situation and itself are such, as, had Scott seen, would not have been left without a story.

The grande route winding, passes directly in its front, and the precipice is scarcely pleasant with a starting horse, particularly as the carters we meet crack their whips at me, kindly

curious to know whether the lady's seat is as unsafe as strange. Arrived at the stone cross on the hill, we lost sight of the castle, but obtained a lovelier view of the valley, as green meadows and fruit-trees in flower enlivened the same bold scenery. I had led Fanny down, as the descent is rapid, and as I was about to remount, only Grizzel's affectionate disposition spared us an inconvenient adventure. By the road-side are various marly pools, whose thin mud seems unlikely to tempt even a thirsty horse; yet Grizzel left free when D—— came to assist me, walked towards, and into it, bending her knees and making preparations for rolling, in utter disregard of the saddle and valise she carries. D—— ran to the edge, but the edge was slippery and the pool deep, and Grizzel too intent on her bath to listen to shouts or commands; a stroke of the long whip was the last resource, and out of the water she splashed, and, to our dismay, trotted up a by-path. What was to be done? to pursue would have quickened her retreat; by a lucky thought, we led away little Fanny, and the poor grey had not gone a hundred yards ere she turned to look for her, and though she hesitated a little, preferred the risk of feeling the whip again to losing her companion; so we rode peaceably on to Chagny, which is situated in a rather

pretty country, though beyond the valley. I asked an old woman who was there at work, the name of its tiny river; she turned round to gaze at it, as if she then saw it for the first time, and said “*Cela? cela s'appelle la rivière.*” Met again to-day several soldiers going on furlough; one from Africa, bronzed by its sun. We stopped him to ask whether we are likely to find our friend Captain ——’s regiment at Lyons. From Chagny to Chalons, though but four leagues, seemed a long distance from the badness of the road: between them, on a lone flat, we passed the stone erected to the memory of Antoine Prevost a countryman, assassinated here for the sake of a five-franc piece in his pocket. Met an exceedingly uncivil waggoner with his team, who made a face at me! and got in at sunset, the frogs in the ditches croaking so loud a “good night,” that they startled the horses.

Chalons existed as a town of importance, even previous to Cæsar’s entrance into Gaul, and was called Orbandale. Cæsar made it the head-quarters of several legions, and it increased in importance till the reign of Constantine. The inhabitants boast that near their city he beheld in the clouds the luminous cross which converted him to Christianity.

It was at Chalons that the marriage was negotiated between Clovis and Clotilda, by whose influence he afterwards became first Christian King of France. It was to him that St. Remy made that fine speech before his baptism; "Bow the head, barbarian! burn what you have adored; reverence what you have burned." The scene of the exploits of the famous Brunehaud was also laid here; she was second wife to King Gontran; his first spouse Austragilda, who died at Chalons, made a singular request to her husband:—"I pray you, sire, put to death all those unskilful leeches who have failed to cure my lady." King Gontran promised to give her this token of affection, and kept his word, and yet—he has been canonized!!! The parish of St. Laurent, which was formerly a little town with privileges of its own, occupies an island formed by the Saone. It had once a convent of Cordeliers, in the church of which was the tomb of a monk who was its superior. The historian of Chalons says he was the only brother of Alphonso the Fifth, King of Portugal; in 1481, he wandered hither and assumed the cowl; the king dying childless, ambassadors came to offer him the crown he had inherited; he refused it, and dismissed them as well as his mother the queen dowager, who strove to persuade him

by entreaties and vain tears. At last, in despair, she departed and retired to die among the poor Cordeliers of St. Claire of Auxonne, where she is interred. Of all the riches of Portugal, Father John only accepted what sufficed to decorate the church of his convent, and died in 1525, having chosen to be the principal of five and twenty mendicant monks, rather than to rule a kingdom.

Having purchased a bonnet, I walked after dinner to the cathedral. It is believed to have existed from the earliest epoch of Christianity; ruined by the Saracens, it was magnificently rebuilt by Charlemagne in the commencement of the ninth century. It fell into decay five hundred years after, and the present edifice is of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. It is an extensive and solemn-looking building. We saw it imperfectly and for a few minutes only; not arriving till after sunset. The side aisles are shorter than the nave, and the arch, which descends lower where the transept crosses the latter, gives it weight and gloom; but the nun's walk, with an open gallery below and above, is light and beautiful. The armed and gilded figures, which seem to guard the choir, belong to the tombs of some of the old Counts of Chalons buried here. The chapels are

rich in ornaments, having belonged to the chief families of the country, mostly to those which have given bishops to Chalons. In one of them kneels a painted statue attired in its robes, which, though it might possess little illusion in broad daylight, made us start in the gloom, looking though “lifeless so very lifelike.” The unfinished portal is about to be completed ; and this part of the cathedral is screened off for the present by most curious old tapestry, seemingly of Francis the First’s time. The small irregular place in front of the church is surrounded by houses with projecting upper stories, and carved cherubims at their corners, resembling those at Tewkesbury; but nothing at Chalons appears to date back to 590, though it is pretended that a part of the palace occupied by king Gontran still remains. We go to-morrow, for the quay below our windows is the spot whence the Saone steamers start ; and the noise exceeds that of a Saturday night at Birmingham : the horses are uncomfortably situated, not only from the extreme filthiness of the stable, but because one end of its enormous space is merely separated by a curtain from the open coach-house, and the other by a glass partition from the kitchen ; luckily they are good travellers. We dined yesterday in our own rooms and well, and

to-day at the table d'hôte, the worst I have seen yet, and having a nasty appendage in a lavoir opposite, with often-used soap on its edge, and dirty towels for drapery ; the diners washed their hands as they came in—a most odious custom.

CHAPTER V.

Tournus—Greuze's grave—Mâcon—The walking Wedding—Retirement of a Count of Mâcon, with thirty Knights, to the Abbey of Cluny—Dealings of his Successor with evil Spirits—His exit from Earth in the Car of a black Visitor—His Son turning Monk through fear—The County sold by his Daughter Alice to France—Bloodless occupation of Mâcon by the Huguenots—Mâcon retaken through bribery by the Marshal of Tavannes—Madame de Tavannes' mode of increasing her Revenues—Sauteries de Mâcon—Farce of St. Poinct—Assassination of Huguenot Prisoners—Sang froid of Catholic Dames—A Russian Noble—Villefranche—Privilege granted to its married Men—Descent into Lyons—Monastère des deux Amans, supposed Herod and Herodias—Fortress of Pierre Encise—The Prison of Cinq Mars—Fort commanding the Croix Rousse—Homage paid to the wooden Statue of 1550—Hôtel de l'Europe—View of Fourvières—Its Church escaping violation throughout the Revolution—The Antiquaille on the site of the Palace where Germanicus was born—Traces of fire in Nero's time—Recollections of Princess Mary of Wurtemburg—Her love of Art to the last—Nourrit's Funeral—A Racer's determination to trot—Going to races—Mistaken for a Candidate—Perrache—Horses, riders, and accoutrements—Triumph of the King's Fête—A Boat upset—The Tower of the fair German-Croix Rousse—Wretchedness of the Operatives—Causes of Insurrection in 1831—The most ancient Monastery in Gaul—Church of Aisnay.

Tournus, Hôtel de l'Europe,
23d April.

ARRIVED here last evening, having left the inn yard at Chalons under the inspection of

all the guests assembled there for breakfast. Remembered, when we had crossed the bridge, having left no address for my bonnet, which is to be sent after me to Mâcon; and were obliged to ride back.

From Chalons to Sennecey, two posts; a long fertile plain bounded by hills; to the left, in the distance, the Swiss mountains. The only sights at dirty Sennecey, a horridly gigantic head grinning with its tongue out, transplanted from some fountain to the wall of the first house, and a very old fort at its extremity, within whose walls the parish church has been lately erected. The extensive plain which again succeeds is skirted by nearer and wooded hills, whose shade, as we ascended them, made a pleasant contrast to the burning, treeless flat below. We let poor Fanny drink from a clear stream gushing forth at the foot, over which has been built a neat lavoir. As we walked the horses up the steep, the view bespoke more comfort and plenty than does any part of France I have yet travelled. Green meadows and fruit trees in flower, and villages dotting valley and rising ground, reminded me of England; from the summit the prospect was enchanting. The descent before us was rapid, and a few crags made a bold foreground, as did the Swiss mountains a splendid distance.

Tournus rose in the plain, with its old church towers and grey abbey, and suspended bridge across the Saone, whose shores, seen for many a mile of its windings, merit their name of "bords fleuris." This is one of the very best inns we have yet rested in; close to the bridge and the river; in all respects superior to its rival, the Sauvage, which is at the entrance of the town in a dull and dirty situation: but, as it pays postilions at a ruinous rate, attracts the larger proportion of post carriages. My indifferent health alters our destination, for, dreading the heat of an Italian summer, we go hence to Switzerland instead of Nismes. Here we remain some days for letters, and to give rest to our horses, though they appear to require none. Our most intimate acquaintance is a fat gentleman, who is anxious we should take a furnished château in these environs, which has its own private theatre, (he has discovered D——'s taste already,) and, with grounds and large vineyard, is to be let for thirty pounds a year; and an old soldier of the empire, one of the few returned from Moscow, who holds young France in great contempt, and showed us the scar of a lance thrust in his throat; and a sabre cut which crippled his hand: two of the six wounds for which a grateful country bestows on him a pension of eight

sous a day. Do not suppose him a beggar, or one to whom you could presume to offer money. Before he was drawn for the conscription he was a carpenter. After his military life, unable to return to his first trade, he took up another, and is now a carrier, and transports goods in his cariole from Tournus to the villages surrounding it. We made acquaintance in the stable, where I had gone to see Fanny luxuriously rolling on her clean straw; and he particularly prides himself on being divested of all prejudices belonging to the untravelled. Greuze, the painter of the sweet family-pieces we have so often admired in the Louvre, was born at Tournus; in the church is a monument erected in his honour.

27th April, Mâcon.

We loitered away the fine weather at Tournus, and took to-day the melancholy road hither, with a north-east wind which whirled its dust in our faces, and made us shiver, as we rode up and down long hills, which succeed each other without view or interest. We met a wedding trudging along a little path which wound through the clods of a ploughed field, and crossing the high road and ourselves in the direction of a village. Three fiddles preceded bride and bridegroom, who walked arm in arm, and half a dozen couples of friends and relatives fol-

lowed; we made a bow to the bride, who was very plain and looked very proud. The fiddlers were conscientiously playing with all their might, and we heard the sharp, squeaking notes, "like the cracked treble of an old man's voice," long after we lost sight of them. The female peasantry hereabouts wear a strange kind of tiny hat tied on the top of the head, and the white cap: it is about large enough to fit that of a doll, and above a fair face might be picturesque, but worn over weather-beaten features, which the "foreign aid of ornament cannot serve," adds to their natural ugliness; and being so small as barely to shade one eye, affords no protection against the burning summer. The Hôtel de l'Europe where we are lodged is a good inn situated on the quay: the view is pretty across the broad river, and to the plains beyond, and bounded by the Alps. The inn has good beds and civil masters, but a bad cook. We dined to-day at the table-d'hôte, which consisted of only two besides ourselves, young men of no very brilliant intellect, for one asked the waiter whether the radishes served at table were of this or last year's growth; and nothing could persuade the other that the insurrection of the Lyons workmen was not suscitated by the English, with a view to destroy the silk-trade. There is an old horse in these stables

thirty-two years of age, they tell me once a favourite charger of Napoleon.

Mâcon is a very ancient town, and was of importance even in Cæsar's time. Under the first race of French kings it formed part of the kingdom of Burgundy; under the second race the Counts of Mâcon had insensibly become hereditary, and after the reign of Hugues Capet, one of these, yielding to the devotional feelings which took sudden and absorbing possession of his mind, retired with his sons and thirty knights to the monastery of Cluny, where they assumed the cowl, while at the same time their wives became nuns in the abbey of Marcigny. The county of Mâcon then again formed part of Burgundy, and in 1245 it was sold to St. Louis, King of France, by Alice, who had inherited it from her father and brother.

The parent of the Countess Alice had, it was said, dark dealings with bad spirits; and choosing to place no bridle on his love of enjoyment, laid violent hands on property belonging to the two chapters of Mâcon, and to the abbey of Cluny. The hour of reckoning came, and a black man of fearful exterior appeared one day, and summoned the count at the foot of his palace stair. Forced to obey, he mounted, at his silent companion's sign, a kind of car, and thereupon miraculously

disappeared from his wondering subjects. His cries of despair were heard and lost in the distance. "Had he sunk into earth, or melted in air," they knew not; but his son, witness of this event, became a monk, and ceded the county to his sister Alice, who had espoused a prince of the blood of France, and her wishes according with her husband's, sold to Louis the holy king, a domain whose unholy lords ended so fatally. The palace was allowed to go to decay, and in the sixteenth century its ruined walls were still visible within the citadel which was in the centre of the town. The Countess Alice retired to the Abbaye des Lis near Melun, and died its abbess. Long after, in the year 1562, the Huguenots had obtained possession of Mâcon with little violence, and no shedding of blood. The Marshal of Tavannes several times, and each unsuccessfully, attempted to retake the town, until at last he entered it by the means of traitors bought over. Notwithstanding, in each street a combat awaited him, but the Huguenot party, weaker than his own, and unprepared, wasted its bravery. With the victorious troops there re-entered the town a number of women, who, on account of their shameful lives, had been expelled thence, as well as the priests, in whose habitations many of them had been found: they served to point

out the houses belonging to men of the Huguenot creed, particularly of those who had been active in driving them forth.

The butchery which took place would be too horrid for minute detail ; and by means of merciless pillage, Tavannes and other leaders made or augmented their fortunes. Madame de Tavannes was noted for being particularly clever in discovering in houses, which already seemed sacked, the hiding-places of plate, jewels and linen, with all which Mâcon at this time was better supplied than any town in France. The mournfully famous *Sauteries de Mâcon* took place when Tavannes, having departed, left in his place as governor, a certain St. Poinct, son of a woman who asserted that a priest was his father. This man was in the habit of terminating pastimes and festivals, to which he had invited all the Catholic ladies of the town, by inquiring if the farce were ready to be acted (it has since been called the farce of St. Poinct) ; and on receiving a reply in the affirmative, he led the way to the bridge—I believe the very same which still crosses from Mâcon to Bresse, built of stone, with thirteen arches. Hither by his command, one or two, sometimes more, of the Huguenot prisoners had already been summoned ; and when St. Poinct arrived, surrounded by ladies richly attired, he would

"They were sent over bridge into the river. I
the Catholic dames and damsels
that D'Aubigné wrote that
instil into the minds of females
and children, with the fruits
desserts, such feelings as taught
on without pity at the execution
guenot." Last night there arrived
noble, with his train of serfs.
wind blew bitterly, yet by the
the groom, who had in some
passed the hours till morning, shut
box of the travelling-carriage.
hôtel waiters in pity carried him
wine, but as he passed

"Betwixt the wind and his nobility
the Russian interfered, the servant
a reprimand, and the serf no wine.

From MA

walk,—stared, laughed, and hooted at, with what patience we might. At Villefranche it was market-day, and our progress was impeded by droves of horned cattle along the road: found, when we arrived, all the good rooms occupied at the post-house, therefore pay high prices for bad accommodation. We dined at the same table with a gentleman who has travelled on horseback from Dijon hither, and complains of the fatigue piteously! Humbert the Fourth, sire de Beaujeu, who died in 1202, singularly privileged the husbands of Villefranche, allowing them to beat their wives till the blood flowed, provided they did not die !!

29th April.

From Villefranche to Anse,
La plus belle lieue de France,

says the popular rhyme, and truly as we rode it, this warm, lovely morning, it was fair and fertile beyond any country we have travelled over. The high grounds on the right covered with vineyards; on the left, the meadows rich and green, and the Saone—a sheet of silver, and enough hill to give the scenery the boldness it would want otherwise.

Droves of oxen again on their way to supply Lyons; their drivers not more civil than yesterday,—for they merely said they were dan-

gerous, without an attempt to leave us room at either side of the broad road; and their being savage was a likely consequence of the heat, and their fatigue—joined to the blows of the men, and the bites of their dogs. We kept in the rear till they opened their ranks themselves, and then cantered through this most unromantic peril. Our next meeting was with a runaway cow! galloping at full speed from her master, whom her unceremonious haste had commenced by overturning at the top of the hill, and who was making vain efforts to come up with her. As we left valiantly as much room with as little delay as possible for the fugitive, two post-carriages passed us, their inmates asleep as usual. We have not yet met two travellers with their eyes open.

We passed Anse, and its bridge over the narrow river, which is perhaps a branch of the Saone:—there is an air of comfort about the habitations of the poor, not visible in the north of France or nearer Paris. We noticed that the improvement commenced near Chalons. At Anse the cottages have neatly-enclosed gardens, gay with flowers and fruit trees; the sides of the grande route, which here turns abruptly towards the high hill which towers between it and Lyons, is bordered by poplars and willows; the green lanes, branching from it,

have hedges, now white with hawthorn; and the peach-trees, which it is here the custom to plant between the rows of vine, are covered with their delicate blossoms. We remarked, that nowhere had we noticed so many fine châteaux as we saw dotting the country here; either placed, in commanding situations, on the hills to the right, or nestled in the nooks of the Mount d'Or itself, which we were ascending. Perhaps this accounts for the happier aspect of the dwellings of the poor: they are not, like those in Normandy, long, unmeaning buildings, with mansarde roofs; but for the most part extremely picturesque, built with high peaked turrets,—probably in the architecture of Henry the Fourth's time. The steep road is uneven and stony, and we suffered from its dust, as well as the heat of the day; but the view of the country to the left, and that we were leaving behind, was at every step lovelier, and when we reached the summit, that of Lyons and its environs which lay below, in no degree inferior to it, though a thick haze shut out the Swiss mountains. We asked three men, within the space of five minutes, what might be the distance to Lyons: the first said two leagues; the second, one; and the third, three. The descent is long and rapid, passing some wild and beautiful gorges of the mountain, where the summer residences of the

Lyonnese citizens are thickly scattered, and when we reached the bottom we were on the bank of the Saone, its windings on the left hand leading among green shores, and to the Isle Barbe, and on the right into Lyons. The Faubourg de Vaise, through which the grande route runs, gives no very favourable first impression. We believed that we had mistaken our way; but the crooked, narrow streets opened at last on the fine quay, and the finest town-view ever seen. We both made an exclamation of surprise at its beauty, which increased as we proceeded; but my enjoyment of which Fanny very much interfered with, as she chose to start more violently than ever, and the busy quays have often no barrier between them and the river below but rare placed curbed stones; sometimes not even these. We passed the ruined Monastery des Deux Amans, a Gothic building, of which little remains but the walls and a few windows with light and elegant tracery. It was of the order of St. Francis, and took its name from a tomb without an inscription, which existed here in the sixteenth century, and from time immemorial had been called that of the Two Lovers. Some, who exercised their erudition on the monument, affirmed it to be that of Herod, king of Judea, and his mistress Herodias, exiled to Lyons by Caligula. The high

crag, which we rode beneath immediately after, starting so strangely up from the quay and among houses, with vegetation on its top, and a mere vestige of broken wall, was the seat of the strong fortress of Pierre Scise, held by the archbishops of Lyons till Henry the Fourth thought it wiser to take possession of it for the crown.

During Louis the Thirteenth's reign, it was a state prison, and became that of Cinq Mars, whose memory Alfred de Vigny has made imperishable; another victim to the weakness of Gaston, and the jealousy of Richelieu. The rock was of considerable extent, for its fortifications were cut in its stone, and it hung over the river; but it has been blasted, and removed, to widen the quay and afford a passage for the fine road which leads in zigzags up the hill to the new fort, which commands the entire city, and whose cannon would above all find no difficulty in reducing to powder the Faubourg of the Croix Rousse, (built on a corresponding elevation on the other side of the river,) should the Croix Rousse think fit to renew its revolts of 31 and 34. At a guard-house we rode by, seeing 66th regiment on the soldiers' caps, D—— asked news of our friend Capt.——. His battalion is not here, but is expected shortly, and we have decided on remaining, as "we three" have not met for years.

After passing the rock of Pierre Scise, there is another and lower crag, on which are the rotting remains of a wooden statue. The people merely know that it is the bon homme de Vaise, or Monsieur de la Roche, who, in days of yore, gave marriage portions to their daughters, as is exemplified by the large wooden purse he holds in his hand. I find that he was an “échevin” of Lyons, of German family: his name was John Fleberg, and he had been so successful in commerce, that when the domains of the traitor Constable of Bourbon were confiscated to the crown, he was enabled to purchase various châteaux and estates situated in the neighbourhood of Lyons, and freed the inhabitants of Vaise of various seignorial exactions, which had before lain heavily on them.

As the statue has stood and mouldered on its present pedestal since the year 1550, or 1560, it has been thrown down by storm or accident several times, and on such occasions re-installed with great ceremony. It was long the custom to carry it in procession, once a year, through the streets, repaired and fresh painted, and adorned with flowers; but it has been discontinued of late, and the head and one arm are now broken away. We continued to ride along the quay till we had passed the cathedral, and crossing the second of the splendid

suspension bridges which traverse the Saone, arrived at the Hôtel de l'Europe, whose entrance is from the Place Bellecour, and whose superb rooms look on the river, and the bridges of Foy and Fourvières; a glorious view, with the lights and shadows of sunset on it. This 30th of April has been more like August. We have arrived heated and tired, but the horses neither: both very hungry, and little Fanny rolling: which from the character we purposely give her, she has room to do in comfort, French 'cochers' standing in awe of quadrupeds.

1st of May.

I think a Frenchman, wishing to impress a foreigner favourably, might succeed better in affording him a glimpse of Lyons, than the same of Paris. Fancy yourself for a moment standing at one of these windows, the atmosphere more clear than further northward in France. The old church on the opposite bank of the Saone, with two low massive towers, each surmounted by a cross, is St. Jean, the cathedral, in part erected during the reign of Philip Augustus, contemporary of Richard Cœur de Lion. The ugly ruinous looking building adjoining is the Archevêché. Pius the Seventh, on his way

to crown Napoleon, in Paris, Napoleon, on his road to be crowned in Italy, slept here! Behind St. Jean rise vineyards and fruit gardens in steep terraces, gay with white blossom and delicate verdure,—a background from which the grey cathedral stands darkly out. Directly above, on the extreme summit of the hill, is the small church of Notre Dame des Fourvières, remarkable for having escaped the ravages of the old revolution, during the whole of which it remained closed, and was re-opened by Pius the Seventh. A square tower built near it, on the same platform, in some degree hurting the effect of the tiny steeple, is a new and useless observatory. A little to the left, and lower on the hill, a long building with three pavilions, half concealed among old trees, is the Antiquaille, now an hospital and house of refuge: built on the site—it is said on the foundations—of the palace of the emperors, where Germanicus was born. Fourvières took its name from a splendid market erected there in Trajan's reign, and called Forum Vetus. On the hill have been found at various times, pieces of fused metal and calcined stones, traces of the great fire which ruined the city in the time of Nero. The heights of Foy join those of Fourvières, and are equally bold, but more barren. When the

poor young Princess Mary of Wurtemberg came to Lyons on her way to Pisa, where she died, she insisted on painting this view, though she did so supported by cushions. The landlord's sister showed me her apartments, which join ours : she says the Princess was so gentle and uncomplaining, her husband so attached to her, and both she and the Prince so fond of their infant, whose sleeping place was in a cabinet adjoining their bed-chamber, and whom they were hanging over and admiring twenty times a-day, that it was heart-breaking to see her increasing feebleness. When they continued their journey, he would suffer no other person to give the assistance necessary, but himself carried her down the hôtel stairs, and lifted her into the carriage. She was an artist to the last ; but a day or two before her decease at Pisa, cheered by warmth and sunshine, she asked for a pencil, and commenced a sketch of the fine view from the windows. "The ruling passion was strong in death." When the Prince again passed through Lyons, on his return to Paris, without her, his appearance was so changed, that (the people of the inn say) they barely recognized him.

I have just been summoned to the Hôtel Terrace, which looks on the Place Bellecour, to see the passage of Nourrit's funeral procession. His body had arrived at Lyons in a

travelling carriage, and (transferred to a hearse only to cross the city) will again be deposited in a coach at its gates, and hurried up to Paris. The hearse was preceded by military, with music and drums muffled, and the pall covered with crowns of flowers, offerings made by the towns he has thus been borne through since Naples; but the two postilions, who in their common dress rode the hearse horses, were out of character with its plumes and draperies. A crowd of Lyons artists and of Nourrit's admirers followed, but the archbishop has refused religious rites to the actor.

This is a most lovely night, like one in summer, and Lyons looks proud and imposing seen through the partial obscurity. The fine deep toll of the cathedral bell, and the discharges of cannon echoed back from the range of hills, and carried along by the dark river, adds to its effect. To-morrow, the fête of St. Philip, there will be gay rejoicings. We intend riding to see the races at La Perache; for last year a horse who had excited great hopes, in the hour of trial, despite whip and spur, went round the course at a trot.

May 2nd.

As we were about to mount our horses

in the inn yard this morning, a considerable crowd assembled to gaze at us, and completely filled the archway; so that when we attempted to ride out at it, the porter was obliged to employ rough words, as well as entreaties, and his wife whispered in my ear, that the people were so curious, because one of them had told the rest that I had arrived in Lyons for the sole purpose of riding one of these races. We could do nothing but move very slowly and patiently among the wide-eyed and open-mouthed spectators. I heard some one say close to me in a tone of contemptuous pity, "Sure, your honour, the likes of them knows no better," and looking round, wondering to find so perfect a brogue so far from its birth-place, the speaker again replied to the expression of my face, "Is it where I come from, your honour? why then, from Cuffe-street," and I saw a very red round face, with a merry blue eye, belonging to an Irishman with a wooden leg. Paddy has been a sailor, first in the English, then in the French service; but to quiet his conscience, which might reproach him with this caprice of which he has been guilty, he yields to the first the palm of superiority, which he says "altogether proceeds from the system of flogging," as "the French navy will never flourish without that same." He is now a good

shoemaker, or rather he might be, for, like many of his countrymen, he abhors control; and prefers living on the good will of his acquaintances, in which he succeeds pretty well, as he is allowed to walk in and out of the hôtel yard, where his humour and appearance seldom fail to attract some traveller's notice, though he never begs. When hunger presses and travellers have become scarce, he takes his line and his basket to the river and lives uncomplainingly on scanty fare till the good times come round again. As he is improvident, so he is popular: to-day with the silver D—— gave him, he went away in company of the inhabitants of the stable invited by him to share the treat. You see he keeps up his country's character for hospitality.

We crossed the Place Bellecour on our way to the races, a noble square from its extent; its fine equestrian statue of Louis the Fourteenth, the view of the heights of Foy and Fourvières seen above the tall houses and the rows of "time honoured" lime trees, which make a shady promenade on its southern side. The review took place here. The race-ground is a plain forming the centre of a beauteous panorama. We took, to arrive there, the narrow street which leads to a place looking sufficiently desert and

uncared for to be a fitting spot for the purpose it is put to, when the execution of a criminal takes place in Lyons; beyond is a noble boulevard, stretching from river to river, the Rhone to the Saone. Crossing this we almost directly came on the plain of Perrache.

Here at the starting place was erected a booth; and the ladies and authorities of Lyons, the préfet, &c., occupied seats prepared for them, the former elegantly attired, and the latter wearing a look of great interest, and (what was more wonderful still) of gravity. Persons on horseback and on foot were admitted within the well-sanded circle, and without it were ranged a line of gay equipages; next, under the tricoloured flag, came forth the competitors, two by two, a poster with a tied up tail, a cart-horse with a long flowing one, a thin light pony, a broken down English hunter, who, notwithstanding age and infirmities, I thought would have won, as the "spirit was willing," but he was matched against the poster, and the last named kept up his awkward canter longest: and others, whose appearance, from being less decided, was not more favourable. There were six in all; the rider of the English horse had the least ludicrous dress, for he had imitated, though not faithfully, that of an Eng-

lish jockey, the rest had followed their own various tastes. He of the pony wore loose trousers of dingy white and a short open red jacket, both seamed and embroidered with tarnished gold, and his shoulders adorned with epaulettes, which seemed to have been ill-used in battle. At his saddle-bow he carried holsters; his legs had long leather leggins, and his feet shoes with spurs, but they rested in no stirrups. The rider of the poster wore a very long blue jacket covering his hips, long cloth pantaloons and no spurs, and a broad orange-coloured sash swathed him round even from under his arms.

The peasant was a very fat man, and he too had chosen a red jacket and loose white trousers, but the latter were confined in a pair of Wellington boots drawn up over them, and to these the wearer had added tops of mock-yellow morocco.

The first race was between the last mentioned and the pony, for the highest prize; and these two first made their appearance, all the horses were ticketed; a colossal number inscribed on a white card which hung below the left ear—these were (1) and (2); the jockeys came forward, and with great dignity and much trouble, placed themselves on a line, after the cart-horse, who was vicious, had backed to kick the pony. Then

the word was given, and they leaned back to the tails, pulled with one hand and flogged with the other and started. We had no trouble in following within the circle sufficiently close to see all the interesting events of the race. The pony started a little, and his rider slipped from the saddle to the sand, which was thick enough to prevent injury; during this time the cart-horse gained on him and the peasant won. The prize was 600 francs. I heard a spectator bet 10 francs on the pony previous to his misadventure.

The other races very much resembled this one, the horses at starting crossed each other, and the jockeys rode them against the ropes at the turn of the course; and each time, "when the hurly-burly was done," military music greeted the victor beneath the tri-coloured flag. When it was all over, the three winners, preceded by the band of the horse-artillery, rode in triumph round the course. The self-satisfied air of the peasant as he bowed the whole way the head at the back of which hung the jockey-cap, was the most amusing sight possible. The sun was burning, and the excessive heat, and the fatigue of laughing so much, made us glad to ride home to rest.

The fire-works were splendid, and their effect enhanced by a sky which threatened

storm. The troops, ranged along both quays of the Saône, kept up a harmless fire of those brilliant white stars which momentarily lighted up the hills and the city with a lustre of the purity, but more than the brightness, of moonshine. They were answered by other soldiers posted on the height, and at intervals by the cannon from the fort of Fourvières and the town; the country and the old cathedral appeared and vanished by turns through the smoke and in the varying light. On the bridge opposite was a palace of diamonds; it brought to my memory one I saw at Rosny, at a fête given in honour of the young Duke of Bordeaux, it was so like; there was only the change of cypher: and last night the "L." burned brightly, but the *P.* went totally out. The bouquet went up almost beneath our windows, and sprang, as it seemed to the clouds, a sheet of fire, each branch as it burst scattering a shower, variously and gorgeously coloured, and illuminating the town, during the few moments it lasted, more perfectly than did the day's sunshine. The crowd uttered an exclamation of applause. I had no idea, at the time, that the cries of the dying were mingled with it. Twelve persons of the working-class, to see the feu-d'artifice better, went out on the Saône in one of their narrow and dangerous batelets. They made a sudden movement as

the bouquet rose, and the boat overturned! Their cries were heard, and attempts to rescue them made, which proved vain in the confusion and partial darkness. Eight contrived to reach the shore—the remaining four went down; they formed an entire family—mother, son, daughter, and the husband, to whom she had been lately married.

3rd May.

As we were standing at the window yesterday morning, the two expected battalions of the 66th regiment passed under it, and D— ran down stairs to ask news of his friend. As it happened, he accosted a soldier of Capt. de —'s own company. He is still on leave in Paris, and the man did not know the precise time of his return. This morning we started on an expedition we failed to accomplish; for I wished to see the Isle Barbe, and the quays on this side the Saone which lead thither become very narrow, and are high above the water without curb stone or parapet, and therefore too perilous for Fanny, who full of spirit started round from each individual we met, we took the first narrow road which led up the hill; but, ere we did so, passed the site of a romantic story, whose exact date is unknown to me.

Nearly opposite the diminished rock on

which the fortress of Pierre Scise or Encise once stood advanced into the water, there is still a tower, which with the remains of a moat and drawbridge belongs to a house called, from its present owner, "Maison Vouti." A French nobleman, a native of Lyons, had quitted it to seek his fortunes in Germany, where he became not only rich, but placed and favoured at court.

In the midst of his prosperity he contracted an unfortunate attachment to a low-born maiden, whose grace and beauty did not, in German eyes, excuse her origin. He married her; but, unable to bear the disgrace and contempt which fell upon him, he broke all the ties which attached him to her country, and conveyed her to Lyons, where it was his will to live in almost perfect solitude. The bride pined in her lonely habitation, rendered sadder by the now morose temper of the disappointed noble. She seemed to recover a portion of her former gaiety only during the visits of a young man, her husband's sole friend and intimate. These visits became by degrees more frequent, and at last excited unpleasant feelings in the husband's mind. His jealousy once roused, intrigues and false political accusations enclosed his former associate within the fortress walls, while his young wife was conducted to the tower, which

still bears the name of “ Tour de la Belle Allemagne.”

Whether she too felt the love with which she had inspired the prisoner, or whether indignation at her own fate and pity for his only prompted her, the chronicler does not tell; but from the summit of her gaol-tower she constantly looked towards Pierre Encise. At last the day came on which the young man, profiting by a moment in which the usual watchfulness had failed, threw himself from a window, of which he had sawed the bar, into the river. The current of the Saone is not strong, and he was a skilful swimmer, and arrived at the opposite shore in safety. She had watched his progress in hope and agony; uttering cries he could not hear, and making signs of encouragement he failed to see during his strife with the water. At length he was near, approaching to free her, and she repeated her signs; and her husband's guards, who had watched her strange motions in wonder, now at last discovered their object. As he arrived at the foot of the tower, and stretched forth his arms to her,—as she stooped over the battlement to greet him—he fell—the shot had been faithfully and fatally aimed.

The steep stony road (up which D—— led Grizzle, and little Fanny gaily carried me)

led among winding lanes and stone walls to the summit of the hill, and the Croix Rousse, which is the Faubourg of Lyons, exclusively occupied by silk weavers, and the head-quarters of the insurrection. Pauche the landlord said, when we returned, that those who knew the town and its inhabitants better than ourselves would scarcely venture there. We met with no incivility : a few squalid faces looked out in wonder, for the descent to the quay for foot passengers is by flights of twenty or thirty steps each ; and between these the horse-road winds, still so steep, that we had some difficulty in leading the horses. As we passed the operatives' dwellings we agreed that the temptation of seeing their work in progress was not sufficiently strong to lead us within ; most were employed with their doors open, to admit as much air as the narrow street and hot day suffered to circulate : that which issued forth was infected ; and within, besides the heavy loom and its pale master, there seemed barely room for the few articles of wretched furniture. On the relative position of manufacturer and workman, my informant is Mons. Pauche the landlord, who, besides the revenues of this hôtel, now possesses a landed property worth about 60,000 francs a-year, and whose vineyards yield 300 hogsheads of wine annually. He began life as a

workman in the silk trade, so that his two conditions of operative and proprietor are likely to make him impartial. At this moment the purchaser finds silk dear, both in Paris and Lyons ; but precisely in the proportion that the head manufacturer's profits increase, those of the workman decline. The former takes advantage of the latter's necessities ; offers reduced prices, and can afford the delay, if the workman demurs, which the wants of his family prevent his doing long, and, having food to buy and rent to pay, he will accept fifteen or even twelve sous for his long day's labour. At present, the usual remuneration is twenty-two sous, the wife earns twelve, the children so little that they do not lighten the burthen ; but supposing no incumbrances, thirty-four sous, the price of the man and woman's work, can hardly enable them to exist and pay house-rent, which is dear in Lyons.

The disturbances of November 1831 had in their commencement no reference to politics. The workmen, whose wages were miserably low, demanded an augmentation. Their masters summoned them before the Préfet, and the increase was agreed on in his presence. The day of payment arrived ; the manufacturers, in greater part, refused to adhere to their engagements, and the workmen,

meeting in groups of four, had in a short time in various parts of the city gathered to the number of many thousands; bearing on their banners the motto, "Vivre en travaillant ou mourir en combattant."

In the conflict which followed, the 66th, then the only regiment in Lyons, lost two hundred men and thirteen officers. It was almost totally unsupported; as the greater part of the National Guard, taken from the class of which were the insurgents, refused to act against them.

You know that Lyons is famous for its black and crimson dyes; it is strange that this superiority should depend on the waters of the Rhone, all parts of which, as it flows through Lyons, have not a similar effect. In one place, for instance, the black dye attains its perfection; a hundred yards further it fails. The workmen attribute this to peculiar properties of springs in the bed of the river.

The most ancient monastery in this, probably in any part of Gaul, was that of the Isle Barbe, built in the time of the Emperor Constantine, about the year 300; its first inhabitants were a few fugitive Christians, who had fled thence from Lyons, and from the troops of the Emperor Severus.

The church of Aisnay, which we passed on

our ride from the Place Bellecour to La Perache, is built on the foundations of the temple raised by the sixty tribes of Gaul. That which exists, of partly Gothic partly Roman architecture, is such as it was repaired in the eleventh century, after the ravages of the Saracens. Long before, Queen Brunehaud had ceded to the monks, who possessed a small hermitage near, the ruins of the edifice dedicated "to Rome and to Augustus," on which they built a magnificent church; but this, as I said, was pillaged and destroyed in part by the barbarians. The four massive granite columns which sustain the roof are, however, believed to have belonged to the Roman temple.

CHAPTER VI.

Heights of Fourvières—Difficult Descent—Trade in Relics—Our Lady of Fourvières—Saving Lyons from Cholera—Lunatic patients—Dungeon where the first Christian Bishop was murdered—Roman Ruins—The Christians' early Place of Assembly—St. Irenée—A Coffin—Subterranean Chapels—Bones of the Nine Thousand—The Headsman's Block, and the Murmur from the Well—Bleeding to Death—Marguerite Labarge—Her Abode for Nine Years—Her Return to upper Air Cause of her Death—Her Family rich Residents in Lyons—Mode of saving the Soul—Body dispensed with—The Pope's Bull good for ever—A Friend's Arrival—Jardin des Plantes—Riots of November, 1831—The Préfet's Mistake—Capt. de —. — Defence of the Arsenal with Unloaded Cannon—The Murdered Chef de Bataillon—His Assassin's Death—The Grief of his Opponents—Their usual Cruelty and their wild Justice—Their eight days' occupation of Lyons—Capt. de —'s Defence of Arsenal—Bearer of Proclamation—Danger—Saved by a former Comrade—Interview—Threats—Empty Cannon effective—Invitation to Dinner—Retreat—The Hôtel de l'Europe closed against its Master by a National Guard—Three Hundred killed in St. Nizier—The Cathedral—Second Council General—Jaw of St. John—The Ivory Horn of Roland—Privilege of the Seigneur of Mont d'Or—The first Villeroy Archbishop—Refusal to accept him by the Counts of Lyons—His Text and the Dean's Reply—Lyons Refuge for the Pazzi—Their Monument destroyed in anger by Marie de Medicis—The last Prince of Dauphiné becoming Prior of the Jacobin Convention, Paris—Procession in St. Nizier—Chapel of St. Philomene—Place des Terreaux.

15th May.

THE news of the disturbances in Paris has set all Lyons in a ferment.

18th May.

The weather has been burning. We attempted riding by the steep streets to the summit of Fourvières; but having accomplished half the ascent, it became so rapid, and the sharp pavement so slippery, that we were obliged to dismount and lead the horses under the walls of the Antiquaille, and up a road which is rather like a stair to the church. Not willing to confide our companions to the tender mercies of the mischievous boys, who as usual flocked round us, we led them within the court which surrounds Notre Dame, and up to the low terrace wall. Grizzle, with her ready appetite, devoured the few weeds and moss which grew among the stones; and Fanny looked as attentively at the view, as if she were considering her distance from the inn which was in sight, and the difficulty of getting back again. The hill is here almost perpendicular. The streets we had taken to attain the height, abrupt as they seem, are zigzags cut in the side of the mountain; and the city, with its two rivers, spread like a map below our giddy elevation. The air was particularly clear, except over the Alps, where a haze has provokingly hung ever since our

arrival. We could read "Hôtel de l'Europe" distinctly on the front of the inn on the opposite side of the Saone; the Place Bellecour was just behind it, its equestrian statue looking at this distance like a toy; then the broad Rhone, the faubourg, with its gardens and promenades, and the Grande Route we are to travel towards the mountains, a white line crossing bare hills, which seem uninteresting and interminable. A little to our right was the Pont d'Aisnay, traversing the Saone to the arsenal, a low insignificant looking building. Farther, in the same direction, the race-ground of Perrache was visible. About the year 1808 the people of Lyons presented this land to Napoleon, and he accepted it as the site of an Imperial palace! Still beyond we could distinguish the junction of the Rhone and the Saone, no longer in precisely the same spot as when Hannibal crossed the Rhone at the head of his army, where the currents met at Aisnay.

The view to the left is less extensive; the jutting ground of Fourvières in some degree narrows it; but it is fine notwithstanding, and the Jardin des Plantes, green and blossoming as it is now, appears to advantage on the steep side of the opposite hill among the confusion of houses and church towers. It was impossible to return by the same road, and none

of the stupid inhabitants of the hovels about us could point out another. Merely knowing the direction, we found our way among hot lanes, between stone walls, till, after an hour's windings, we issued from them opposite the pretty church-yard of St. Just. A labouring man, answering our question, said, "There was a road that way, certainly, but a very bad one for horses, as it was yet only partly paved." I should have thought no one knowing the pavement of Lyons would have considered it an advantage. Taking that way, though he strongly advised returning as we came, we passed below the extensive fort, in the completion of which numbers are still employed, and a few minutes brought us on the magnificent road, cut for the sole purpose of making an easy communication between it and the town, (it winds in broad zigzags, the whole way commanding a splendid view,) and arrived at the quay, beneath Pierre Encise. This new work has also contributed to diminish the rock ; from the river it must have been a striking object, when the hundred and twenty steps cut in its stone led up to the fortress crowned with a large round tower, whose proportions were of such perfect symmetry.

We returned on foot to Fourvières this morning ; on either side of the narrow lane

which leads directly to the church are standings without number, covered with what seems on this hill the chief staple of trade,—I mean chaplets, crowns, and bouquets of dyed artificial flowers; coloured prints, framed and glazed, of saints in various attitudes; little waxen heads, legs, and arms, or whole figures; votive offerings, which the faithful present at the shrine of their patron saint, and find here ready at the church door.

The church is kept locked, and we merely read again the inscription above its entrance, which gratefully thanks our Lady of Fourvières, who saved Lyons from cholera. We went up the square tower, D—— to the top, I to the first floor half way, from whose windows the prospect is perhaps as agreeable. The guide pointed to the Antiquaille, directly beneath one of them ; it contains, as I told you, an hospital and penitentiary, and also an asylum for lunatics ; we could distinguish two of these in the court-yard belonging to the end of the building facing us ; one was leaping with all his force against the rails, uttering howls rather like an animal than a human being ; we heard him distinctly ; the other close by, and quite undisturbed, was on his knees praying, and had been there immoveable (the man said) for the last two hours. The more tractable are allowed to walk with their

keepers in the fine gardens adjoining. It is said that the dungeon beneath the Antiquaille remains unchanged, as in the time when St. Pothin, first Bishop of Lyons, was tortured and murdered there ; they pretend to show the very fetters he wore.

From this same window, which looks south, you can also distinguish the remains of a Roman amphitheatre, and the commencement of a Roman aqueduct, whose vestiges can be traced three leagues further. Still on the brow of the hill is the square tower of the church of St. Irenée, built over the subterranean chapels where the Christians assembled in the early days of persecution. We left the observatory to go thither, passing on our way four or five broken arches of the aqueduct constructed by the army of Julius Cæsar, whose massiveness in ruin puts the perfection of modern buildings to shame. What I thought a long walk, with innumerable windings, and here and there a beautiful glimpse back to the hills of Burgundy, brought us to the dirty faubourg, where, with some trouble, we found the church. A long flight of steps leads to a rather uninteresting modern building ; on either side of the choir are two highly ornamented chapels, one having a finely painted window ; and between the choir and the chapels are appended to the wall, framed

and glazed, on one side a list of "Indulgences," annexed to St. Irenée; on the other a bull of his Holiness Pius the Seventh. I thought the latter worth copying; but in the nave there was a coffin, covered with its pall and surrounded by high candlesticks, the black banner with its silver scull and cross bones attached to each. It certainly was a melancholy companion, and D—'s imagination representing to him that the inmate had perhaps died of some contagious malady, he hurried me out. A side door and a narrow flight of steps led to a court at the back of the church, at the extremity of which, and the very edge of the hill, commanding here the most glorious view of Lyons I have yet seen, is the Calvary, on a raised platform, inclosed by a railing. Steps led up to it, (as do others to the vaults below, in which is a representation of the Holy Sepulchre;) the Saviour on the cross, the thieves on either side, the Virgin standing in an attitude of despair, and the Magdalen kneeling at its foot, are large as life, and finely sculptured; and of all the similar groups I have seen, this certainly is most impressive, perhaps from its position, looking down on a world, with the blue sky for a background. Round the court are the stations, each a small covered altar, a basso relievo in white marble affixed to each, repre-

senting a scene of the Passion. The little dwelling of the Concierge is close by, and he came to unlock the gate at the top of the stair which leads to the subterranean chapels. They are beneath the church, opposite the Calvary. The light of day penetrates so faintly, that descending these steps it was difficult to distinguish what objects we saw piled behind a grated window on the right hand; it is a mass of human bones, filling a room of considerable size, those of the nine thousand massacred in the year 203, with their bishop, St. Irenée, the greater part in these chapels.

Turning to the left, we entered the first and most ancient; a small vaulted chamber, on whose bare walls are inscriptions copied from the writings of the saints, and the Pagan accusations brought against them. One of these sentences asserts, that St. Polycarpe preached here at the age of eighty-six years. The chapel beyond was constructed a century later; it has an arched roof, supported by ten heavy columns. A few steps lead up to the altar built over St. Irenée's tomb, who, it is said, was recognised after the massacre. There is a massive stone bench fixed against the wall on either side, and in the centre of the floor a well of extraordinary depth. Tradition tells that these stones served for headsman's blocks to the assassins, and that down the well so

many bodies were thrown as to gorge it to its mouth. Some good Catholics believe that, stooping the ear to the floor, a gushing sound is sometimes heard, like that of bubbling blood. I confess I could hear nothing ; but the gloom of the spot is well fitted to such terrible tales, though it is now in some degree dispelled by the construction of a new chapel below the new church, extending behind St. Irenée's tomb, with bright ornaments and painted windows, having no associations of its own, and robbing of their solemnity places indeed consecrated by the blood of men who died for their faith there.

Beyond this chapel is another small chamber, of the same date as itself; a recess contains a hollow stone. The caprice of the assassins bled to death many of the martyrs, and their blood cast out here found an issue in the streets of the faubourg. A broad stone in the centre of the floor marks the tomb of one Marguerite Labarge, who died about 1692. There is a door in this room, opposite to that opening on the chapel ; and mounting a few steps, and climbing over rubbish in the obscurity, we distinguished with some difficulty an aperture to which our guide pointed, large enough for a human being to creep through, and concealed at will by a door of stone, which when he closed I could not distinguish from

those which surrounded it. Within there is sufficient height for a person to stand, and space to lie down. Her bed was a stone likewise; I did not see it, (though it remains as in her time,) for not a ray of light penetrates; she lived here nine years, having determined on self-sacrifice at the age of thirty-six. It is presumed that at night she left her den to walk in the adjoining chapels, and sought there what food had been left in charity by such as revered her for her unfortunate fanaticism; but her means of subsistence were never exactly known. When nine years had passed, a popular commotion taking place forced her to leave her cell. She appeared again among the living, and, strange to say, among the sane; but, her constitution having long resisted the want of air and necessaries, the returning to their enjoyment seemed a worse shock, and shortly after she died. Her family was then in straitened circumstances; some of its descendants (become rich) are still residents in Lyons.

The Concierge laid great stress on the "Indulgences" annexed to St. Irenée; and twice told me that any Catholic having died in "état de grâce" for whom a mass should be said before its high altar, would be immediately transferred from purgatory to Paradise. His information reminding me of the coffin in the

church. I asked him "who it contained?" he answered "nobody." A mass for the soul of a deceased priest was performed the night before, and, knowing it was therefore among those of the blest, he had shown some laziness in matters of less moment, and failed to remove the pomp and circumstance. I returned to copy the pope's bull:—

Bref de notre très Saint Père le Pape Pie VII., pour la perpétuelle mémoire.

"Paternellement attentif au salut de tous les hommes, nous enrichissons quelquefois du trésor spirituel des Indulgences des lieux sacrés; pour faire jouir les âmes des fidèles décédés des mérites de Notre Seigneur Jésus-Christ, et des suffrages des saints, qui leur étant appliqués peuvent, par la miséricorde de Dieu, les faire passer des peines du Purgatoire au bonheur éternel. Voulant donc honorer par un don particulier l'église paroissiale sous le vocable de St. Irénée, située sur la montagne de ce nom, appelée le Calvaire, hors et près les murs de la Ville de Lyon; par l'autorité que le Seigneur nous a donné, et pleine de confiance en la miséricorde de Dieu tout puissant, en l'autorité de ses bienheureux apôtres Pierre et Paul, nous voulons que toutes les fois qu'un prêtre séculier ou régu-

lier de quelque ordre, congrégation, ou institut qu'il soit, célébrera au dit autel une messe de mort pour l'âme d'un fidèle quelconque décédé en état de grâce, cette même âme obtienne par voie de suffrage l'Indulgence tirée du trésor de l'Eglise, et qu'elle soit délivrée des peines du Purgatoire par les mérites de Notre Seigneur Jésus-Christ, de la bienheureuse Vierge Marie, et de tous les Saints.

Malgré tous les Règlements contraires, les présentes vaudront à perpétuité.

Donné à Rome à St. Pierre, sous l'anneau du Pêcheur, le 13 jour de Décembre, 1816; la 17^e année de notre Pontificat.

Pour le Cardinal Braschio de Nonestis,
G. BERNIUS, *Sous Secrétaire.*

Avons vu et permettons de mettre à exécution, et en vertu du présent Bref voulons que le Grand Autel de l'Eglise de St. Irénée sur la montagne jouisse du privilége.

Lyon, Juin 23, 1817.

(Signé) COURBON, *Vicaire Général.*

19th May.

We were sitting at home owing to the heat of the day, when the door opened suddenly and our friend entered. He was just arrived from Paris, and had found D——'s letter at the barracks, and came to seek us instantly; we were all glad to meet again, for it had been likely that we should never do so, as before

Captain de — went with his regiment to occupy Ancona, from whence they are just returned, he passed four years and a half of constant fighting in Africa. For the sake of talking over old times, D — has determined on remaining till the 30th: Captain de — gave us last night some interesting details respecting the riots which took place in Lyons in the year 1831; we walked to the Jardin des Plantes, which from its situation, rather than its size, is extremely beautiful. It occupies the side of the hill, and two long flights of broad steps lead to the entrance gates; from the nature of the ground, the garden is made in terraces, and shaded but very steep walks lead from one to the other. In the artificial flat made in its centre there is a basin, and in the basin a fine swan. D — and myself commented sometime on the apparent want of harmony subsisting between him and his companion, before the latter issuing from the water we discovered by the colour of his legs that he was—a goose! The broad terrace at the summit commands the town below. Fourvière, now on the right, and the other shore, Mont Pilatre in the distance, and the Alps on the left, seen distinctly though delicately through the green branches of exotics and trees just in leaf and blossom.

Entering the gardens, the Rue de la Grande

Côte is on the left, bounding that side, for the workmen's wretched rooms look down on it. The street is continued far above and beyond, and issues on the Place des Bernardines : it is so steep that a charge of cavalry having been commanded, was found impossible, at least farther than a side-gate of the jardin, where many of the horses fell from exhaustion and some died. How artillery could be dragged, as it afterwards was, to the top, it is difficult to imagine. On the Place des Bernardines, since 1831, has been built a fortified barrack, thus separating at will Lyons from the Croix Rousse, which is on the other side of the Barrière : at the time of the riots no such separation existed. The Place des Bernardines had been occupied by military from the first moment in which tumult was expected, but evacuated by the préfet's order, who appears to have been strangely mistaken as to the state of the town. Our friend Captain de —— was ordered to the Hôtel de Ville with his company about three in the morning ; the Hôtel de Ville looks on the Place des Terreaux, and is at no great distance from the Jardin des Plantes on the town side.

Having lost some of his men, he commanded hardly more than seventy soldiers, when he joined his colonel there.

The general and the préfet had their rendezvous at the Hôtel de Ville, and, important as their meeting was, it seemed difficult that it should take place, for the Place des Terreaux had gradually become thronged ; the people having commenced collecting at daylight, continued to pour in from every issue, and more and more menacing every moment, prevented the bataillon beyond from joining its comrades. Aware of the danger of approaching the Hôtel de Ville, the colonel's anxiety increased.

"What will you give me to clear the place ?" asked Capt. de —— "What do you demand ?" exclaimed the colonel. "Five minutes."

At this time there were present certainly ten thousand, but unarmed to all appearance, and as yet undecided as to their future movements. "Use the butt-ends of your muskets," said Capt. de —— ; "knock down as many as you can and pass over." The knot of men obeyed, following himself and his example as he headed them, distributing blows with the flat of his sabre. The crowd opened and retreated, astonished and hardly aware of its own strength, and bore backwards towards the steep streets and the Croix Rousse : and the bataillon which had been unable to pass moved across the Place des Terreaux. At

this juncture it was first recollected that the arsenal was without protection, and left to the mercy of the mob ; it had been forgotten. Capt. —, said the general, "conduct your company there immediately ; if it is occupied by the workmen, retake it ; if it is still free, occupy and defend it."

Capt. de — marched his few men to the arsenal along the quays, and through multitudes who covered them, not without difficulty, and arrived in time. The Pont d'Aisnay is exactly opposite the arsenal, and the mob, well armed, occupied the other side of the Saone, and had raised a barricade at that end of the bridge : it was necessary that the insurgents should remain ignorant of the weakness of the force which was to oppose them. A piece of cannon, by Capt. de —'s order pointed on their barricade, in some degree served to hold them in awe, though they kept up a pretty constant fire : they had no means of knowing that the piece was unloaded, and the few artillerymen of National Guard, who had joined the soldiers, were unable to manœuvre it.

During this time it had been necessary to dislodge the rioters from the position they occupied in the Rue de la Grande Côte, and others leading to the Croix Rousse ; and here many fell, fired on from the houses, all which

the mob occupied. A man deeply regretted was the Chef de Bataillon Martines, who received a ball in his chest, in the upper part of the Rue de la Grande Côte, where an advancing house forms an angle. As he fell from his horse the soldiers stopped vowed vengeance, but saw none on whom to exercise it. The light smoke which followed the discharge issuing from the wall of the entresol floor betrayed the murderer, and some of the men of Martines' company rushed into the house. The assassin had bored a slit in the wall, and when the soldiers caught sight of him was quietly and safely reloading. Seeing them, and expecting no mercy, rather than wait their approach, he rushed up stairs into a room on the third floor, and, as the soldiers who had followed reached the door, flung himself out on the pavement. The fall did not put an end to his existence; he was able to rise and crawl on a few paces. It was not likely he would meet pity from men whose beloved officer he had killed: they finished him with their bayonets. The fire had by this time become unceasing, and poor De Martines, who had died instantly, was necessarily left by the regiment where he fell. After its passage the corpse was discovered on the pavement by a party of the insurgents: he must have been a good and amiable man, for by some of these

he was recognised and deplored deeply as by his own soldiers. They raised his body and carried it to a church, where they obliged a priest to perform the mass for the dead ; and thence, bearing it to the burying ground, interred it with military honours, themselves firing a volley over his grave,—these very men, and at that very time, were towards their opponents in general guilty of the most atrocious cruelties, torturing and drowning the wounded.

As an instance of the prevailing feeling, I may mention that a young man had been disabled by a shot in the leg, which had however caused no dangerous injury. He was found stretched on the pavement by a woman, whose pity he bespoke, hoping she did not belong to the furies he had seen maltreating his companions : wanting a weapon, she murdered him with blows of her sabot ! Still, infuriated and merciless as they were, they in some things exhibited a feeling of wild justice : before the doors of such manufacturers as had kept faith with them, they placed sentinels, and lives and property were respected. Such as, on the contrary, had broken through the agreement made, they pillaged without remorse. Mr. Pauche has told me, that he saw in the streets piles of silks and velvets burning. Several workmen, who attempted to carry away plunder, were shot ; and the owners, sought after

with as much perseverance as rage, barely escaped with their lives; concealing themselves in cellars, where they remained in disguise and half-starved, afraid to show themselves during the eight days the workmen held possession of the town.

As I said, Capt. de —— had entered in time, and held the arsenal. The third day the chef de bataillon, his superior officer, arrived : he brought a proclamation, addressed to the insurgents by the préfet and the general.

“ Capt. de ——,” he said, “ you must find among your men some one who will be bearer of this, it may put a stop to the riots.”

Our friend turned to his company :—

“ Is there one among you,” he said, “ who, not in obedience to my order, as I do not command it, but of his own free-will, will take charge of this paper ?” The soldiers did not answer ; he repeated his question, and they remained silent.

“ Well then,” he said, “ I will go myself.”

His men opposed his leaving them with all their power ; they said he had defended them for three days, and they would not suffer him to depart. He called them cowards, took the proclamation, and went.

Between the bridge of Aisnay and the arsenal there is a little Place belonging to the latter, and closed by its own barrier. The

bridge is no inconsiderable length; and as Capt. de —— advanced along it, and under the fire of the barricade, he waved the paper above his head, but it was unlikely it would neutralize the effect produced by an officer's uniform. Arrived at its extremity, and at the barricade which concealed from him all that was passing behind, he leaped on and from it, and on the other side found himself in the midst of armed men, the greater part intoxicated. He was received, not as an envoy, but with shouts of fury; those nearest him rested their bare knives and bayonets on his breast, and those more distant took aim at him with their muskets: he thought it was all over.

At this moment a young man, dressed like the others, as a workman, forced his way to Capt. de ——, threw himself into his arms and embraced him.

"Ah! mon pauvre lieutenant," he exclaimed, "vous êtes perdu." Capt. de —— looked at him, and recognized a private of the Royal Guard who had served in his own company before the Revolution of 1830. The affection, so little looked for, softened him for a moment, but his firmness did not desert him; he took advantage of the pa-

"Stand back, and be silent,"
tone of authority; "I have
read to you."

The men obeyed, half-drunk as they were, but closed round him again as he ceased.

"Who is to answer for the execution of these promises," they said ferociously, "is it you?"

"You are fathers or brothers," answered Capt. de ——; "you have others dependent on you, and it is important that you should leave the false position in which you have placed yourselves. As to me, a life more or less signifies little to our cause."

The rioters were not disposed to listen to reason, and their menaces grew more and more alarming; but the private again interposed, and by soothing some, and repulsing others, managed to hold them back while his old officer again passed the barricade, which a few moments before seemed likely to be his monument.

During the same day he had a second interview with some of the insurgents. One of their leaders sent to request a parley; they met in the centre of the same bridge of Aisnay, Capt. de —— alone with only his sabre, the adverse worthy accompanied by four comrades, and armed to the teeth. Capt. de —— desired he would order them to retire. The other repeated his words rather scornfully: "You will either give the command this moment," exclaimed Capt. de ——,

who was very much exasperated, "or I will fling you over the parapet."

The workman looked at him, and judging, I suppose, that he was sufficiently powerful, and besides seemed quite willing to do so, he was intimidated, and obeyed.

"And now," said Capt. de —, "what do you want with me?"

"You must yield the arsenal."

"That is out of the question."

"Then we will take it."

"Impossible; look there," said Capt. de —, pointing to the empty cannon, which had an imposing aspect behind him; "I might, had I pleased, have exterminated you long since, I was only restrained by mercy. Who are you who make such a demand of me?"

"I was in the Imperial Guard."

"That is untrue," said Capt. de —, coolly; "an old soldier of the empire would not act such a part, or command a drunken rabble."

The man looked at him for a few moments, and said after a pause, "You seem a 'bon enfant'; you should come and dine with us."

"I thought the workmen were starving," replied the officer.

"Their pockets are now full of money; we dine on the quay opposite, (naming the auberge;) we will entertain you well.

"As you were in the Imperial Guard, you must know that a soldier cannot quit his post; but I will, if you like, send you some one," said Capt. de ——.

"In that case, I give you my oath we will not attack you again to night."

They parted; Capt. de —— returned to the arsenal, where he found the ensign of his company, who had managed to join him in plain clothes. He sent him to dine with the workmen, desiring him to eat and drink, and bring back what information he could, but make no promises. The rioters did not keep faith notwithstanding; they renewed their fire. At midnight came the order for retreat; and having hid all arms and ammunition, excepting only a few muskets, they marched from the arsenal and the town in good order. Lyons remained in possession of the insurgents eight days. The Duke of Orleans and Marshal Soult joined the 66th regiment outside the town. Capt. de —— received the cross of honour from the former's hand, and shortly after promotion. When, in company of other troops, the 66th returned to occupy Lyons, it did so with artillery in its front, and matches lighted, and exasperated to such a degree, that a single shot fired by a townsman might have changed the city to a heap of ruins.

In France tragedy and comedy are often

near neighbours. The royal family, when they go to Lyons, are always lodged at the Hôtel de l'Europe. The Duke of Orleans was there, whether after the disturbances of 1831, of which we have been speaking, or those of 1834, I do not at this moment recollect, but the circumstance M. Pauche told me himself. He is a good hearted but violent man ; abuses angrily all beggars who come to ask relief, and who listen to him with great humility, quite sure the lecture will be closed by a shower of sous. Not being highly educated, when excited, he swears between each sentence, and, the oath escaped, takes off his hat and begs pardon, which lengthens a story and renders it rather obscure.

"The Duke came with his staff," said Monsieur Pauche, "he staid a long time, neuf repas, (French inn-keepers count time by meals;) and as I had so much to do, —, (the hat off,) I beg your pardon : I got my 'pièces montées' from the confectioner, and being in a hurry, — (the hat off again,) I ran out for them myself in my cook's costume, as you have seen me, in my white night-cap and apron. When I arrived back at my own porte cochère, — (I beg your pardon,) there stood National Guards with crossed bayonets; would not let me in again, — (this was a furious oath); said I, I am Pauche, and that is my

hôtel, and the Prince is waiting for his second course, and how do you think he is to get it if you won't let me in?" The sentries did not recognize him; it was all in vain. "And—
and—, said I, (the hat off a third time,) I
wish I had my kitchen carving knife."

Finding remonstrance useless, he at last seized a national guard by the collar, and made a forcible entry, dragging him after him to the scene of his culinary labours.

"And now," said Monsieur Pauche, catching up a long ladle with his free hand, and pointing to his row of cooks, and then shaking it at the half-choked national guard, "Now do you believe I am *chez moi*?"

On our return to the Hôtel de l'Europe we passed again across the Place des Terreaux, and before the church of St. Nizier. In the latter, in the year 1824, a terrible scene was acted; the troops having at last obtained the mastery, the insurgents were pursued here, and two or three hundred killed within these quiet walls. The disturbances of 1834 appear, by Monsieur Pauche's account, to have been equally terrible, for a time, with those of 1831. The rioters had taken up their position on Fourvières, where they had even posted cannon. When they were at last dislodged, a great many escaped by letting themselves drop from the terrace wall to the vine-

yard below,—no slight fall, but probably on soft ground. It was possible from the hôtel to see them execute this manœuvre, and having performed it, slip away in safety among the bushes. At this time there were incendiaries among the disaffected, for Monsieur Pauche, naturally fearing for the lives of all in his hôtel, which was just opposite Fourvières, wisely went to his country house, and at the moment he passed saw several houses in flames between the Place Bellecour and the Pont de la Guillotière.

You will wonder that I have yet said nothing of St. Jean, the cathedral, yet there I have been many times. We visited it again yesterday. The architecture of the nave is of the time of Philip Augustus. The choir is celebrated as the spot where Gregory the Tenth held the second council general of Lyons, in the year 1274. Its members occupied themselves with the union of the Greek and Latin churches, and in memory of this reconciliation two crosses, one Greek the other Roman, were placed at the extremities of the high altar. Among the treasures preserved by the church are the lower jaw of St. John the Baptist, (you may remember I saw part of his skull at Amiens,) and the small ivory horn which belonged to Roland, nephew of Charlemagne,

and Ariosto's hero. The house of Mont d'Or, which took its name from the fertile mountain which rises just outside Lyons, and extends into Beaujolois, still bearing the same name, prided itself on tracing its descent from Roland. Before 1562 this family was one of great consequence, and the seigneurs of Mont d'Or had the right of repairing to the abbey of St. Barbe on Ascension Day, and taking from the hands of the abbot, who at that period had it in keeping, the famous ivory horn, which they might twice sound and exhibit to the people. During the war of 1562, between Catholics and Huguenots, this relic was lost, and continued to be so during two hundred years, when it was once more recovered, and placed in the treasury of St. Jean. In one of the side aisles is a clock, greatly admired by the good people of Lyons—marking hour, day, year, temperature, and I do not know what beside, and having figures, which, when the hour strikes, perform various evolutions; it is a frightful machine, between thirty and forty feet high. Near the principal entrance is the beautiful chapel of the Bourbons, with its arched and fretted roof, and fine stained glass, commenced by Charles of Bourbon, cardinal, and archbishop of Lyons, who was godfather to King Charles the Eighth, and who lies in-

tered in this chapel, beneath a white marble mausoleum; it was finished by his brother, Peter of Bourbon, called Sire de Beaujeu, who married Louis the Eleventh's daughter, Anne. The motto of his house re-appears everywhere: "N'espoir ne peur." They held ambition, as well as fear, beneath their dignity. The delicate carving of the stone work reminded me of Scott's description of Melrose; for one might indeed fancy that some fairy had wreathed the leaves and flowers and petrified them by a spell. A circumstance concerning this cathedral I must mention to you. When the first Villeroy, whose family has since filled honourable posts in Lyons, was raised to the dignity of archbishop here, the members of the chapter (who, from the third century, when they counted among their body nine sons of kings and one of an emperor, had been men of the proudest families of France, and styled themselves not canons, but Counts of Lyons) demurred ere they admitted to be their archbishop, one whose birth did not rank with theirs, as his great-grandfather was the first of his name who had held any employ, and his father the first who had borne a title. Notwithstanding the refusal of the counts, Louis the Fourteenth found means to force them to obedience. When the archbishop harangued the chapter, he took for text the words of the Psalmist:

"The stone which the builders rejected has become the headstone of the corner."

The discourse which followed was an insulting one for the canons, but the dean had sufficient presence of mind to reply only by reciting the next verse of the same psalm :

"This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes."

We re-crossed the Pont de l'Archevêché on our way to St. Nizier. Almost behind the Hôtel de l'Europe is a "Place," and the theatre of the Celestins, where once stood the monastery. The family of the Pazzi, illustrious in Florence, and the Medici's mortal enemy, had taken refuge in Lyons, and been followed here by many of their faction. In the church of the Celestins they erected a superb monument; and Marie de Medicis, on her arrival at Lyons to espouse Henry the Fourth, visited the churches of the city, and perceived this mausoleum. In indignation at finding so splendid a memorial of those whose ancestors had been the assassins of some of her own, she commanded it to be broken, and only a few of its ornaments escaped destruction. Not far from the Celestins there formerly stood another monastery, that of the Jacobins, or Dominicans. Humbert de la Tour, last sovereign prince of Dauphiny, ceded his province to Philip of Valois, in despair at the death of his

only son, André. It was said he had been its cause; for that sojourning at Lyons, and playing with his child at a window which overlooked the Rhone. the boy slipped from his arms, and fell into the rapid river.

In the year 1345 Pope Clement the Sixth preached a second crusade. Humbert obtained the command of this expedition, and embarked at Marseilles with his wife, who insisted on sharing his fatigues and dangers. On their return from the Holy Land, where he had been successful against the Saracens, she died at Rhodes, and some time after this second loss he took the vows in the Dominican monastery at Lyons, and was afterwards prior of the Jacobin convent in Paris.

The outside of St. Nizier has been partly modernized. Within, it is remarkably beautiful. We found a procession of priests and children, who had made their "premiere communion" in the morning. The little girls marched first very peaceably, and looking pretty, with white frocks and veils; of the foremost ten chosen for good conduct, the first carried a silver crucifix, beneath a miniature tent bed, from whose top depended long white ribands. which the remaining nine held. After the girls came the boys, ignoble looking ragamuffins, not having the advantage of veils to hide their sun-burnt faces, push-

ing for their places, and squabbling for the streamers in a way not edifying. The male and female troop joined in the psalm with the priests and *enfans de chœur*, making altogether an indescribable howl.

I mentioned to you the votive offerings I have remarked in some Catholic chapels, but nowhere have I seen them abound as in one here dedicated to St. Philomène; the walls are literally covered. Among a multitude of dolls' heads, hands, and arms, I noticed a garland of artificial roses, framed and glazed; this was entitled, “*Vœu de Reconnaissance*.” A little picture beside it represented a little lady in blue, kneeling by a red bed, looking to an angle of the ceiling, where stood (air-supported) a saint, crowned, and wearing a gold petticoat; below, “*Vœu à Ste. Philomène*.”

The grandest of the water-colour drawings was the “*Chasse Miraculeuse de Ste. Philomène*.” Its upper part was divided into various small compartments, each representing an episode of her life. In the first she stands before a tribunal, below, “*Jugée*;” in the second, tied to a tree, stuck all over with arrows, below, “*Percée*;” in the third, tumbling over a bridge, below, “*Précipitée*;” in the fourth, taken out of the torrent, and her head cut off, below, “*Décapitée*.” At the bottom of the picture she is placed on the

Chasse Miraculeuse, finely dressed and her eyes open, I presume all attempts to murder her having failed.

The Place des Terreaux is at no great distance from the church of St. Nizier. The Hôtel de Ville forms one side; in its vestibule are two fine groups in bronze, by Coustou:—the Rhône, a majestic male figure, resting on a lion; the Saône, gentle as her own course, couched on a lioness. The chief interest of the Place des Terreaux for us was, in its recollections of the death of De Thou and De Cinq Mars, who perished here on the scaffold, one like a saint, the other like a Roman.*

The weather has suddenly changed from oppressive heat to the bitter north-east winds which accompanied us here. I suppose the heat took leave on the wings of last night's thunder-storm.

* See Appendix.

CHAPTER VII.

Place Bellecour—Louise Labé—Clémence de Bourges—Her desertion by her lover—His Death—Her own—Rue de la Belle Cordière—Abd-el-Kader—The fat Cantinière Captive—Presented to the Emperor of Morocco—The Emperor's Love—Her obstinacy—Application made to the Consul—Her Oaths and Blows—Her Return—The Savoyard Regiment's fidelity—Marquis of — and Dogs—Cat Massacre—Indignant Landlady—Pont de la Guillotière—Bridge at the same spot broken beneath Philip Augustus and Richard Cœur de Lion—Leaving Lyons—Mont Blanc—La Verpelière—Its Accommodation—La Tour de Pin—A lovely Country—An Auberge—Destructive Storms—Pont du Beauvoisin—Curious Landlady—Leeches en poste—A smiling Country—A wild Pass—La Chartreuse—Valley des Echelles—Grotto—Cascade of Cours—Chambery.

THE evening promenade of the fashionables of Lyons is under the trees of the Place Bellecour, and capricious as fashion is called, she was enthroned here three centuries ago. Louise Labé was a native of Lyons; from her childhood remarkable for genius and personal attractions; at fifteen, a fearless, vain, beautiful girl. Her father's pride bestowed on her an education beyond her sex and century, and an imagination unchilled as her temper was un-

restrained by control, joined to the consciousness of her own superiority, induced her, from this early age, to seek to rise above her sex, and laugh at all the barriers which custom had raised between it and glory. Her hours of recreation, from Greek, Latin, Italian, and Spanish studies, she passed in attaining perfection in all military exercises, and the command of the most fiery horse. At the age of sixteen, and during the campaign of 1542, she appeared at the army. The Dauphin commanded the siege of Perpignan, and Louise disdained to treat fatigues or dangers as obstacles when distinction was before her. Her dauntless courage soon made her known by the name of Capitaine Loys. After the siege, abandoning the profession of arms with the same caprice which led her to adopt it, she returned to Lyons, to cultivate letters with more enthusiasm than before ; for with her all tastes were passions.

Many sought her hand ; it was said she had given her heart while at the army to a young officer of family, but no fortune. She, notwithstanding, on her return, accepted a rich rope merchant, named Perrin, whose riches might afford fresh means of celebrity. In her spacious gardens, near the Place Bellecour, crowds assembled to see her ; men of learning,

poets, and artists. The subjects of their meetings were science, poetry, and the fine arts, of all which she seemed the beautiful genius by turns; and a knowledge of music and a fine voice were added to these gifts of a higher order, like the wand to the enchantress.

Among those who sought her society was her friend, Clemence de Bourges. Much younger than Louise; of not inferior, though a different style of beauty, of equal genius, timid as was its possessor. To her Louise Labé dedicated a volume of poems, and became in turn confidante of her most secret thoughts. The one was the observed of all observers, a sun round which worlds might revolve; the other, with all her talent and loveliness, was a mild, soft-hearted woman, content to single forth "a bright particular star," and make it that of her destiny. She was betrothed to the object of her first love, a young officer, of the name of Jean Dupeyrat, whose profession often absented him from Lyons; and during these absences it became the habit of Clemence to pass much of her time with Louise in discourse of her lover, sometimes showing to her in confidence the sweet verses her affection addressed to him. At last the officer returned; Louise's curiosity was excited, and Clemence was proud and

happy to make him known to her. Woman's vanity prevailed over woman's friendship. She tried the powers of her fascination, and Dupeyrat was dazzled by the wit which shone from heartlessness, and Clemence was too deeply interested to struggle long, for her hand was paralyzed by feeling her life staked on the throw. Next she was neglected;—the friends parted, and then she was alone; and while Dupeyrat was following the footsteps and listening to the magic voice of her brilliant rival, adding one more to her court, young Clemence pined and grew pale in her solitude, but lived on still, for hope had not quite deserted her. At last Dupeyrat left Lyons to join his comrades at the siege of Beaurepaire, and while Clemence trusted that absence might bring back thoughts of other times, she received news of his death; he had been killed during the storm. She did not survive him long, and was borne to her grave with her fair young face uncovered, and her head crowned with white flowers, and followed to it by the regret of all Lyons.

Louise Labé, not formed of the “porcelain of human clay,” inherited the fortune of her deceased husband, and died about forty years of age. From the most celebrated of her works, a kind of drama, entitled “Love and Madness,” Lafontaine took the plot of one of

his fables. After her decease, her house was taken down, and a street occupies its place. It is still called after her, "Rue de la belle Cordière."

27th May.

We are to leave the day after to-morrow, and our friend spent last evening with us. He told us a story, which, though it certainly has nothing to do with Lyons, I cannot forbear telling you, who have no chance of hearing it from himself. You know that since we saw him he has passed four years and a half in Africa, fighting against Abd-el-Kader. In Capt. de —'s regiment there was a cantinière, not handsome, but a very stout, robust woman of about thirty, with a powerful arm, and sufficiently red face not to belie her calling. In an engagement which took place between the French and Arabs, our friend, Capt. de —, was at no great distance from the poor woman when she was taken prisoner. He was with his men too fully occupied to be able to assist her, and spite of her screams and struggles she was borne off to Abd-el-Kader. When he saw her, he thought of his ally, the Emperor of Morocco, who is a great admirer of fat women, and Abd-el-Kader exclaimed, "C'est mon affaire," and commanded that the captive should be with due care and attention

conveyed to his imperial Majesty, and offered him as a present. The cantinière was placed on a camel, and transported to the Emperor of Morocco.

Arrived at her destination, the emperor, struck with her appearance, fell in love, but ere she could be placed among the ladies of his harem, it was necessary that she should change her religion, and here her royal master failed. She swore at him ;—either he did not understand, or the interpreter thought translation unnecessary, or love was deaf as he is sometimes blind ; for the emperor essayed all means of conversion, and having loaded her with presents in vain, tried the power of threats.

During this time her husband, who was a soldier in the regiment, was inconsolable, and in spite of many of his comrades, who laughed at him, obtained leave and set off for Toulon, to the consul, who in consequence made application for the liberty of the captive cantinière. The emperor had become greatly embarrassed ; for having threatened to cut off her head, she said he might if he would, but he could not make her an apostate. He gave her slaves to attend her : she beat them vehemently ; to his gentleness she replied by oaths. Fresh from the 66th, it was useless to beseech her to be a sultana, she chose to be a

cantinière ; so that when the demand for her freedom arrived, he was rather glad to be rid of her. The poor woman, rewarded for her courage and constancy, rejoined her husband. Capt. de —— said, that if he would have taken her back to Oran, all the officers there had become so interested in her fate, that a large subscription would probably have been raised ; but her husband preferred remaining in France ; he feared his rival, the Emperor of Morocco.

We have staid here long enough to become accustomed to the place and people, and I am sorry to go away. The landlord's pretty daughter is an accomplished singer, and her good old aunts tell me stories in the hot evenings on the terrace. The fat civil waiter, Ambrose, is a Savoyard, and was a private in the regiment of Savoy at the time when the present King of Sardinia, then Prince of Carignan, conspired against the last monarch, his uncle ; and when all the Sardinian troops went over to the Prince, the Savoyard regiment disbanded itself and the men returned to their mountains. I have even made acquaintance with the young pet donkey, who follows round the yard for the bits of bread which first won his good graces. The mention of pets reminds me of an anecdote, for whose truth I will not vouch, but which I repeat, as it made

me laugh. The Marquis of H——, who passes through Lyons once a year on his way from England to Italy, has several dogs of a large strong breed, favourites to the degree that they always occupied cushions in the carriage, till medical advice, in consequence of their loss of health, obliged them sometimes to run behind. Mortal enemies to cats, I was rather surprised, when desired to guess how many they had destroyed on their way from Rome, to hear a thousand francs' worth, "pour mille francs de chats." Most cat proprietors placed the lame or infirm in the way of his lordship's dogs, and set their own value on them after the massacre. It, however, once happened, that an ancient landlady thus lost a large Angola, an old friend of the family, and, in her wrath and sorrow, for the Marquis of H——'s dinner she served up its mangled remains before him in a basket.

29th May.

Left Lyons this morning ; our trunks sent on as before, and our only baggage contained in the valise Grizzle carries, leaving behind us, as we crossed the Pont de la Guillotière, the splendid Hôtel Dieu, and the green avenues which edge the rapid river. The bridge is the longest in France (excepting that of the St. Esprit, over the Rhone also) ; its length is

two hundred and sixty toises. There existed one at this spot in the time of Philip Augustus, King of France, but it was not then of stone, and when the French king departed from Lyons for the Holy Land, in company of Richard Cœur de Lion, it gave way beneath the numbers who formed their suite, and many were drowned. The widening of the Pont de la Guillotière, which has heretofore been dangerously narrow, is now in progress, and the usual carelessness of the French, and their confidence in their quiet horses, leaves for the present a great part in its original narrowness, but the parapets taken down. We luckily dismounted as we reached this part, for a man pulling a cart entangled his wheel in that of a heavy waggon, and as the horses were backed to disengage him, and the assistants swore and pulled with all their might, we expected to see them go over. As to Fanny, she started so violently that I feared being obliged to let go the rein.

However we passed in safety. Burning weather as we rode through the faubourg, and ascended the long hill, whence the view back to Lyons, the Rhone's windings, and the mountain of Fourvières, is very beautiful. The square tower of the latter we distinguished for miles, diminishing by degrees, seen through vistas of poplars with which the broad road

(the best we have yet travelled) is often shaded. We lost this prospect as we descended, but the Alps were visible, and Mont Blanc, a little to the left, towering above them.

As we had quitted Lyons late, and loitered during the heat of the day in the shade, it was evening when we approached La Verpillière. The deep red clover is in blossom, and the haymaking has begun; and the dew falling heavily, the breeze which sprung up brought with it a fresh sweet smell. The near hills had become bolder and wooded, and a ruined castle crowned one to the right. I asked to whom it belonged, when we stopped to water the horses at a stone reservoir by the road side. The peasant only knew that its name was Vavilliers, and it was not furnished or inhabited, which is not extraordinary, as there only remain a hollow tower and outer wall. The human race here improves as much as the country, but the villages are still the same. This one at a distance looked deceitfully well, having neat houses at its entrance among clumps of chestnut trees, and I hoped the Chapeau Rouge might prove one of them; but the street twisted and narrowed into an abominable alley with its vile variety of odours, and there was the inn. The landlady's doze was disturbed as we rode into her yard, and she came forth ungracious and scarce

awake. The garçon d'écurie was at work in the fields, and her husband she said was by trade a fiddler, and as he was ill, moreover, there was little chance of his help, and D—— led the horses into the barn, while I followed the hostess across the yard and unpromising kitchen, and into the street, and then up a stone staircase, like a ladder, to the bedroom door. Over the bricks, unwashed and unrubbed, I picked my steps as if in the street, and I hesitated ere I laid my gloves on the three-legged table. There was a velvet chair which I avoided, and a wooden one, and beds with dark red curtains so thick with dust and generations of spiders, that I feared to desire they should be disturbed; she opened the window to show me complacently that it faced the street, preferring the peep down into its gutter, or opposite into the garret, to the plains and mountains. There were no jugs or basons, and I asked for them; she at first looked embarrassed, and then, as if a sudden thought had struck her, said "Ah!" and desired me to follow, which I did with resignation, once more into the street, and arrived in the kitchen, where, having ejected some kitchen-stuff from a pan of green earthenware, she said triumphantly "voilà!" and wondered when I declined, as it was more "commode" she observed; but finding me obstinate, went

to the crockery-shop to *borrow* the articles required, which her hotel did not possess.

The next difficulty was dinner; she made a favour of serving it at the usual prices, and then I found there was nothing to eat. "Soup?" she would be very happy if it were Sunday, but malheureusement, it was their only day for the pot au feu "à rôti:" there was a "restant" of veal, she said, and truly it proved a picked bone rebrowned; a fresh salad was provided, and a chicken which could scarcely have been fledged, basted with bad oil; yet she was so certain we were satisfied, it would have been a pity to complain. She paraded before us her sick husband in his black cap and six pretty dirty children, and fearing we might be dull alone invited us to the kitchen for the sake of their company. We found that politics have some trouble in penetrating hither, for D—— happened to mention the disturbances in Paris of the 12th of this month, and she asked with great curiosity to what he referred, not having heard of them before.

We went to bed on mattresses resembling ploughed fields with their clods unharrowed, and this morning, when the horses were brought out uncleansed and uncombed, she desired we would remember her house and stop here on our way back. I sincerely hope I may never see her face again; we intended to-day

(the 30th) going only as far as Latour du Pin, but the road was so good, shaded by fine walnut trees, and particularly after Bourgoin, two posts from our Chapeau Rouge, winding through so sweet a country, the day cooled by clouds and soft showers, that in enjoyment of them and fear of the inn, we determined on riding on. Met a load of turf, and a bare-footed girl carrying her shoes—a memento of Ireland.

At Bourgoin the Grande Route turns, and the mountains rise straight before; a valley to the right, watered by a narrow river, bordered by trees, and winding through waving corn and most flowery meadows, which stretch themselves at the foot of wooded hills dotted with habitations, which at first reminded me of those near Ryde, in the Isle of Wight, but grow bolder. The rising ground on the left was planted with vines, and tiny clear streams shine along the hedge-rows, for there are hedge-rows here full of elder blossom and wild thyme.

The villages are no longer crowded pest-houses, for the cottages are mostly detached, each with its neat garden; and the peasants themselves are a handsomer and happier looking race. We generally saw the women as we passed assembled under the old trees, with distaff and spinning-wheel, and the children

herding the few sheep at the road side, and neglecting them to run after us, and laugh at the strange sight. There was one girl of about seventeen, standing at her door in the large straw hat worn here, who, with her Italian eyes and Grecian features, was perfectly lovely.

At an auberge outside the Tour du Pin we stopped to feed the horses and eat an omelette. I declined the solitary little room wherein the pretty girl was raising clouds of dust to prepare it for us, and chose the more airy kitchen, where while I waited I might observe their attention to affairs spiritual and temporal. The temporal appeared first in order, in the print hung at the door, of a cock with extended wings, perched on a dial plate which marked five minutes to twelve, the verse below warning pennyless travellers :

“Quand ce coq chantera,
Crédit l'on donnera ;
Mauvais payeur tu auras crédit,
Quand l'aiguille marquera midi.”

The other print, (the spiritual,) pinned above the snow-white pillow of the bed in the corner, exhibited a large eye, inscribed, “Dieu voit tout;” a great ear, “Dieu entend tout;” a man spurning a beggar, “un moment;” the same man seized by devils, “l'Eternité;” I suppose this exhortation to charity does not apply to wayfarers.

All the fine corn and promising vines we have passed on our road, will be unproductive this year, in consequence of the hail storms which visited the country during our stay at Lyons. The ear has been beaten empty, and the bunches of grapes broken ; the season's loss in this department is computed at three millions of francs, and the peasants are planting potatoes, it being too late for any other seed. The town of La Tour du Pin is of course as disagreeable near, as picturesque at a distance, but the remainder of our road was so lovely, that we many times found ourselves exclaiming at its contrast with the gloomy flats and hills of the Isle de France and Burgundy ; for here we had the chain of mountains, range above range, which the snow topped and the clouds sailed before, and where their view first opened on us, a foreground of fertile valleys, covered with cottages and clumps of old chestnut trees, the abrupt bank on our right, crowned with and shaded by them, while on the left, where they border the road also, they form with their fresh green branches a fitting frame for the prospect ; it would be a pity to travel this road otherwise than on horseback, on a sunny spring evening.

Recommended by M. Pauche to the Hôtel de la Poste, at Pont du Beauvoisin, we made our way thither through crooked streets innu-

merable. All the front rooms were already taken. I warn you against the No. 1 on the ground floor, at the end of a long passage, with one small barred window, looking into the narrow yard where the post horses are cleaned, for it fell to our lot. Having been told that the landlady was exorbitant in her demands, I rang for her, specified what we wanted, and asked her charges. No answer, but a promenade round me with candle in hand, as it was dark when we arrived. I repeated the question when I thought the inspection over.

" You have had no disputes on the road, have you," said Madame, taking hold of the skirt of my habit and shaking it, to ascertain its weight.

" None."

" Very well, then you won't dispute with me; where are you going?"

" To Chambery."

" Is your husband your age?" This time raising her flambeau under the rim of my hat, so as to blind me.

" He is some years older."

" How many?" asked the indefatigable landlady.

" I can't tell exactly at this moment," I said, getting tired, as I never before saw so much curiosity lodged in one fat human being.

"Not tell; you must know his age; is he thirty, thirty-five, thirty-eight; where is he?"

"In the stable, and I dare say ready for dinner."

The hint took her to the door, but I unhappily undid the valise, and she rushed back to the table and asked what was in it. I answered rather impatiently, that she had better wait while I unpacked it, so she took me at my word, and when it was quite empty said, "bien," and went away. The air was insupportable; but for this there would have been little to complain of, for the people are civil,—the landlady's inquisitiveness, perhaps, excepted,—and the cooking excellent. I imagine the unusual light dinner they served us might be accounted for, by our arriving so late; we commenced dining to the sound of a sweet chime, which was the Angelus ringing in Savoy. To sleep was out of the question; for as I told you, the post stables were on a level with us, and over our heads was lodged a commis voyageur, who started at day-break. D—— saw his saddle and portmanteaux, weighing altogether three hundred pounds! The landlord strove hard to induce us to stay; we are driven out to breathe. Madame, who peeped into my room before I was up this morning, came to inquire, "whether I kept a

regular note of expenses along the road, as everybody ought." Monsieur praised the excursions within the reach of horse travellers; but the inn stable, large and handsome as it is, is choked at its entrance by heaps of rotting manure, and into it is emptied all the kitchen refuse. I mounted Fanny in a hurry, for close to me in the yard were two enormous tubs of water, into which a man was emptying (there to take their breakfast) bags full of leeches, which arrived last night en poste! I should think no other animal would feel an appetite here.

Away we went to the frontier. The tiny bridge, with the French sentinel on one side and the Savoy soldier opposite, seems a strange division of countries to those used to sea and sickness. Here were formalities to go through on account of the horses. D—— received back the fifty-five francs paid at Calais, and deposited seventeen francs duty on entering Savoy. There is a lovely glimpse from the bridge of the Guier, gurgling along the bottom of its ravine. We were detained some time at the Savoy douane, though they were not at all troublesome, but the horses' description was to be copied; and (witness the wisdom of the King of Sardinia, or his delegates) notwithstanding that Savoy is so poor a country,

they receive ungraciously, and would eject unceremoniously, strangers who bring English horses. The custom-house officers were in the first instance about to bind us to quitting the territory within three days; however, when D— represented that I required some rest, and asked for ten, they consistently inserted two months.

The road from the pont is very good, and the country fertile and lovely as we ascended the hill, and the Guier wound far below in its wild ravine. The mountains at every step grow more grand; the fine trees, which abound, are mostly chestnut; and the cottages, now built in the Swiss style, with jutting roofs and outside stairs and galleries, hide themselves among them, sometimes betrayed only by a stream of light smoke. Their gardens are even neater than in England, and we have a luxury which you perhaps will hardly comprehend, in cooling our horses' feet in the innumerable mountain streams which sparkle along at every step. Arrived at the summit of the hill, look back towards the pont and France, (an extensive and fertile view,) before the road turns suddenly, and the scene, the very air changes at the narrow road, with its giant wall of rock on the left hand, and on the other a low parapet, from which the precipice goes sheer down to the Guier,

foaming angrily at its bottom, and warring with the crags, which, towering again on the other side, have opened hardly enough to leave it way. This is the Pass of Chailles, very grand, and I thought rather fearful, as Fanny continually started from the cliff and towards the parapet. The road, such as I have described it, winds a considerable way, and before us, in the space the advancing rocks leave, were mountains white with snow, which an old peasant said were those near La Chartreuse. The mountain wind was chill certainly, but we confessed it had a "freshness and life" which revived. The sky, which had been cloudless, suddenly changed, and the clouds came rolling over the crags, bringing a muttering of thunder and then a loud clap, augmented and prolonged by all the echos. The horses trembled, and promised to be troublesome, and we got on faster; but the storm had rushed on above our heads, and settled on the top of a purple peak far away, before we reached the cottage, which stands where this wild pass ends, and the roaring Guier becomes a quiet stream. Fear, I suppose, had made me thirsty and hungry; I bought some fresh milk in a clean bowl, and Fanny sprang aside from a yoke of oxen, and covered her mane and my habit.

We had intended sleeping at les Echelles

but, as at La Tour du Pin, the inn looked unpromising, and we merely fed the horses and went on to Chambery. Last Thursday was the *fête Dieu*, and the wreaths of box, which only a few feet asunder hung across the narrow street above our heads, looked uncommonly pretty. The Valley des Echelles opened before us as we left the town. Fancy the long fertile vale surrounded by mountains, which enclose it except at the spot where you enter—behind you and the town they are towering and snowy, while those which skirt the road you pursue the whole length of the valley are milder and green and cultivated, a contrast to the range of bare and broken cliffs on your right and parallel to them.

In front at the extremity of the vale, which it crosses like its barrier, is the hill which terminates it; the road you must travel cut along its edge and crossing two bridges; the last so high that the head turns to look at it, for it arches over a mountain stream, and its white line seen from below looks like a branch of bent osier. A gradual ascent leads to it, and, arrived there, you have no terror left but much wonder, for fifty paces beyond the road seems to terminate. The rock is before, and the precipice below, and you forget the grotto cut through.

Beneath the bridge the stream rushes tur-

bulently down, forcing a narrow passage among trees and stones, and gushing far under the stone arch into the valley ; the loveliest view of the valley itself is from this high bridge : you see it terminated by distant snow peaks and guarded by its mighty frontier of rocks having strange forms, in which you may fancy castle towers and cathedral portals, contrasting with the sweet mild plain below them, every yard cultivated ; the glittering church spire rising among clumps of trees, and the river alternately hiding itself among its own fringes, or shining like a white riband through luxuriant corn-fields and meadows resembling flower-gardens ; patches of turf under the fine old trees like dark green velvet, and cottages which, as you look down on them, make you say of each—“ I could live there ;” it is like the happy valley, only one would not want wings to fly out of it.

The gallery is at no great distance from a kind of passage formerly used by footpassengers to arrive at the long ladders which were then the road to the valley, a descent of more than fifty metres ; they gave it its name, *des Echelles*.

The entrance to the grotto is, as I told you, but a few steps further ; a magnificent project nobly accomplished : it was finished only in 1813, for the passage constructed by Charles

Emanuel in 1670 was not at this spot ; it exists, and is still visited for its romantic beauty, but we did not see it. The grotto is blown through the solid rock, which forms its walls, and its arched roof, and is about eight hundred feet long ; as it receives no light save through its two apertures, it was so dark about the centre that I could see the ground, over which Fanny trod very unwillingly, only where it shone with pools of water, which distils through the crevices and dripped on our heads all the way. Issuing from it, we found a wilder and less beautiful road, without verdure or habitation, winding among masses of grey rock, which must have a savage aspect in winter, but are now covered with purple columbine and the red ragged robin. Here and there we saw a feeble beggar or young peasant herding the few sheep or small cows perched among the crags. After a time these crags are interrupted by green knolls and brushwood, then by old trees and cottages, and we came again on a river winding through a wooded dell, a magnified copy of the Dargle in Wicklow. The road thence to Chambery is varied and beautiful beyond expression, always good for our horses' feet, but sometimes very ill protected from precipices, which, if not the most terrible in Savoy, are sufficiently so to break the neck of horse and rider. Not far from Cham-

bery is the Cascade of Cous, falling from the rock on the right about two hundred and fifty feet. It has no great volume of water, but is exceedingly picturesque, foaming or shining as it breaks against the uneven stones on the cliff's side, or springs over them and down to the clear pool at its foot, whence it throws up a spray light as smoke, and then supplies the bright stream which passes beneath the road to the river, which we had followed some time, and was here still on the left, dashing through wooded defiles, turning romantic mills and murmuring down diminutive falls. Where the road is narrowest, some solitary peaks of granite stand by its side among trees and bushes, detached from the crags behind them like their outposts. We crossed a handsome bridge and broader stream before we caught sight of Chambery, which lies embosomed in mountains; a bold and beautiful view; but not matching that of the Echelles. Behind the town, which lay before us, rises a line of fine frowning mountains—the Beauges; that which seems to hang over Chambery, presenting at its summit a succession of seeming towers and ramparts like a mighty fortification. Far away to the left shone the lake of Bourget, on the road to Geneva. The valley is fertile, and the vines trained in arbours. The road close to the town has been changed, and as we crossed

the new broad bridge, the abandoned one made a pretty feature in the landscape.

Entering Chambery, we rode under the old palace of the Counts and Dukes of Savoy, with its high terrace shaded by magnificent horse-chestnuts, and a still most royal looking tower, which stands alone, and whose hollow walls have defied time and two fires. The governor's palace is modern, and joins at its extremity another portion of the ancient building, which must once, from the traces remaining, have occupied the entire platform. The chapel remains, that part which rises above the narrow street, built in the Gothic style : the façade has been altered to the Italian taste and spoiled. We passed before fine boulevards and extensive barracks, containing at present three thousand men ; and, unlike travellers worn and weary, entered the town at a gallop.

CHAPTER VIII.

Chambery—the Cathedral—the Château—the Chapel—the Holy Shroud distilling blood—Mules' refusal to carry the relic away—Respected by the flames—St. Charles of Borromeo's pilgrimage to its shrine at Turin—Its authenticity denied by Calvin—Drawing made of the Sainte Suaire by desire of Philip the Fifth of Spain—Artist on his knees—Savoy—Peter of Savoy favourite of Henry the Third of England—Savoy Palace, his residence—The Green Count Amedée—His tournament—The Emperor Charles the Fourth's passage—Homage done to the Emperor—The Banquet served by Horsemen—The Carmelites' whitewash—The Crusade—The Green Count's embarkation—The Red Count Amedée—his Death-wound in the forest of Lornes—Poison—Physician beheaded—Duel between Estavayer and Grandson—Its real cause—Place of Combat Bourg en Bresse—Otho conquered—His tomb at Lausanne—Duke Amedée's retreat to Ripaille—His authority delegated to his Son—Six Knights his Companions in the Monastery—Astrologers' prediction—Author of Peace of Arras—Elected Pope—His renouncement of the Tiara—His return to Ripaille, and death—His Tower and those of four of his Knights still standing—Fête Dieu—The Priest commander of the forces—Les Charmettes—The young Abbé—The old Governor—Censure—Severe Laws for small offences—Rejoicings—Montmeillan—Abymes de Myans—The Black Virgin's power—Chignin—Iron Collars—Fortress of Montmeillan—Its resistance—Sully's stratagem—Proof of the King's Catholicity—Treason of the Governor—Christina of Savoy's Confessor a captive—His vain intrigues against Richelieu—Richelieu's anger chiefly excited by a satire written by Père Monod—Monod's

death—Bourget—Amedée the Fifth—Hautecombe—Sepulchre of Counts of Savoy—Tomb of Amedée, who defied to single combat three English Earls—Abbey changed to a Manufactory—Spectres of the Sovereigns of Savoy—Its Restoration.

Hôtel de la Poste, Chambery,
1st June.

We find ourselves so comfortable that we have determined on remaining at least a week. The weather is intensely hot, the country lovely, and the cleanliness of the inn, as it forms a contrast with those we have of late inhabited, made me start last night when I first caught a glimpse of its floors. The horses have a good groom, a rarity also, and a comfortable stable; by which we wish them to profit, though they performed without fatigue their seventy-five miles' ride from Lyons, and are quite ready to go on.

We have been to visit the cathedral, a gothic edifice, which by no means pleases me, and has been mercilessly decorated by Turin scene-painters, so that hardly a foot of its walls and ceiling remains pure of flourished ornaments on a bright blue ground. We remained but a few minutes, and then found our way to the château. As, according to ancient custom, it was built on an eminence commanding the town, that part of the castle chapel which forms the choir, a few green trees, and a grey arch-

way, seem to hang over the narrow street which crosses and terminates the Rue de Boigne, built by the benefactor of Chambéry. A flight of narrow steps at this place conducts to the archway I mentioned, and thence to the green esplanade occupying the space between the façade of the chapel, the modern palace, and the mighty round tower. Beyond the tower is a most delicious promenade, which seems frequented only by a few students. The double rows of magnificent chestnuts surround a small park, or, rather, square field, which occupies the remainder of the hill on which the château stands, and commands, on two of its sides, lovely views. Perhaps the finest is that towards the Echelles ; we sate some time gazing at it, for under the thick branches it was cool and dark, even to-day.

Returning to the chapel, we put aside a very shabby curtain of common ticking, which hangs within the open doors, and forms a contrast to the gilding ; though where it is ornamented it is rather tawdry than handsome : it is worth visiting from the extreme beauty of its tall narrow windows, painted in gorgeous colours. This church formerly possessed extraordinary privileges, and we read a long list of indulgences appended to one of its walls. The holy shroud, since transported to Turin, was long kept here. Its historians

assert, that when the Christians were forced by Saladin to leave Jerusalem, they carried away with them all the sacred relics in their possession, and the sainte suaire was thus conveyed to Cyprus by those to whom it belonged, and Geoffrey of Charny, there purchased it: it next belonged to his son and grand-daughter Margaret, who married a Seigneur of Villars, one of the “*premiers gentilshommes*” of Amédée, first duke of Savoy. During a journey she made thither, she was attacked by robbers, and all her baggage plundered; but it is told that when the thieves touched the holy shroud, drops of blood distilled from it, their hands became deformed and crippled, and in terror and remorse they fled and abandoned their booty.

Margaret was well received at Chambery; and when she quitted it they implored her, but vainly, to leave the relic in their city. When, however, she was about to depart, the mules who carried it absolutely refused to pass the gates; and Margaret, believing the circumstance to be a manifestation of the will of God, yielded the treasure, which was deposited in the chapel.

In 1553, the chapel took fire; and the fire committed such ravages, that even the silver case, which contained the saint linceul, was melted, but the flames appeared to retreat

from the linen itself; and such as touched it, thinking it would scorch, were bathed in a fresh sweet dew.

The holy shroud was transported to Turin by Emmanuel Philibert, of Savoy, in 1578, to spare a long walk to St. Charles of Borromeo, who had vowed to make on foot a pilgrimage to its shrine.

The clergy and people of Milan accompanied him to the gates of the city, where he changed his long cloak for a belted robe; gave his blessing to the crowds prostrated before him, and then, assuming the pilgrim hat and staff, set off with his companions. On their way they took only sufficient food to support life, and as they walked sung hymns and recited prayers. During their hours of rest they performed divine service, and after four days' march, they arrived in Turin, and accomplished their vow.

Among those who contested the authenticity of this relic, the principal was Calvin,—who reminded his hearers that the Hebrews were in the habit of enveloping their dead in bandages, not in shrouds; and gave also a list of the various places in which are exhibited a shroud and the cloth which covered the face, as those worn by the Saviour. He even hinted that the object of his discourse was not the same bestowed by Marguerite de Charny,

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a stop to them, lost several cantons to Savoy. It was this circumstance which induced the dukes to turn their eyes toward Italy; but when Piedmont had gradually asserted her superiority, the emissaries of France knew how to profit adroitly by the discontent her arrogance awakened. In 1792 Savoy gave herself to France, and remained French till the treaties of Vienna and Paris of 1814 and 15.

The founder of the house of Savoy was Humbert of the White Hands, who died about 1048, and was buried before the portal of the church of St. Jean de Maurienne.

Peter of Savoy (who was born at Suza in 1203) saw a path opened to his ambition by the marriage of Henry the Third of England with his niece Eleonora of Provence. In 1241 he hastened to the British court, where he soon won the feeble monarch's confidence, was placed at the head of the administration, created Earl of Richmond, and loaded with dignities and honours, till the jealousy of the nation being roused by this treatment of a foreigner he was obliged to return to his own country. The palace in the Strand, which was pulled down not many years ago, and called the Savoy, was bestowed on and named from him. He died in 1268 in the castle of Chillon, which had been built by his order.

The most chivalrous of the Counts of Savoy,

from the river
from the sea
from the mountains
is a magnificent one.
The spot chosen was
serves as exercising ground
fashionable promenade
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the Leyse, which now is
deep channel, far under
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each knight on his war-horse, and by his side the lady, whose colours he wore, mounted on a lively steed, and holding in her hand the end of a slight silken string with which she led her champion. Count Amedée appeared in green; the plumes of his helmet, his surcoat, the housings of his charger, the dresses of his squires and pages were all green. He bore away the praises of all, and in remembrance of that day thenceforth adopted the colour, and was called the Green Count.

In the year 1365, the Emperor Charles the Fourth, desiring to return to his own states, prayed Amedée to grant him a safe reception and passage in his lands. The count held himself highly honoured, and conducted the emperor to Chambery, with all due solemnities. Near the old palace had been raised on a high scaffolding a throne; and on it sat Charles the Fourth, surrounded by his court, and wearing the insignia of empire.

The Count Amedée, richly dressed and nobly mounted, and preceded by six horsemen on beautiful palfreys, each of whom carried a banner, rode within the gate of the castle, and dismounted at the steps of the imperial throne. The first of the banners was that of St. Maurice; the second, that of his ancestors, a black eagle on a golden field: the third bore the

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of the meats were gilded, and, among other curiosities, there was a fountain which night and day cast forth red and white wine.

The above account is extracted from the Chronicle of Savoy by Guglielmo Paradino. Pity the old hall is down. A memorial of the tournament long remained : the names, arms, and devices of the champions had been painted on the cathedral walls, but the Carmelites whitewashed them ! !

In 1366, when the pope had preached another crusade to succour the Greek empire, and many had promised aid but held back when came the time for performance, the Green Count, still the flower of chivalry, alone kept faith ; with his own funds equipped at Venice a considerable number of galleys, and embarked with his army of cavalry and infantry, crossbowmen and archers. An ancient chronicle describes the pomp and ceremonial of this embarkation. By order of Count Amedée, the chiefs of his army and his horsemen were dressed in doublets of green velvet, richly embroidered, and himself attired in like manner, walked from his hostelry to his galley, followed by his barons, two and two, and preceded by music : the sounds of the multitudinous instruments often drowned in the voices of crowds pressing to see him, and shouting "Savoy ! Savoy !" while to the flourish of

trumpets, the count ascended his vessel, raised anchor, and made all sail for Corinth.

At Gallipoli he planted his banner, notwithstanding an obstinate defence — went thence to Constantinople, where he was received by the Empress Mary of Bourbon, who wrote of him, “the presence of the Green Count *alone* is worth two thousand lances ;” — and departed from her to prosecute his victories, and deliver from captivity the Emperor John Paleologo. He died of plague in 1383.

His son Amedée the Seventh, called the Red Count from the colour he adopted, succeeded his father, aged three-and-twenty. He resembled him in chivalrous disposition, and was looked upon as the model of knights when with seven hundred Savoyard lances he went to aid the king of France, Charles the Sixth, in his war against the English and Flemish, and praised as most “frank in manner and fortunate in arms.”

Returned from the wars, he had gone to hunt in the forest of Lornes, which lies on the shores of the lake of Geneva, below Thonon ; he was aged one-and-thirty ; and as he followed the wild boar at the full speed of his horse, the animal fell with him, and rolled on his rider. The count received a wound on the left thigh, and was carried to Ripaille, where, some days after, he died. Savoy long wept for him, for

he was generous and gentle as just. His death following so quickly on the injury he had received woke a suspicion of poison, but though many were enveloped in the accusation which ensued, all were acquitted except Pierre de Stupinigi, the count's physician, who on this mere suspicion was beheaded. His innocence was acknowledged years after, and, by order of Amedée the Eighth, the unhappy man's corpse was disinterred from the criminal's fosse, and laid in consecrated ground.

Six years had passed since the death of Amedée the Seventh, when the report, which had died away, was revived as the cause of a duel famous in the Pays du Vaud. Gerard of Estavayér was the accuser, and the defendant Otho of Grandson. The former had a beautiful wife, and, on his departure for the wars, Otho, who was sixty years of age, offered her the protection of his own walls till her husband's return. Gerard gladly accepted, and departed in confidence, unconscious that Otho's admiration of his fair lady had alone prompted this seeming kindness. While he was away, she attempted several times, but in vain, to escape from the castle where he held her captive and abused the rights of hospitality; and when her husband returned, and she was once more suffered to seek her own roof, she

revealed to him, with tears, the treatment she had suffered during his absence.

Burning with rage, whose real cause he would not divulge, Gerard of Estavayér branded Otho (whose dislike to the late count had been well known) as his murderer, and offered to prove the truth of his assertion in single combat.

The place appointed for the duel was Bourg en Bresse, chosen by the guardians of Amedée the Eighth, who was still a minor, and was there present with his statesmen and chief nobles. The quarrel had excited an interest which brought crowds from all countries to witness its issue. The adversaries were matched in hatred ; unequal in strength and age, for Otho had been ill, though he disdained on that account to refuse the challenge or defer the combat. Arrived in the lists, he spoke aloud to the assembly ; recalling to the memories of all there that the particulars of the Red Count's death had already been brought before them in the course of a solemn trial, which had in no manner stained his own honour.

"Nobles of Savoy," he exclaimed, "relatives and vassals of the reigning house, if I have done this deed, why have you left retribution to Gerard of Estavayér ? he is a false liar ; be it the worse for him as it is well for me." The young Count of Savoy rose and made the

sign of the cross. "In the name of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost," he said, "let the signal be given, and God show the right!"

It was the 7th of August, 1397: the two champions met in the lists, each armed with a lance, two swords and a dagger, and a terrible fight ensued, till Otho, weak from his sickness and advancing in years, fell beneath the strokes of his young and vigorous adversary. According to the justice of the time, he was declared guilty, and the castle and lands of Grandson seized by Amedée of Savoy. His marble tomb is in the cathedral of Lausanne. The armed figure lies couched on it, but the hands are cut off; for thus were represented those vanquished in judicial combat.

This same Amedée, whose life had been a series of successes, and who, according to Olivier de la Marche, his contemporary, so ruled his states, that in the midst of those which were a prey to foreign war and civil dissensions, there only were found safety, wealth, and happiness; Amedée, for whose sake the Emperor Sigismund had created the county of Savoy duchy, abdicated in the year 1434. The causes assigned for this weariness of the world's honours, in whose pursuit he had been ardent heretofore, were the loss of a wife to whom he was tenderly attached, Mary of Burgundy, who died at Turin of the plague,

and an attempt made on his life by a nobleman who had been his friend. He had founded some years before an Augustine monastery at Ripaille, half hidden in the forest which covers the tongue of land advancing into the lake near Thonon. Repairing thither in the year 1434, he summoned the principal prelates and nobles of those dominions which called him master, and seated on a throne, his sons Louis and Philip at his side, and Humbert bastard of Savoy at his feet, and the two marshals of the duchy present, he spoke at length concerning all that had been done since his accession to the dukedom, and concluded by informing them of the resolution which was to wake the wonder of Europe. Calling Prince Louis near, he bade him kneel down and conferred on him the order of knighthood. Binding on his sword and embracing him according to the custom of the time, he formally created him Prince of Piedmont and viceroy over his dominions, exhorting him to protect the church, preserve friendship with relative and ally, to administer impartial justice, and, above all, to keep faith inviolably.

It was his express command that, in all important negotiations, Louis should resort to himself for counsel. He next bestowed on Philip the title of Count of Geneva, which was that his brother had held before, and

dismissing the illustrious assembly, he retired to his apartments with six knights—men in the decline of life, who had heretofore shared with him the cares of government, and now chose to be companions of his solitary life. The day following, he and they in the church of Ripaille took the hermit's garb from the hands of the Augustine prior. They neither shaved their heads nor beards, their dress was a tunic of fine grey cloth, and a scarlet cap, above which, like the antique hermits, they wore a cloak with a cowl. They carried the pilgrim's staff, and the only tokens of their primitive grandeur were golden belts and crosses. Thus was instituted the knightly order of St. Maurice : the necessary requisites were noble birth and an exemplary life, and the number of its votaries could not exceed seven, including the president ; it is believed that of those he selected thus, Amedée determined to form the secret council of his states during his own life. They remained five years in the quiet of a retirement, which some thought more devoted to politics than religion ; while others attributed his abdication to the prediction of an astrologer which promised him the tiara.

Be this as it may, Amedée retained the ducal power beneath the hermit's cowl. He was author of the famous peace of Arras and

its mediator; freeing France from the presence of the English, and closing their long discords. In 1439, the fathers of the council of Bâle, who had deposed Pope Eugenius the Fourth, elected in his place the retired sovereign; twenty-four prelates, at whose head was the Cardinal of Arles, bore their decree to Ripaille. Unwilling to create a schism in the church, it is said that Amedée refused and burst into tears, and that his resolution was changed by the eloquence of the messengers, who proved to him, that on his acceptance depended the reform of the church and the well-being of the faithful. In the same chapel of Ripaille they clothed him in the papal robes and saluted the first duke of Savoy as Felix the Fifth. Thonon and Ripaille barely sufficed to lodge the ambassadors who came from all parts to tender him homage. He held his court in Geneva, but in 1447, Eugenius the Fourth being dead, Nicolo the Fifth, elected by the cardinals then in Rome, sat undisturbed in the papal chair, and Felix, anxious to put a stop to the divisions which brought dishonour on the church, dissolved the council at Bâle and publicly renounced the tiara at Lausanne which he had worn nine years, and returned to his solitude at Ripaille, and the six knights still living there. He survived his abdication but eighteen

months, and died in Geneva; he was buried at Ripaille, and a noble mausoleum raised above his ashes, which in 1538 the Bernese soldiery broke in search of plunder. His bones were then transferred to the cathedral of Turin, where they lie beside those of Emmanuel Philibert and Christine of France. The duke's tower and those of four of his knights are still standing; the convent, surrounded by a deep ditch and strong walls, resembles an antique castle seen from the lake, and rising above the oak forest. We returned by the rue de Boigne, a handsome street whose arcades form a shady walk. Part of the high castle terrace terminates it at one extremity, and at the other is a fountain which forms a monument in honour of General de Boigne. His statue stands on the column which four demi-elephants support, and though it is not in the best taste or most perfect proportion, it has altogether a picturesque effect. A boulevard of most fragrant lime-trees leads from it to the Champ de Mars and promenade of the Verney.

June 2nd.

Fanchette just now called me to see the procession of the Fête Dieu, this being the first Sunday following the festival; for processions are observed here as rigorously as

they once were in France, though, if I may judge from what I saw to-day, they inspire small devotion. A number of little girls walked first, each troop headed by a nun in her monastic habit. The children were dressed in white frocks and veils and crowns of flowers; the youngest held a crucifix under a tiny arbour of artificial roses. Long lines of women followed in white robes and cowls, the foremost bearing banners and the rest lighted torches: a bevy of young boys, decked out like the girls, and of men attired like the women, came next; and then the priests preceding the host which their superior bore beneath the dais. Two of the former carried each a pole, at the top of which was a lantern; four others threw up their censers, perfuming the street (*not superfluously*), and each time their office ended, performed a strange movement towards the host, not a curtsey or a bow, but a bob; and a fifth, whenever the priest beneath the dais elevated the host, opened and clapped close a wooden book to warn the people.

When the dais was stopped at the end of the street that the benediction might be given, it would have been an imposing sight to see the white robed figures who lined it, and the people before their doors all kneeling, if one could for a moment have supposed them more attentive than absolutely necessary to the

show; but they were talking and looking about and thrusting their torches in the faces of their acquaintances. These white ladies and gentlemen belong to no religious order, but merely to a society; they are mostly peasants, and when a procession takes place, their services are required. At one time, the seeming penitents left an undue space between their companies, and the priest who marshalled them came up in loud anger scolding and driving. The alarm disconcerted the poor women, and running to make up for lost time, they broke their ranks and could not form them again, and there was a thorough rout.

Although I acknowledge I feel small interest in Rousseau, yet hearing that the walk to the Charmettes was one of the prettiest within our reach, we went thither this afternoon, passing on our way Buisson, the residence of the late General de Boigne, which is beautifully situated, and at the very gates of Chambéry, its park filled with fine trees, and ornamented by a picturesque tower. A steep path leads up the hill to a lane shaded by old chestnut trees, which cover the banks on each side and completely exclude the mountain view, or indeed any but of themselves and the little brawling rivulet. In this an old woman was washing, and we asked her where stood Les Charmettes: "Oh," said she, "you are

going to Jean Jacques' house, there it is," and she pointed out an unpicturesque mansion built on the high ground to our right. Continuing to climb over rough paths and through a wood, we fancied we were conquering a mountain, but found, when arrived breathless, that we were merely at the top of the low hill, which scarcely seems one looking at it from Chambéry. From the little plain all over wild flowers, we had a view of the glittering city (for the tin, of which they make so liberal use on roofs and church-spires, never rusts in this climate), and a lovely prospect of the country round and beyond it to the Mont du Chat and the lake of Bourget. While we were admiring it, the rain commenced; we fortunately found an ancient tree, whose charitable old age had provided a hollow trunk, which served for mansion during two wearisome hours while the shower fell pitilessly, and the fog hid every object within twenty feet of us; at last however it ceased, and as, during our imprisonment, we had listened to the Chambéry clocks, and were aware the dinner hour was nigh at hand, I advised making a short cut instead of returning by the way we came. We went on rapidly, and the road looked auspiciously for a time till it grew steep, and we had some difficulty in clambering among trees and clinging to them, and

when the point and the contemplated short cut seemed attained, we took one step more and arrived in the bed of one of the million streams which spring everywhere: very clear and very bright, but considerably above our ankles.

June 4th.

Our mode of travelling throws us very much for resource on the agreeability of such companions as chance procures, and we sometimes make amusing and cordial acquaintances.

Among these are an old officer of the empire and a young abbé from Montelimart. The day on which the latter arrived was a fast, and there were at table two English gentlemen, who (either wilfully in bad taste, or not wilfully in bad French) made remarks and asked questions which embarrassed the poor priest, who is a well-informed, mild-mannered man. By attempting to soften them down or explain them away, we became acquainted, and you would have smiled to see our intimacy this evening, sitting in the yard in the starlight, as the stifling heat renders the house insupportable. The abbé has a leave of four months, which he employs in travelling, and enjoys like a boy, after the mournful duties of his profession. The old officer speaks with contempt of the fanfaronnades of la jeune

France; and the priest with horror of the increasing immorality of French literature, and its spreading influence. "If you heard what I hear," he said, alluding to confession, "you would tremble—*la France est malade, bien malade.*"

This morning, when I was wakened as usual by the parrot screaming in the yard, "*As-tu déjeûné, Jacot, oui, oui, oui,*" I found the whole establishment in commotion, for Chambéry had received orders to illuminate and be gay for the return of its governor, Count Victor Casazza di Valmonte. He is something between seventy-five and eighty, and having become a widower three months since, losing a lady of suitable years, he made a journey to Turin, whence he now brings a young wife. It is whispered he will receive a charivari, but the town will hardly venture on so rash an act, though he is by no means popular; it is perhaps independently of his will that all precautionary measures are enforced so strictly, and only Piedmontese hold any employ. One of these prudential rules forbids all newspapers, saving the *Gazette de France*, to enter the territory. At the library many of the books we asked for were on the prohibited list. The fine theatre, the donation of General de Boigne, will be opened next month, but the repertory is exceedingly small, and the chance

stars, who every year in the French provinces shine and make money, dislike acting here, where all pieces, ere they can be played, are submitted to the governor and the bishop, and none pass the ordeal unscathed.

On the wall of the dining room hang the list of Sardinian laws, and the permission granted to Mons. Friul to keep the hotel, which must be renewed at the end of each year, as the leave is only given for that period. Among the first are some bordering on the ludicrous ; for instance, “ whosoever shall make a noise in the streets at night, *sans chandelle*, will be punished.” “ Whoever shall dance bear or monkey, or play the mountebank, without permission of the governor, &c.” We rode along the Montmeillan road after dinner ; the judges and officers had gone long before, and we met the escort and its object about a mile from the town, but in clouds of dust, through which and the drawn up glasses we could scarcely see his thin withered face, and hers not at all. By the time we got back they had been received with discharges of artillery, and were ensconced in the castle, the music on the terrace, but no charivari ; so we went home to change our dress, and issued forth once more to see the illumination, accompanied by the priest and officer. It was a beautiful, breathless night, and the town and boulevards, all

lighted and thronged, looked well, though it was true that the urn made of coloured paper lamps, in the rue de Boigne, lost much of its beauty on close inspection, and the painted shield, placed under the castle terrace, (coats of arms and cyphers on a black ground,) resembled a hatchment, while a silly inscription began with "Happy those he governs," which it seems is not the case, and ends by wishing long lives to bride and bridegroom, which the latter has already enjoyed, and seems unlikely to do over again.

As we stood watching, the Governor's open carriage drove down the street at a foot's pace. The ancient bridegroom was all smiles; the bride was dressed à la Parisienne, graceful, dark haired, and pretty, but pale, and I thought sad. The abbé was loud in his indignation at her self-sacrifice, and continued his murmurs until we arrived at the hotel.

June.

The three roads, to Les Echelles, whence we came, to Turin by the Mont Cenis, and to Geneva by Aix, meet at Chambéry. We took the Turin road a few evenings since, intending to ride but a short distance, and were lured on by its excessive beauty, mile after mile, till we reached Montmeillan, a road good as in England, winding among cultivated fields, under

noble chestnut and walnut trees and acacias in blossom. The range of the Beauges on the left, with the vine growing high up its sides; and on the right, beyond the broader valley, the Granier, whose chain extends as far as Grenoble, which lies in the hollow. The nearest mountain facing Chambery is strangely hollowed at its summit, in an immense semi-circle, and the ground beneath, for nearly a league, a succession of dells and hillocks, now covered with vineyards, bears the name of Abîmes de Myans, in memory of the catastrophe of 1248, when in the month of November the mighty mass, loosened as if by the grasp of an evil spirit, descended, a fall of five thousand feet on the small city of St. André and fifteen villages. The records of the time say, that the devastation ceased at the foot of an image of the Virgin, called the Ethiopian, because her face is black, to whose shrine the devout still flock, even from the near villages of France. Monsieur Friul told me that, in the midst of one of the vineyards which cover the buried houses, the top of a church steeple is still to be seen, the single tombstone of many victims.

Fording a bright stream instead of riding over its badly paved bridge, we were in sight of the castle of Chignin. The hill on which

The length of
Isere, and the
and in time it was
high turrets, gave
province to prove
the rubbish of its
iron collar, now I
of Chambery; it far
and within was fur
which at every a
wound the neck of the
fight was detained till
little farther than Chambéry
two ago, a large portion
two cottages, provident
and as it reached the town
into a thousand fragments
among the vines, and could
be moved. We rode down
look at it, and found an old
said nobody had been injured
of poplars however.

distinguish scarce a vestige; seen from this side, it is not a very striking object; to be aware of its importance it must be viewed from the other, I mean that of Turin. The road thither extended to our right, through and over wooded hills, with the snowy mountains high above them, reaching to Mont Cenis. On the left, the Beauges which we had followed since Chambery, and before us, as we stood below the rock of Montmeillan, the valley through which winds the Isere, seeming shut in by the white range of the Maurienne. As we stood admiring, a shower which had long threatened fell over the distant extremity of the valley; the setting sun was bright, and the rays crossed the rain which the wind blew in a contrary direction, and through sunbeams, and rain, and rainbow, shone the snow.

The fortress of Montmeillan was of extraordinary strength in 1535; it would have successfully resisted Francis the First but for the treachery of the Neapolitan governor. In the year 1600, besieged by Henry the Fourth, it was taken through Sully's fair words and bribes, his wife being his ambassador to Madame de Brandis, wife of the commandant. Before its capitulation was agreed on, a battery had been with enormous labour posted on the rock which commands Montmeillan. Henry

was standing there, in the midst of his generals, when their white plumes betraying them to the garrison, by a sudden discharge of artillery striking the rock above, they were covered with earth and splinters of stone. In the first moment of surprise, the king crossed himself, and Sully said with a smile, "Now I see your majesty is a good catholic." During this time Madame de Sully, by her husband's desire, had managed to become acquainted with Madame de Brandis, to whom she made various gifts, and passed much of her time in her society. At last, when intimacy had grown to friendship, she hinted at terms of surrender, to which De Brandis traitorously agreed, (though troops were at the time approaching to his aid by forced marches,) and bore his shame and his gold to France. Slighted there as a man marked by infamy, he repaired to Switzerland, where he carried off a nun from the convent of Bellon, whom he, nevertheless, soon deserted; and in sorrow and remorse wandered back to Italy, where he was imprisoned at Casale, and afterwards conducted to Turin. His end is unknown to me.

The Père Monod, confessor and favourite of Christina of Savoy, Henry the Fourth's daughter, was prisoner in the fort of Montmeillan. Victor Amedée, duke of Savoy, and Christina's husband, who had taken the title

of Altesse Royale, despatched the jesuit to Louis the Thirteenth's court, charged to enforce the rights of the house of Savoy on the throne of Cyprus; and in consequence to demand that at each audience granted to his envoy, the regiment of guards should be placed under arms as for one from royalty ; and also, that through the king's mediation, the same honours should be accorded by the pope to the ministers of Savoy, as to those of royal courts. Père Monod was, in the first instance, desired to come to an understanding with the Marquis of St. Maurice, Victor Amedée's ambassador to France ; but, neglecting to consult him, he acted alone ; and, with his natural impetuosity, insisted on at once obtaining what might have been the result of time and persuasion. Richelieu opposed his demands, wearied by his importunity ; and the angry jesuit strove in return to ruin him at court, intriguing for that purpose with Caussin, the king's confessor, and Mademoiselle de la Fayette, one of the Queen's ladies of honour. The cardinal, as usual, discovered and disconcerted the plot formed. Mademoiselle de la Fayette was enclosed in a monastery, Caussin exiled, and Monod obliged to retire from court, his conduct disavowed by Victor Amedée. After the latter's decease, Richelieu determined, through Christina become regent, to

be revenged on the rash jesuit; and Christina, who had refused to deliver him up, saw herself obliged to exile him to Coni. The Père Monod, irritated by her conduct, held secret communication with the Marquis of Leganez, governor of Milan for Spain. He agreed to carry him off by force and conduct him to Madrid, where his knowledge of the affairs of Savoy ensured him a cordial reception. The day before that on which their project would have been accomplished, it was discovered,—and Father Monod, the 8th January, 1639, imprisoned in the fort of Montmeillan. The jesuit intrigued once more, and was transferred to Miolans. Christina wrote to Richelieu, “That he had no longer reason to reproach her, for Father Monod’s tongue was tied and his person in custody.”

Pope Urban claimed him, through the bishop of Geneva, as one who could be judged by an ecclesiastical court only; but while this last dispute was in agitation, the priest died. He was a man of great talents and profound knowledge. It was said that Richelieu’s desire of revenge was most excited by his having written a Latin poem, satirizing the mighty cardinal, rendered by his self-love on all points vulnerable, who envied the *cid*, and was vain of being a dancer.

It was dark long before we reached Cham-

bery, where we arrived but just in time to escape an awful thunder-storm, having ridden twenty miles for our evening's excursion.

Yesterday, turning off from the road to Turin, we rode to the Cascade du Bout du Monde ; so is named the fall of the Doria into the river Leisse, where the latter rushes along its narrow bed, shut in by high mountains, which form the base of the Dent du Nivolet ; and the crags, which enclose the clear stream, feathered to their feet. We passed on our way the old castle of Chaffardon, on a height to the right hand, and a picturesque village. The peasantry of this, almost the only fertile portion of Savoy, are fair and well-featured, and certainly more courteous than any we have met with as yet. We did not see the fall : for to do so it was necessary to pass through a paper-mill erected here, and up a dirty stair of broken planks, leaving our horses : not choosing to do so, we returned through the heat, which was tremendous, and swarms of wasps and flies, whose stings made the horses stream with blood.

This morning it was cooler, and we profited by the weather to visit the lake of Bourget, —mistaking, however, our road, and taking the steep stony one which continually mounts and descends the range of hills covered with chestnut-trees, which form a line from the town to the lake. Close to its shore are the ruins

of the castle of Bourget, where Amedée the Fifth was born, and the village.

The lake itself, small and beautiful, lies buried between mountains, the Mont du Chat (the passage of Hannibal) on the left hand—a bare, stern mountain, except at its foot and at one spot, where a promontory, covered with old trees, advances as if to admire its solitary beauty in the clear water. The walls of the monastery of Hautecombe, founded in 1125, lie hidden among them. It can be approached only by the lake or by a steep path on the mountain side, dangerous except to the natives.

The church of Hautecombe, thus wrote an author in 1807, was destined for the sepulchre of the first counts and dukes of Savoy, who there raised two magnificent Gothic chapels. There were to be seen among its many monuments the white marble statue of Humbert the Third, who died in 1188; the bronze mausoleum of Boniface of Savoy, archbishop of Canterbury, and primate of England, who died in 1270; those of the fifth, sixth, and seventh Amedée, of whom the last, when he journeyed into France during the unhappy reign of Charles the Sixth, defied to single combat three English earls, and was each time conqueror; of the Earl of Huntingdon with the lance, the Earl of Arundel with the sword, the Earl of Pembroke with the battle-axe. All

those curious to learn the history of Savoy visited this church, which was a chronicle in stone. In the times of devastation and delirium the abbey did not escape. A national agent came to open its tombs and rob them of whatever precious things had been interred with its skeletons : the bones were thrown back into the earth. A year or two after, weeds and ivy had already half concealed the shattered monuments and prostrate pillars, and drooped over the chapel's broken arches. A porcelain manufactory was next raised on the very spot, to profit by the stream which rushes down the hill from the intermitting fountain to the lake, but the speculation proved a ruinous one : and this also went to decay, and the place was left desolate. It was at this time a popular story, that the men who, during the silent hours of night, guided their rafts laden with wood across the lake towards the Rhone, often saw, by the faint moonlight, colossal forms standing on the ruined roof of the abbey, holding shield and lance, and seeming to strike them in sign of vengeance. Since then all is changed once more. Carlo Felice, last sovereign of Piedmont and Savoy, has restored it to its primitive splendour—its walls rebuilt—its statues and mausoleums re-placed in the taste of the old time. It was finished in 1826, and is now again one of the most interesting sights in

Savoy. Issuing from the monastery, a narrow path leads through the vines to a forest of ancient chestnut trees ; an ascent which conducts to a rock still under their shadow, from a cavern of which springs the fountain, called the Wonderful, because it intermits at uncertain times, and, at each period it flows, ejects the same quantity of water.

CHAPTER IX.

Well merited attentions to St. Anthony—The young Countess de S.—Leeches paying postilions better than the English—General de Boigne—Lemenc and its antiquities—Droit de dépouille of the Benedictines—Their agreement with the nobles of Chambéry—Ancient vaults beneath the church—Colossal statues feared by the good people of Chambéry—Tomb of an Irish Primate—Calvary—Monument of General de Boigne—His low birth—His struggles—His success in India—The death of his benefactor Sindiah—His gratitude shown towards his heir—The story of his betrayal of Tippoo Saib unfounded—His arrival in England—His marriage with the Marquis of Osmond's daughter an unhappy one—His return to Chambéry—His benefactions—Created Count—His death—Aix—Its antiquities—Tower and Cascade of Gresy—The friend of Queen Hortense—Her fate—Her monument—Rumilly—Its convent—Siege by Louis the Thirteenth—The courage of a nun—The three privileged houses and discipline of a French soldiery—Frangy, an impertinent innkeeper—Fanny's wisdom—L'Eluiset—A sweet evening—A bad night—A welcome dawning—Geneva—The fusillades of 94—The Secheron.

ANOTHER procession in honour of St. Anthony, a tribute of gratitude he would merit were all tales true. I said we had ridden to the cascade du Bout du Monde, which lies on the left of the Montmeillan road, green lanes and crooked paths leading thither along the bank

of the river. Once on a time the rapid melting of the snows caused the cascade's sudden increase, and the river overflowing, threatened destruction to the faubourg Montmeillan. In their fear the inhabitants besought St. Anthony, who was no sooner invoked than the waters stopped at the entrance of the faubourg. This day was the anniversary of the miracle. The street was lined with green boughs, and hangings depended from its windows; one of them, opposite our inn, was a hearth rug on a curtain pole—grenadiers and military music preceded long ranks of young girls in white veils carrying lilies in token of the saint's purity; but as white lilies are scarce, those only of the priests, which are artificial, bore the virgin hue, all the rest being orange-coloured! A priest carried in the palm of his hand a small gilded St. Anthony. Instead of the white-robed men and women, we had the whole contents of the monastery of begging friars in their gowns and cowls of unwholesome-looking brown serge, with half shaven heads and dirty beards and soiled feet sandalled—mostly fat, notwithstanding their condition of mendicants. After the procession followed breakfasts, their expense defrayed by collections made by and *for* the faithful who eat them in the saint's honour.

Those who make Chambéry a residence

find it cheap and agreeable, as its society is good and not difficult of access. It is surrounded with chateaux, many of which are let on reasonable terms, while furnished apartments in the town itself are to be had from 600 to 1000 francs yearly. Meat is 7 sous a-pound. Forage extremely low, fruit and milk to be had almost for the asking, good wine 8 sous a bottle. We had a proof of their being a kindly, unceremonious people. In our rides we have sometimes met a young lady on horseback, the Comtesse de S—, with her brothers. We were told she was anxious to make our acquaintance, and that it was the easiest thing in the world, as we need only ride up to her chateau, where we should be well received; but as we are to remain but some days longer, we are unwilling to do what would merely be a source of regret, particularly as we know her history. She is a sweet looking, fair girl; her family one of the most ancient and richest here: her father is a very old man; her mother died in her infancy, and she was almost brought up by a sister ten years older than herself, who was, I am told, a beautiful and amiable young woman. They had three brothers, all in the army, and were a very united family. The youngest daughter was eight or ten years old, when her sister, who had always been remarkably pious, one

morning went to mass as usual, but when it was over did not return. The terrified father, for her brothers were each with his regiment, sought for her in vain; she had not been seen in her usual place at church, nor was she to be heard of elsewhere. The next day a letter arrived, dated from the convent at Annecy: "she had," she said, "accomplished a project formed many years before," and was never again to return to the home she had quitted, or the child to whom she had been as a mother.

She merely told her resolution, and desired that such necessaries as she had not with her should be sent without delay. The convent to which she had gone was a branch of that of Lemenc, and her arrangements had probably been made beforehand. The nuns, who should have refused to receive the mistaken girl, encouraged her resolution, persuaded her of the truth of her vocation, and rendered vain the prayers and remonstrances of her heart-broken parent. He remembered that, when a child, she often expressed her intention of becoming a nun, and his sorrow was increased by the despair of his remaining daughter, who also determined on leaving a world in which she felt forsaken. The brothers were summoned home and opposed her resolution as they had vainly done that of the novice. The latter had taken the veil, and her family one

day visiting her, she received them standing behind her convent grate, while a nun remained to repress by her presence any emotions which might seem hurtful to the weal of the order. Its heartless laws forbade her touching the offered hands of her father and brothers, and they quitted her with a still stronger determination to save their young sister from a like sacrifice. One of her affectionate brothers for her sake abandoned his profession, fearing the loneliness of her home; a second has obtained a prolongation of leave to aid in watching over her till she is settled in life. She is not fond of general society, but mild and timid; and of all the amusements she has been induced to share in, likes only riding, and passes almost every evening on her small chestnut horse in her brothers' company. As she is rich and sovereign in her father's house, her joy and occupation lie in providing for a multitude of poor people who depend on her for all—she appears to be almost worshipped in Chambery.

More leeches arrived to-night, post. This hot weather renders travelling mortal to many, and as lingering on the road is fatal to them, we hear that they pay postilions even better than the English!!!

Passing the General de Boigne's monumental fountain and the boulevard, and cross-

ing the bridge which leads to the Geneva road, we ascended the hill instead of following it, and walked to the church of Lemenc, one of the first raised to Christianity. The antiquities found here prove that the village was very anciently inhabited. When Hannibal had led his army across the Mont du Chat, he arrived hither and went hence to Montmeillan, passing up the valley of the Isère and entering Italy by the Little St. Bernard. There are two monasteries, one adjoining the church which belongs to it, another at a short distance. I believe the latter to be the Benedictine, of whose prior and chaplain the Knights Templar, who established themselves here in 1199, were obliged to ask or buy permission ere they erected an oratory. The Benedictines formerly exercised an extraordinary right, called by a fit name, "Droit de dépouille." When in Chambery or its environs the head of a family died, the monks received his best suit of clothes, with which his survivors were bound to present them; the custom awoke murmurs, particularly when, in addition, they claimed the bed on which the deceased expired. Early in 1400, the Benedictines of Lemenc came to an agreement with the Syndics of Chambery, contenting themselves with receiving the suit of clothes or its price. A noble might redeem it with eight florins of

Savoy; a burgess paid five; an artisan two, and a poor man one!

We had been told that beneath the church were vaults of great age, probably those in which the Christians of early times assembled. A flight of steps on each side the choir leads below. A few rude pillars sustain the roof: on a tomb lies a colossal figure of the Saviour sculptured in stone by some unskilful artist of gone by centuries; it is surrounded by nine others of like size, which stand in various attitudes about the tomb. All have been more or less mutilated, but bear traces of having been painted long ago. This giant group has a startling effect on entering the dimly lighted chapel, and the good people of Chambery hold the figures in fear and reverence. The priest, our acquaintance, told me he too had visited Lemenc, and not knowing his way thither, took a guide, a fine tall fellow. Arrived in the subterranean chapel, Pierre, who above had manifested no extraordinary devotion, prostrated himself in sudden fervour, and recited a *De Profundis* fast, and tremulously. The Abbé inquired "What ailed him?" "Don't you see them, Sir," said Pierre in a whisper, pointing to the enormous effigies, "and don't you know that you and I are here alone?"

In one of the chapels of the upper church

are the bones of one St. Concord, whose real name was Couchouars, archbishop of Armagh and primate of Ireland; his figure is exhibited within a glass case or shrine, dressed in pontificals, and with a waxen face and hands!

Walking higher up the hill, we passed several stations leading to a Calvary, supposed to be very ancient also. An inscription assures, that whoever shall visit them with due devotion, gains the same indulgences as are attached to the holy places at Jerusalem, an advantage which would save trouble. Beyond, the ground is covered with blocks of flat stone, which leave between them no room for vegetation, and you must beware of breaking your legs by slipping into their holes and crevices.

We went on till we arrived at a giddy height, hanging over the road to Geneva, and the view repaid us for our climbing. I forgot to mention, that opposite the Irish Saint's chapel in the church of Lemene is a monument to General de Boigne. When I arrived in Chambery, where he is naturally and properly remembered with respect and affection, I yet had some trouble in learning his true history, so that I will save you the like.

He was born in this town in 1741; his father was a hide-merchant, who could bequeath him no fortune, but bestowed on him a good

education in his native college, and destined him for a lawyer. Young Benoit chose, notwithstanding, the career of arms, first entering the Irish regiment in the service of France and accompanying it to the Mauritius. He was generally liked, as well for the physical advantages he possessed, for he was tall and handsome, as for his character, whose extreme gentleness contrasted with its fire and unwearyed activity, and firmness of purpose not to be shaken.

Having obtained little promotion during the five years passed in the French service, he offered his resignation, and obtained letters from the Sardinian minister to Admiral Orloff, who then commanded in the Archipelago the land and naval force of Russia. Orloff at once, with the promptitude of perception belonging to an old officer, appreciated the new comer at his true value, and placed him as captain in one of Catherine's Greek regiments. During a sortie of the garrison, at the siege of Tenedos, in 1780; the company he commanded was cut to pieces, and himself taken prisoner. Conducted to Constantinople he suffered the hardships of a cruel captivity during seven months, and the peace which freed him, also destroyed all hopes of further promotion ; and having received the rank of major in reward of his gallant conduct, he threw up his commission

once more, and departed for Smyrna, where he made acquaintance with the French consul, and also with many foreigners lately returned from India; and listening to the recitals of the latter, he felt all the dreams of his youth and its love of adventure revive within him. He returned to Constantinople, journeyed thence to Alexandria and Aleppo, to join a caravan starting for Balsora, and the caravan being unable to proceed by reason of the war between the Turks and Persians, again repaired to Alexandria and embarked, but fortune being unfavourable still, he was shipwrecked at the mouth of the Nile, and cast on the Arabs' mercy. Instead of being, as he expected, stripped and murdered, they received him with the most generous hospitality, and conducted him under their protection to Cairo. Thence through the kindness of Mr. Baldwin, the English consul, he was enabled to reach India by the isthmus of Suez, and went to Bombay first, and then to Madras, where, being a foreigner, he obtained no employment, and to earn his bread gave lessons in fencing, an art in which he excelled. At last he received an ensign's commission in a native regiment in the Company's service. In a skirmish which took place soon after, between some of Hyder Aly's troops and of those of the India Company, De Boigne's corps was

almost wholly destroyed, and himself only escaped, because he had been detached with orders a few moments before.

Discouraged by this last event, which rendered his chances of promotion more distant, he gave in his resignation, and resolved on returning to Europe, and doing so by land, trusting to his intimate knowledge of the geography of the country, and of its various dialects. His superior officers, who liked and esteemed him, furnished him with recommendations to Lord Hastings, then Governor of India, and from the sudden change in his projects and alteration of his fortunes, as well as from other circumstances, it was presumed that he had offered his services as envoy or mediator to the different princes, enemies or allies, and that Lord Hastings furnished him with instructions, and also with means of accomplishing a mission, for which his intelligence and courage, and also his speaking their various languages with facility, rendered him so well fitted.

He went first to Lucknow, where the English ambassador presented him to the Nabob, Assefed-Daulah; then to Delhi, and at last determined on offering his services to one of the native princes, and selected in the first instance the Ranah of Gohed, who was about to make war with Sindiah, the most powerful of

the twelve princes who formed the Mahratta confederation. Lord Hastings opposed at first his determination of taking service, and he was recalled to Calcutta, and employed by the English once more. He then went to Delhi, where by the counsel of the English ambassador, Brown, who himself made the proposals necessary, he offered himself to the same Sindiah, whose foe he had almost been so shortly before. Boigne was to raise and discipline, after the European manner, a portion of Sindiah's army. In providing soldiers there was little difficulty; much in bowing the Indian character to military discipline; yet in the space of five months he had accomplished the task, and the superiority of his troops was proved at the siege of Callindjer.

From this moment date the successes of De Boigne, and the commencement of his colossal fortune. But Sindiah, who had gratified his officer with riches and honours, yielding to the insinuations of his courtiers, soon evinced suspicion and jealousy, with which he was unable to bear, and sent in his resignation, which being accepted, he retired to Lucknow. Sindiah soon felt his loss, for his preponderance in the scale startled the remainder of the Mahratta confederation, and Holkar, one of its chief members, raised an army to dethrone him.

It was then that, aware of his folly and injustice, he despatched a message to De Boigne, requesting him to return, on whatever conditions he might please to make, consenting beforehand to them all. Boigne started without hesitation, and had no sooner appeared before the troops, than his old officers and all the soldiers came crowding round him. He obtained the most complete success. Good administrator as well as warrior, he introduced regularity and economy into the army; repressed the depredations of tax-collectors, and enforcing military discipline, punished pillage severely.

This same year brought him other triumphs. The Rahjad of Djaipour having revolted, he marched against and defeated him, then besieged him in his capital. The frightened rebel submitted; paid the arrears of his tribute, and an indemnity of twenty millions. The General himself signed the treaty, and made his triumphal entry into Djaipour, mounted on an elephant covered with gold and embroidery, and followed by a brilliant staff. Sindiah believed he could not better reward such signal services than by making him governor over these conquered provinces, with share of the tribute. India was pacified; from the confines of Lahore to the sea of Cambaye, all had submitted to Sindiah.

While the power of the house of Savoy ebbed from the encroaching arms of the Republic, and King Charles Emmanuel could only in the island of Sardinia unroll his standard, its white cross gleamed victoriously along the banks of the Indus. The fortunate Savoyard possessed unlimited power over the Mahratta states to the north of Cumbul, but a blow was struck in the midst of his prosperity, for Sindiah died, leaving the crown to his great nephew, on the twelfth of February, 1794. With him expired all hopes of further conquest; the soul of his thoughts, the motive of his actions had departed: his "occupation was gone," and with a heart almost broken with the loss of his friend and benefactor, he resolved on returning to Europe. The greater part of the conquered or tributary sovereigns burned to recover their independence. The Great Mogul and the King of Caboul first felt of what importance might be De Boigne's support, and sent him an embassy, offering the place of prime minister. Far from accepting these terms, or seeking to dismember the states left by Sindiah, he gave his successor all advice and instructions necessary to their preservation, and, to consolidate his work, deferred his departure for two years. These past, and his health permitting no further delay, he bade adieu to his brothers in arms,

and started for Calcutta with the regiment of Persian cavalry belonging to himself, and which Sindiah's nephew would have bought, but refused to pay for till he should return. Not accepting these conditions, the General offered it to the India Company, by whom it was purchased for nine hundred thousand francs.

It has been foolishly asserted that De Boigne's betraying Tippoo Saib to the English had caused the former's downfall; but the Sultan of Maissour's ruin took place in 1799, when the General de Boigne had been three years returned to Europe; and during his long stay in India, he never held communication with this prince, who resided at a distance of five hundred leagues from the country where himself acquired glory and fortune.

He went to settle in England, where he was well received in the first society, and married the daughter of the Marquis of Osmond, who had formerly been ambassador from France to London; but this ill-assorted union did not afford the General a day of happiness. Abandoning the noisy pleasures of cities, he sought repose in his own country. Large fortunes are rare there; and in his delicious residence of Buisson at the gates of Chambery, he lived like a man of moderate means; and thus, without diminishing his capital, he was

enabled to make public and private benefactions.

His native town owes to him her theatre, her new streets, scientific foundations, donations to sapeur pompiers, the enlargement of its hospitals, and of the Jesuits' College. Commiserating the indigent old age of such as had been born to better fortunes, he founded a house of refuge, and gifted it with a dotation of 900,000 francs. Forty persons past the age of sixty, of either sex, are received within, and not only provided for, but treated with respect and care, to which their earlier days have been accustomed.

He bestowed 650,000 francs on an establishment for the reception of the poor wanting work, to put a stop to mendicity and its consequences; and 400,000 more on an hospital for the insane.

His marble bust, executed during his life, was placed by the king of Sardinia's order in the public library. He was at the same time created count, lieutenant-general, and grand cross of the military orders of St. Maurice and St. Lazare. He left one son; the fortune bequeathed to him was computed at 37,678,000 francs. De Boigne died June, 1830.

June 18th. Geneva, Hôtel du Secheron.

We took leave the evening of the 15th of the

abbé, who departed for Aix, and the old officer who is gone to Geneva; and ourselves left very early the next morning, while the mist still hung heavily over the town and along the base of the Dent de Nivolet, at whose foot the road winds, and a great part of the road to Aix forms a wall of cliff like, as I said, a mighty fortification, with vineyards and châteaux in its shadow. The grande route, which is broad and handsome, is mostly shaded by old trees, walnut and sweet chestnut. When we arrived at Aix, which is the fashion and extolled by guide-books, I was disappointed, as the mountains had lost their boldness, and the lake was not visible; nor did I see anything remarkable, as we rode through it, but the magnificent trees of its promenades. It is famous for its warm sulphureous waters, and for the splendid remains of Roman baths; a temple of the Ionic order, thought to be dedicated to Diana; and a Doric arch, raised, according to its inscription, by Pompeius Campanus. At a short distance from Aix the country again becomes beautiful, and there is a grey ruined tower on the right hand perched high among the woods, and commanding a ravine and its narrow mountain stream. Some villagers ran out from their cottages to tell us that this was Gresy, and to hold our horses while we visited the cascade, which is near the

road but not visible from it : with it is connected a melancholy story.

Queen Hortense, when sovereign of Holland, visited it in company of several of her ladies, among whom was one she particularly loved, the Baroness de Broc, a very young and beautiful woman. Too curious and too bold, her foot slipped as, placing it on the wet plank, she refused the hand of the guide, and she fell into the torrent below. Her scream of terror was the last sound from her lips her royal friend heard. At this spot are deep cavities hollowed by the waters in their violent fall. All endeavours to raise the poor victim proved vain for half an hour : life had long departed. A stone bearing the following inscription has been raised to record her death :—

“ To the memory of the Baroness de Broc, aged twenty-five years, who perished before her friends' eyes, June the 19th, 1813. Oh you who come to view these spots, and hang over their abysses, beware how you venture your lives. Think of those who love you !”

From Gresy to Rumilly the road continues interesting, though less so than that from the Echelles to Chambery. Rumilly is a dirty town : we met at its entrance a postilion looking for prey, who conducted us to the *hôtel de la Poste*, which has just now no innkeeper ;

as he who kept it is ruined, and has lately run away ; and the two servants left in charge, an elegant mannered young “ chef ” and a woman, have too much to do, therefore we got little attendance. The house will soon follow the master, for a beam in the room where we slept was so awfully cracked across its centre, that I commenced speculating on the weight it would bring down with it ; and D— consoled me by saying it would probably last till morning ! Entering the town, we passed some traces of former fortifications, and an old convent, the only one in the town, stood (the servant said) just behind the tumbling house. So knowing the localities, I will tell you a part of their history. In 1630 Louis the Thirteenth’s forces had entered Savoy : Chambery and Annecy opened their gates ; Rumilly, more brave than strong, resisted : the French forces were commanded by the Marshal du Hallier. The troops forced their way, and not until the extermination of the town had been commanded, did the officer who gave the order recollect that *there* resided three young relatives of Du Hallier, the demoiselles de Pessieux de Salagine, one of whom was a Bernardine nun. He sent to warn them of their danger, inviting them to take refuge in the camp ; but they replied, “ they chose to share the fate of their fellow-citizens, and

would not abandon them in their extremity."

At this time the principal inhabitants, who had hastily assembled, decided on deputing the nun, guarded by some of their own body, to their besiegers' head-quarters. She was beautiful and young, as well as high-spirited and full of talent. Arrived at the camp, her loveliness, her eloquence, and firmness, aroused the officer's pity: he retracted his sentence as the noble woman knelt before him, and she returned to her town to inform those who waited her in hope and fear, that it would be plundered for the space of one hour only, and that the soldiers were enjoined to respect the houses containing the three sisters, confided to the safeguard of French honour.

The demoiselles de Pessieux employed the time which was yet to intervene in assembling all the young of their own sex, and all portable property of value in their three several houses. The soldiery, accustomed to severe discipline, forbore to approach the privileged mansions containing the sisters, who were called in truth the guardian angels of their native place.

We slept in a thorough draught on account of the bad air, and rose long before sunrise to travel on; but to very little purpose, as no one followed our example. The garçon d'écurie after a long search was discovered under the manger, too sound asleep to be wakened by

ordinary means. After an hour's riding, when the heat was becoming painful, and the flies beginning their persecution, which both do before nine o'clock, we missed the second valise, which I had packed and D—— carried down, and both of us forgotten. We began by considering which of us was most in fault, then we decided the lazy people of the house were alone to blame, and then we wondered how we were to get it again ; which was embarrassing, for we preferred losing its contents to travelling back ; but not impossible, for there is an extraordinary honesty along the road, and nothing is stolen, though there is often neither gate to the yard nor fastening to the stable. As we arrived at the old castle with two grey towers, which, standing at the road side, is now converted into a post-house, we met a postilion who was going back for something forgotten by the diligence, and promised for two francs to bring it that night to Frangy, where we intended to sleep. Frangy is only three posts distant from Rumilly, yet, when we commenced descending the hill, which commands a beautiful wild view of mountains of all shapes and forms, with the town nestled beside the river in the Valley of the Usses, we were completely exhausted by the heat, which was intense. The steep, unshaded road seems unending, as it is cut in zigzags on the mountain side, and

the shining steeple at the bottom appeared to grow more distant as we went on.

Arrived at the hotel, and D—— with his horses gone to the stable, I found myself opposite an impertinent-looking personage with his hat on, who gave a list of prices which certainly could be justified by nothing to be procured at Frangy. As he would hear of no others, I said "very well," and ordered breakfast; which was bad: and we and the horses being fed, the latter, to the surprise of the innkeeper, who believed the hot sun would reconcile us to his dirty rooms, reappeared at the door.

"Monsieur and Madame," said he, looking doleful, "you shall stay at your own prices." "Monsieur," said we, "you should have thought of that before: good morning!"

The heat, till we got out of the valley, was tremendous; but as the road is next carried over the ridge of Mont Sion, where we had air once more, and numbers of fine trees, we did not suffer. Little Fanny, who daily increases in wisdom, having been stopped beneath them once or twice, while we mustered courage to brave the sun again, the remainder of her journey of her own accord trotted towards shade, and arrived in it, regularly stopped a few seconds to refresh herself. L'Eluiset, to which we were bound, is a pretty looking hamlet, of a

few detached houses, but the post-house is not, as we had been told, an inn; and the two auberges, which stand opposite one another, merely receive rouliers. We examined their exterior ere we decided, and fixed on the Balance, of which beware. The little room, to which we ascended by a species of ladder, looked clean, and might, we thought, for one night, be bearable, though the jutting roof of the broad balcony prevented the air from entering at the open windows. There was no room in which we could dine; but behind the house was a just-mown hay-field, with noble walnut-trees, and a mountain view; and there we sent the dinner table, and agreed we had not yet had a saloon we liked as well. We passed the afternoon pleasantly; and when the moon got up, there would have been nothing to prevent our going on to Geneva, but for the custom-house, which was closed then, and not to re-open till seven in the morning. The valise arrived in safety, it had not even been opened,—a poor fellow having brought it all the way on foot in expectation of only a two-franc piece; and his hot face shone with pleasure when D—— gave him something more for his five-and-twenty miles. You might have envied us our evening, with the wind in the trees and the moon in the sky, and the glow-worms shining in the corn, and the pretty laugh of the children, who

gathered in the hay-field to watch us and to play ; but you would not have envied the night which was to follow. We went to bed, and I had been asleep five minutes, when a start at the other end of the room roused me, and there I saw D — sitting upright, the pallid image of inquisitive horror. "What is the matter?" exclaimed I. "The devil," said he ; and glancing at my own sheets, which I praised as I lay down, because they smelt of wild thyme, there were the demons, in companies, regiments, armies. We made a bed on the floor, and surrounded it by a flood ; but the very floor was alive ; and dressing in despair, we recollect ed the balcony down to which we could jump from the window, and there we transported our baggage and ourselves, and sat longing for day, and to get into the hay-field ; but the great house-dog lay across the threshold, and at every movement we made looked up, and growled ominously. The dawn came at last, shining on the lake of Geneva, only two leagues and a half distant, but we were not disposed to admire. I have seldom felt happier than when the sleepers were roused at last, and I found myself in my wished-for field, and could lie down on the grass, though it was wet with dew like rain. The dog came to inspect me carefully, a ceremony I could have dispensed with ; but having satis-

fied himself I was no thief, and licked my hand to tell me so, he sat down opposite as a guard, gravely gazing at me from four to seven. At seven the custom-house opened, and we rode away. Beyond L'Eluiset you pass over neutral ground, which, lying between Switzerland and Savoy, and subject to neither, is the contrebandier's paradise. Exhausted by the heat, we got some milk at a cottage, for it was impossible to take anything at L'Eluiset. Arrived at St. Julien, where passports are examined, we hoped to pass through without being noticed; but were hailed by a red-nosed employé, and kept broiling in the heat while it was visé. Of the road from St. Julien to Geneva I know very little, being at last so weary, that I absolutely fell asleep on Fanny's back, and was wakened by knocking my head against D——'s shoulder.

We passed through Carouge, which has become a town, and has nothing picturesque; but houses with green shutters and verandas, and neat gardens, like an English watering-place. Entering Geneva by the Porte Neuve, we rode before its strong fortifications, now perfectly repaired, (in consequence of the threats of France last year, when Switzerland sheltered Louis Bonaparte,) and the ramparts, which form beautiful and shady promenades. Near the Porte Neuve is the botanic garden,

terribly celebrated ; as the spot that it occupied was that where in 1794 took place the fusillades and executions which decimated the respectable citizens of Geneva under the direction of a member of the Comité du Salut Public, from Paris. We crossed the Rhone, which is here so deep and bright a blue, that I at first looked to see whether any dyeing establishment were near, and then smiled at my folly in supposing it could act on the rapid river for a further space than a few feet. As we took the steep streets pointed out to us as the shortest way to the Porte de Cornavin, and the road to Lausanne, our first impression of Geneva was less favourable than it would have been choosing the longer and better way by the quays and new bridge, which affords a view of the lake. The hôtel du Secheron is about a quarter of a mile from the gate on the Lausanne road. The heat when we arrived was already excessive, though it was hardly nine o'clock, and we felt the luxuries of its quiet and cleanliness. These windows command a splendid view of the lake, framed by the fine trees of the park which stretches down to its shore, of the mild green hill on the other side, dotted by villas, among which is Lord Byron's ; and the mountains of the Saleve, near Geneva ; —those of the Voiron, and the blue pointed Mole farther away ; and between them, and though

far beyond, seeming to stand forth before in its brightness and purity, Mont Blanc. The Secheron is a better inn than any I have met with even in England, and, notwithstanding its expensive reputation, is more reasonable, as well as more comfortable, than the Bergues, according to the account of an acquaintance we met in Geneva. I do not comprehend how any stranger can prefer the stifling streets and their noise to the shade and quiet here, particularly as we find every facility for making excursions. Monsieur Dejean supplies the town with carriages, and keeps thirty horses in his stables, and the hôtel having its own boat and boatmen, we are landed on the quay in five minutes.

Notwithstanding these advantages, the Secheron, from being accused of high charges, and from its nickname of *Hôtel des Têtes Couronnées*, has made little money of late. The old proprietor, in whose family it has been many years, for his great-grandfather planted most of its trees, resigns himself, saying, that if not an inn it will be a country house. We wish him success, for, unlike his brethren, he refuses to turn out his servants at the approach of winter : he never sells an old horse, and has latterly fed and lodged for some days, and for nothing, a traveller who had no means of payment.

CHAPTER X.

Early history of Geneva—Constitution—Duke Amedée the Eighth—Attempt to become master of Geneva—The Bishop inclined to cede his rights—The opposition of the citizens—Charles the Third—Berthelier—Alliance with Fribourg—His courage—Geneva taken—His refusal to fly—His arrest—A tooth-drawer named his judge—His execution—The news of his death causing the impression he had hoped for—Treaty—The Mamelukes—The Confrères de la Cuiller—Advance of Berne and Fribourg—Charles the Third's forced concessions—Want of generosity in the Bernese—Noble conduct of Geneva—Protestant religion gaining strength—Bonnivard—Seized on the Jura—Cast into the dungeons of Chillon—Disputes in Geneva—The Grand Council decides that mass be abolished—Francis the First—Berne declares war against Savoy—Her alliance with Francis—The Duke of Savoy's losses—Berne's renewed misconduct—proud reply of the Genevese—Bonnivard delivered—Calvin—His early life—His flight from Paris—His reception by Marguerite of Navarre—Persecution of Francis—Calvin's reception by Louis the Twelfth's Daughter—Geneva—His over severity—His expulsion—His return—His iron rule—Michael Servet—His irritating conduct towards Calvin—Calvin's vow to be revenged—Servet's arrest—His escape—Tracked by Calvin—Taken prisoner on his passage through Geneva—He is accused—Calvin's valet—Burned at the stake outside the walls of Geneva.

THE early history of Geneva; its foundation by the Allobroges; its increase under the

Romans, Burgundians, and Franks, till it obtained privileges from Charlemagne, and held fairs; formed part of the second kingdom of Burgundy, and passed, along with its other relics, into the feeble power of the German emperors, is too long and uninteresting in its details for me to call it to your mind now. During the confused changes of these long revolutions, the clergy had found means at Geneva as well as at Sion, Lausanne, Constance, and other towns of the empire, to join to its spiritual jurisdiction a large portion of temporal authority; and the bishops obtained from the emperor the title of prince and sovereign of the town, and a part of the land surrounding it.

The inhabitants generally preferred his rule to that of the warlike and turbulent princes who owned the territories adjoining theirs; not only because they expected it would be mildly held, but because their own voices, joined to those of the chapter of his church, elected him, and having no military force under his command, he found moderation a necessary virtue. Besides this restraint, the bishop acknowledged others. He could not exercise authority alone; he was the emperor's vassal, and the administration of justice was disputed with him by the counts of Geneva, who, from being merely imperial officers, had become the bi-

shop's first vassals. The people, profiting by their frequent discords, established their own power, and held fast the privileges granted by divers emperors. They elected four syndics and a treasurer, who chose in turn their principal assessors. They deliberated on taxes to be levied, alliances to be formed; on all important affairs interesting the general welfare—so that Geneva, being an imperial town, shared the exercise of sovereign power between her bishop and her citizens.

This already complicated constitution became still more so, when Amé the Fifth the Great, count of Savoy, strove to become master of Geneva. The Genevese, fearing the efforts against their liberty made by their bishop and the count of Geneva, who was his brother, had had recourse to Amé's protection, a circumstance by which he profited. He obliged the bishop to cede to him the office of Vidomne, in virtue of which he became judge (from whose decision there was no appeal) of all civil causes.

Amedée the Eighth, afterwards Pope Felix, united in his person the necessary powers for following up this project of usurpation. The count of Geneva had sold him his rights and lands. Created by the Emperor Sigismund duke of Savoy, he proposed to the bishop to cede to him his rights also. A bull of Pope

Martin the Fifth authorized the latter to abdicate his sovereignty, but he was sufficiently just to demand, ere doing so, the consent of the Genevese assembly: "Inasmuch," the four syndics replied in the name of the citizens, "as Geneva, subject to the power of the church, has been governed peaceably and mildly for four hundred years, it seems neither useful nor honourable for church and bishop, but rather dangerous to the state, to admit a project of alienation. We will never suffer, while in our power to oppose it, any foreign domination. Ourselves and our children will continue beneath the rule of the church, with our bishop for sovereign, requiring of him, that, according to his duty and his oath, sworn at his accession, he shall govern faithfully, and preserve his right as heretofore,—the syndics and citizens of Geneva, on their side, promising him assistance in case of need, as also to all his successors who shall be elected canonically, that is to say, by the people in general council."

The dukes of Savoy who succeeded Amedée the Eighth renewed the attempts made by their ancestor. They sometimes succeeded in causing the bishop to be chosen among the princes, the children, and even the bastards of their house. Philip of Savoy, brother of Philibert, was thus elected bishop at the age of

seven. Growing older, his childhood was regretted, for he showed a stirring disposition, and a love of arms, which led him to sacrifice his subjects' repose, and urge his brother's taking possession of Geneva. Philibert, wiser and more just, voluntarily abandoned the design, and fixed his residence at Chambery.

The reign of Charles the Third, who succeeded him in 1504, was that whose oppression and cruelty finally roused Geneva. He proved himself the citizens' open enemy, attacking their liberties in every way, and unweariedly. Seconded by the bishop, who was his relative, he made various pompous entries into the town, winning over some few, intimidating others; seizing the citizens who even faintly opposed his will, and flinging them into dungeons, where they perished by famine or torture.

Berthelier, one of the Genevese council, had obtained letters of "bourgeoisie" at Fribourg, as a safeguard from the duke's tyranny, and found them useful when, in 1517, having become involved in a private quarrel between André Malvenda and a judge named by the duke and bishop, others implicated like himself were punished by a light fine only, while he was attacked with a rancour which obliged him first to conceal himself, and then to escape to Fri-

bourg. The citizens of Fribourg made an appeal in his favour, insisting on his being tried by his proper judges, the syndics of Geneva; and returning thither, he was absolved by them. But during his stay at Fribourg he had negotiated an alliance between that republic and his own country; and as it protected the independence of Geneva, (the inhabitants of each town styling those of the other co-citizens,) the angry duke strove to conceal his disappointment, and to bribe Berthelier to support his interests by the most seducing offers.

Notwithstanding the peril in which his refusal placed him; notwithstanding that an army of seven thousand Savoyards assembled at the gates of an unfortified town, and the inhabitants of Fribourg had sent deputies to declare that the Bernese and the whole of the Swiss confederation pressed them to break through their just concluded treaty, Berthelier, without a chance of flight or a hope of resistance, rejected the duke's offers with disdain; communicated his own courage to the assembled council, and the alliance of Fribourg was confirmed, in the midst of menace and danger. The first of April, 1519, the herald at arms of the duke of Savoy, entering the assembly and seating himself above the syn-

dics, declared war in the name of *his master and theirs.*

The Genevese armed and prepared for defence; but a message from Fribourg informing them that its army could not arrive in time to save them, they suffered the duke to enter their town, this time without his exercising much violence, for the Fribourg soldiers had advanced into the Pays de Vaud, and seized on hostages there. Charles the Third adopted another course: the bishop was prince of Geneva, and had rights the Fribourg citizens would not contest. He levied an army in Fauigny, and entered the town the 20th of August. Once more the friends of Berthelier implored him to fly: "No," he answered, "our voices are not loud enough to reach Fribourg; they will hear and they will act when the blood of a victim calls upon them." Far from concealing himself, he every day went to walk in a garden near the entrance of the town.

The third day after the bishop's arrival Berthelier met the Vidomne on his road, surrounded with soldiers come to arrest him. He advanced to meet them coolly; the Vidomne demanded his sword; Berthelier presented it: "Keep it carefully," he said; "you will be called on to account for it." He said no more,

and allowed himself to be conducted to prison with perfect calmness. The syndics claimed him as within their jurisdiction; but the bishop, who with his soldiers held the town, rejected their demand, and created provost a tooth-drawer of his suite, to proceed against him. This new made judge vainly questioned the prisoner : "I am ready to reply to the syndics," he answered ; "of you I know nothing."

He was condemned without further trial. Led forth from his prison to the place near it, he breathed a short prayer, turned towards the people, saying, "Ah citizens of Geneva!" stooped his head to the block, and received the death blow. The executioner raised it by the hair, and showed it to the crowd, saying, "This is the head of a traitor; let the sight of it be a warning to you." His body was hung on a gibbet, but carried thence and buried.

In consequence of this murder, and that of others, victims like him, many took refuge in Berne, Fribourg, and other towns, and the recital of what had passed made, as Berthelier had hoped, a strong impression. Berne and Fribourg sent deputies to Geneva. A new treaty was entered into by the three towns, and solemnly ratified, the two cantons engaging to defend the Genevese in their persons,

their liberties, and properties. Geneva in like manner bound herself to assist and protect Berne and Fribourg, but, being the weaker party, she was to do so at her own expense; while, on the contrary, she defrayed all that might be incurred in her favour by her allies. The duke of Savoy opposed the treaty strongly, but vainly. The office of the vidomme, who administered justice in the duke's name, was abolished, and his partisans, whom the Swiss called Mamelukes, because they said, like the satellites of the sultan of Egypt, they were the pillars of tyranny, having retired from the city, and refused to return, were proclaimed traitors. Their only means of vengeance lay in joining themselves to the Savoyard nobles, who, under the name of *Confrères de la Cuiller*, ravaged the possessions of the Genevese, and the environs of their town. They had adopted the title at a banquet, where, assembled and intoxicated, they ferociously engaged to eat them as spoon meat, and since that time, and in memory of his vow, each of the brotherhood wore a spoon appended to his collar.

The bishop at this period was Pierre de la Baume, an immoral and inconsistent man, who, having served the duke at the expense of the citizens, with like caprice abandoned his cause, and sworn a solemn oath to consult no interests

but theirs, broke it ere the year had passed away, and, on their refusal to renounce the alliance and restore the vidomnat, became their implacable enemy and the duke's friend once more. His intrigues with Berne and Fribourg induced them to send deputies to Geneva, offering to cancel the treaty should the Genevese agree to doing so. But when, admitted before the council, they had discharged their task, and each member, raising his right hand, swore rather to die than consent, the ambassadors felt that their unanimous courage at least commanded esteem, and that, consistently with their own honour, their native towns could not abandon one so worthy support and liberty.

The surrounding country ravaged; the insulted faubourgs; the discovery of divers conspiracies for taking the city by storm, and putting its inhabitants to the sword, left the cantons no excuse for delaying to grant their promised assistance. Their army arrived at Morges, while ten thousand men commanded by the duke besieged Geneva; and, though the allies were inferior in number, these last, on the news of their approach, retired in haste and without order, for they were chiefly recruits and mercenaries. The Swiss came on notwithstanding; pillaging all on their way, and burning the castles of the brethren of La

Cuiller. The duke sent an ambassador charged to throw the blame of all that had occurred on the last mentioned fraternity. The conferences were held at St. Julien, and Charles the Third saw himself obliged to acquiesce in the conditions proposed to him, engaging that all hostilities should cease, and placing in the power of Berne and Fribourg the Pays de Vaud as pledge of his sincerity, abandoning in their favour all rights he possessed over it, provided it were proved that he had not fulfilled his part of the treaty.

These concessions made, the chiefs of the allied army thought their most pressing business in Geneva consisted henceforth in demanding payment of the expenses of their expedition. The starved and pillaged Genevese solicited the patience due to their situation, yet by an effort worthy them and their love of liberty, divesting themselves even of necessities, a portion of the debt was defrayed. When the army of the cantons marched from the town, they found themselves reduced to seek a last resource in their unshaken courage, which was most efficient of all. The troops had hardly retreated, ere the duke again attempted to cut off supplies, and levied a considerable corps with the design of employing it against them. Some time after, notwithstanding the alliance made and confirmed

at several times, the duke's intrigues at Berne influencing the cantons, they again ungenerously proposed its dissolution ; giving, as a reason, that the Genevese were not rich enough to pay for the assistance they would require at each fresh attack. This proposal was made in a form painful as was its spirit to those by whom it was received ; for the three deputies who were its bearers accompanied it with various menaces ; yet the small and struggling nation, in its worst extremity, bore up bravely. "The more we may be threatened," they replied, "the more will we be firm and constant ; forasmuch as dying for the right, we will hold ourselves happy. Nevertheless, we so trust in God and the citizens of the two towns, believing they will observe the oaths made in presence of their Creator and fellow-men, that we will satisfy our debt, even if, so to do, we shall be obliged to pledge all our worldly goods, even to our wives and our children."

It was after this that Berne and Fribourg, having vainly attempted to temporize, and striven to adopt a middle course, which the Genevese proudly rejected, returned to better feelings, and refused to renew their alliance with the duke, who had failed to pay to themselves the sums which he had forfeited. The Protestant religion was now gaining rapid

growth, animating the Swiss with fresh zeal for the liberty it favoured, and deepening the duke's hatred, as it changed to a kind of crusade what had been a mere spoliation. Though Geneva has since borne the title of reformed Rome, Zwingle and his associates had disseminated their doctrines over the rest of the Swiss states before it reached herself in 1528 : for its entrance here grew out of the ill conduct and scandalous lives of their bishops and ecclesiastics, and such observations as the citizens made during the frequent journeys their commerce necessitated into Switzerland. Bonnivard, prior of the abbey of St. Victor, situated close to Geneva, esteemed for his pure life and profound learning, exhorted the Genevese to reform their conduct and enlighten their minds, to dare to speak and think freely. Fribourg (remained faithful to the Catholic creed) employed threats as well as prayers to prevent their allies falling away; but the Bernese soldiers, during the brief time they had spent in Geneva, had taught the people to insult the outward signs of their old faith, to fling down for firewood the rude wooden statues which decorated the churches; and the people, finding their bravadoes unpunished, repeated and exaggerated them daily. In 1530 Bonnivard was betrayed to the duke of Savoy, some say by false friends, others by

bandits who seized and rifled him on a wild tract of the Jura; and, delivered to Charles the Third, he was cast into the dungeon of Chillon. The bishop was leagued with the duke, though secretly, to make war on Geneva, and the proofs of his collusion were not wanting. Farel and Saulnier, both reformers, preached publicly to the excited multitude; and the little state divided by religious fury, the hand of the father was lifted against his son, and brother betrayed brother.

The Catholics conspired, and the Protestants resisted; conflicts in broad day and assassinations in the dark continued; while the laws of the magistrates were useless, and words of peace were despised. At last an order in council enacted "that every one should enjoy liberty of conscience, avoiding to create scandal." But this species of truce did not last long. The Catholic priests provoked fresh sedition, and in the tumult which followed in the streets, a citizen of Fribourg was killed. Long disputes ensued, the Bernese taking part with the townsmen, the men of Fribourg with the bishop; till the latter, feigning or feeling fear, quitted Geneva to join the duke, and returned thither no more, the citizens shortly after publishing their resolve no longer to recognize him for their superior. His grand vicar published a charge, which commanded, on pain of

excommunication, the burning of all French and German Bibles. The Bernese insisted that permission to preach should be granted to the reformers; and the sermons of Farel, delivered in consequence in the church of the Cordeliers, attracted multitudes and converted many. The bishop had excommunicated the citizens as hardened heretics, and these last could only procure food at the sword's point, when the grand council, after long debates, commanded that the celebration of mass should cease in the city till *further orders*.

An edict ordained that God should be served according to the rules of the Gospel, and that all acts of papistical idolatry should be interdicted for ever.

Geneva was again besieged in 1535, and reduced to the last extremity, when Francis the First, king of France, not that he hated the heretics less, but that he hated Savoy more, offered assistance to the Genevese on condition of their putting him in possession of the rights their bishop had held. They rejected his proposals, saying, "They had suffered all things in the cause of freedom, and recommended it to his generosity."

A few levies of troops were consequently made in France; but the Savoyards closed the passage to Geneva, while the duke declared "he would never permit the Genevese to

change their religion without permission of the pope ; and also, that his nobility, of whom he was in this instance master, was determined on sacrificing life and land to exterminate the Lutherans." Under these circumstances, and also because an ally of the duke's had made violent inroads on the Bernese possessions, Berne, aroused at last, declared war against Savoy,—representing in her manifesto as sole reason for so doing the "oppression of Geneva, with which it was impossible to bear longer; her own honour being interested in protecting a people persecuted for their common religion,—as to abandon her ally would cast upon herself an ineffaceable stain."

As the Bernese army came on, the ducal troops fled. Advancing unresisted, the former burned the castles of the brotherhood of La Cuiller, and, entering Geneva, brought with their presence the term of its sufferings and long perplexities. Francis the First, reviving a former claim made on the death of Francesco Sforza, duke of Milan, despatched at this time (1536) an army to invade the Milanese territory, which on its march occupied Bresse and a great part of Savoy. His alliance was offered to Berne and accepted, and the unfortunate duke lost to France, Bresse, Turin, and Piedmont, as well as almost all which remained to him of Savoy. The Bernese were wanting

in generosity once more. Their gain in booty and increase of territory had been great: the Pays de Vaud, with little pains, had become theirs; yet they demanded of the Genevese, as theirs by *conquest*, the rights and revenues of their duke and bishops. The Genevese answered proudly:—

“ If we could have borne the yoke of a master, we could have spared ourselves the struggles and expenses our liberty has cost; we will not lose the fruit of them. We conjure you, who aided us in its maintenance, not to persist in a demand which tarnishes your glory: by all reasonable means we will strive to repay your services.”

A treaty made greatly to Berne's advantage—9,917 golden crowns paid ere the close of the year—the cession of all which Geneva had conquered from Savoy, kept this promise. Henceforth free, the citizens profited by the long wished-for calm to establish order and purity of conduct, to found hospitals and collèges, and a short space of time saw an immoral, superstitious, and ignorant population replaced by one, industrious, serious to austerity, addicted to trades, arts, and sciences, in all which their success became remarkable. The Bernese army, on its march from Geneva, took Morges and Vevey, and besieging Chillon, became masters of this last spot of the Pays de Vaud.

owned by Savoy, and delivered Bonnivard, who had lain in its dungeons six long years.

In 1536 Calvin appeared in Geneva. Born at Noyon in Picardy, in 1509, and a cooper's son, he had been destined for the church, and, through the protection of an abbé of his native town, had interest and patrons, which ensured advancement; and before he had taken orders, or attained the age of twenty, he owned titles and revenues attached to several benefices. While pursuing his ecclesiastical studies in Paris, he became acquainted with a young man born, like himself, at Noyon, and his senior by only a few years. The reformed religion was making progress in France, and Olivetan first instilled into his mind the seed which was to spring up a giant tree. He abandoned the study of theology, intending to adopt that of the law; but in consequence of an harangue pronounced at the university, full of the new doctrines, and of which he was believed the composer, he was obliged to fly from Paris, and during the concealment and wanderings, which lasted some months, he patiently continued his researches, and sometimes left his retreat to preach, in public, sermons extraordinary for their success and power. He was well received at the court of Marguerite of Navarre, sister of Francis the First, who at that time, rather with a view to please Rome

than from hatred to heresy, had lighted, from one end of his kingdom to the other, the funeral piles of the reformers; and, to conciliate his allies, the protestant princes of Germany, spread abroad pamphlets, in which it was asserted that the men so rigorously treated belonged not to those sectarians, but to "the anabaptists, enemies of all order as well as of all religion." In his famous work published as their confession of faith, "The Christian Institution," he refuted the assertions of Francis, respecting the unfortunate victims of his policy; while entering into the subject more clearly and fully than any reformer had yet done, he attacked Rome in all her entrenchments. After its publication he went to Ferrara, and was well received by the Duchesse Renée of France, Louis the Twelfth's daughter, who afterwards became protestant. Remaining there but a short time, he preached in various towns of Italy, and, discovered in this employment, was obliged to depart in all haste, to ensure his own safety. He returned to Paris, and finding his life endangered by a sojourn there also, he arrived in Geneva, where Farel had for some months borne the whole weight of the affairs of his church, and requested assistance, as unable to continue his labour alone. Become his coadjutor, and leaving to him the care of preach-

ing, he almost entirely consecrated his time to instruction. He determined on reforming the lives as well as the doctrine of the citizens, and commencing this great work with too much promptitude and severity, he roused powerful enemies,—and the faction, profiting by the first favourable moment, demanded and obtained his exile a little less than two years after his coming. He retired first to Berne, and thence to Strasburg, where welcome and distinction waited him: he was regretted at Geneva, and implored to return. Calvin objected his engagements made with Strasburg; but deputies were despatched to the magistrates of this town, begging his restoration to his first flock. His sentence of banishment was unanimously revoked in the public assembly of citizens, and in September, 1541, he re-entered the city. Thenceforward, to the close of his life, his iron authority was undisputed; dancing, light songs, festivals,—pleasures which had always been considered innocent, were strictly forbidden. He, shortly after his arrival, presented in council his proposed changes in ecclesiastical discipline. They were adopted in the following November. In consequence of one of these was instituted a tribunal, called a Consistory, its members half clerical, half laymen, charged with watching over the maintenance of pure doctrine and

moral conduct. Its power of censure extended to the most trivial words and actions. No citizen, by his important functions, could be raised above it, or could be sheltered from its reprimands, and the shame of seeing them inscribed on its registers. This new police rendered Calvin master of the occupations as well as the opinions of the Genev  e; and as he reigned sovereign in the council to which it referred, as well as in the consistory, the judges pronounced condemnation on all who were opposed to him.

A magistrate was condemned to two months' imprisonment for *irregular life and connexion with Calvin's enemies*; Jacques Gruet to decapitation for writing impious letters and libertine rhymes. The darkest stain on Calvin's memory is the death of Michael Servet. Born the same year with Calvin, but a Spaniard and destined for the law, he came to Paris early in life for the sake of studying there; but soon abandoning this profession, and also that of medicine afterwards adopted, he abandoned himself to theological dispute, and became, though not denying the divinity of Christ, a violent anti-trinitarian. Having taken up the trade of corrector of the press, he made his occupation subservient to his favourite idea, and, entrusted with a reimpression of the Bible, he added a preface and notes, which Calvin

attacked as *impertinent* and *impious*. Servet entered into correspondence with him, making use of his talents and learning only to embarrass his adversary, till the paper war grew so violent, that the letters on either side changed to a series of invective. Servet vowed to humiliate his rival, and shortly after brought out a work, whose sole purpose was to call attention to a number of errors he had detected in those of Calvin, above all in his greatest and most valued one, "The Christian Institution." The reformer was so irritated, that he wrote to his brethren, Farel and Viret, "If ever this heretic falls into my power, my influence with the magistrates shall be used for his destruction."

From that moment he held no communication with Servet, and the latter, occupied with his system only, spent four years in the compilation of another work attacking the doctrine of the Trinity. It was printed at Vienna, without the author's or printer's name; but Calvin, recognising with the opinions the style of Servet, and finding his own writings and himself treated with contempt and bitterness, vowed vengeance on him.

Using unworthy means, he sent to the Cardinal de Tournon, then archbishop of Lyons, and the most violent foe of the reformed faith, some sheets of Servet's treatise:

and the archbishop communicating them to the governor-general of Dauphiné, he made every possible effort to discover from what press they had issued, but in vain; and Servet would have escaped had not Calvin expedited to Lyons the originals (of which he had obtained possession) of some letters contained in the work; affording proof positive of Servet's being its author.

He was arrested in consequence, and would have been condemned and executed had he not found means to escape from prison. Anxious only to flee from France and to Italy, where he hoped to live unknown, he did not reflect that his shortest road might also prove the most perilous, and, without fear of the consequences, he arrived in Geneva. Made acquainted with his flight, but not with its direction, Calvin's activity tracked his foe, and, at his demand, he was arrested. The city laws ordained that the accuser should share the prison of the accused, but not choosing to submit to them, this part devolved on one Lafontaine, said to be his valet, while he reserved to himself that of discussing the theological question. In the outset Servet appeared calm and unembarrassed, and even confident in his judges' equity. As soon as the law process was terminated, copies of it were sent to Zurich, Berne, Basle, and Schaff-

hausen. The advice of Zurich was the most severe, but Calvin's assertion that the Protestant cantons pronounced for the sentence of death, is untrue. The 26th of October, 1553, the tribunal, sitting for the last time, condemned Servet to be burned alive. When its decision was made known to him, the firmness he had hitherto shown gave way, and his shrieks of terror were heart-rending. He hoped to soften Calvin, and had an interview with him two hours before he was led to execution, but his fate had been long decided. He was burned at the stake in a spot called Champey, a stone's throw from the southern gate of Geneva. He suffered two hours of fearful torments, the wind blowing the flame from him, and cried in his despair, "Unhappy that I am, with the golden pieces and rich collar ye took from me, ye could not purchase wood enough to consume me quicker!"

CHAPTER XI.

A vain Stork—A German coachmaker—Coppet—Ferney, Voltaire's Church—His habitation—Crockery Cenotaph—Shoe-blacking in his study—The old Gardener—The morning rehearsals in tragic costume—The story of Gibbon—Voltaire catching his pet mare—Gibbon's opinion of Voltaire's beauty—Their reconciliation—The tree which shaded Franklin—The increase of his village—The marble pyramid broken—The gardener's petites antiquités and cross wife—Voltaire's opinions of his correspondents—His remains the property of a maimed Englishman—Denial to a visitor—His heart in the larder—Genevese pride—Swiss troops—Swiss penitentiaries—Genevese smuggling—The Directeur Général des Douanes an unwilling accomplice—D'Aubigné interred in the cathedral—The Cardinal de Brogny—A swineherd—Shoes bestowed in charity—The boy become a cardinal—The poor shoemaker rewarded—His compassion for John Huss—Courageous death of the latter—De Brogny's charity—A modest genius and tolerant cardinal.

20th June.

WE are still here; detained by the charm of the place and the heat, which exceeds any I ever felt in Paris. It has been impossible to go out except during the very brief time the twilight lasts, when we have made excursions on horseback in the environs to Voltaire's Ferney; Madame de Staël's Coppet; and

though last, not least, to Lord Byron's villa Diodati at Cologny; the green heights on the opposite side of the lake, and which must be visited if you would duly appreciate its beauty. From among its trees you look to the right far along its clear expanse; to the left on Geneva, by which it is closed and terminated; while the range of the Jura stretches opposite. A few evenings since I saw this view in the red light of a stormy sunset, which a poet should have described.

We have had time to become familiar with the whole establishment, even to learn that the grave stork has a sense of ridicule more exquisite than I believed possible in a bird. He has the ungraceful walk of his species, and D——, aware of his self-love, one day presumed to imitate his hopping stride, whereupon he flew at him in fury indescribable. I too insulted his dignity, and was glad to summon the German coachmaker to my assistance. Since then the stork, who bears malice, when we cross the yard, advances with most warlike demeanour, and when we are put to flight, triumphantly throws his long bill backwards, and claps it eight or ten times in token of victory.

Certainly the Germans of the lower class are strangely civilized, and the working coachmaker and head waiters of the Secheron fair

specimens of it. The two latter are from the German cantons on the Swiss frontier; they speak French, Italian, and English fluently as their own language, and one of them passes his leisure hours in playing on the flute, which he does skilfully. The coachmaker toils early and late, almost his only time for rest being on the Sunday, and spent by him in long walks into the country, of whose beauty he is an enthusiastic admirer, or in reading on the lake shore, where we have found him several times. Last night his workmen were in the boat, singing in parts and splendidly; he was standing at the edge in meditation, listening to their fine voices borne along it, and watching the faint summer lightning which flashed at intervals, muttering in the pauses of their song a poem by Kotzebue, which the scene recalled to him. When he saw us, he was anxious that we too should acknowledge its beauty, and tried as he went on to translate it into his imperfect French. He then began to criticize Goethe and Schiller, and Madame de Staël,—he had read them all.

This morning he passed in anxiety. In the coach-house roof a swallow has built a nest, in which the gentle creature takes great interest, watching with solicitude the young ones, who are just fledged, and trying their wings. One of these was to-day too adven-

turous, and alighted on the floor, whence he wanted strength to reascend. The German was absent, and D——, who found the stray swallow, deposited him on a beam near his abode, but not, to his patron's dismay, within it. When he returned, he ascended the ladder to count his birds, and found that one was wanting. He carried it round and round, examined every hole and corner, peeped into all parts of the roof, and went sadly to work, saying, "Du moins je n'ai rien à me reprocher;" but he could not fix his attention, and every ten minutes left his occupation to remount his ladder.

This evening, as we passed him on our way to the park, his good-natured face had brightened; his last pilgrimage was satisfactory, the fugitive had returned to the nest.

I have amused myself by painting from the water's edge a view of the lake, and its opposite green shore, and distant mountains. The coachmaker in ten minutes made me an easel, and D—— particularly desires me to tell you that I wash my brushes in the *lake*! At first sight it disappointed me, for I had grown accustomed to the cliffs overhanging Chambery, and the country round Geneva wants the boldness which Mont Blanc is too distant to supply; but I have altered my opinion. Seen from this spot it has a soft beauty which grows upon

you; it is clear as a mountain rivulet, and to view it in all its charm you must sit here on a sunny evening when it is sufficiently agitated to come murmuring in small waves to your feet, and there are just so many clouds in the sky as to vary its water's blue with a thousand tints of green, and gold, and pale violet, changing like a chameleon, while its surface is dotted with boats sweeping along with their elegant peculiar sails like the outspread wings of a bird, and those shaded by bright coloured awnings, in which the Genevese are rowed out to catch the evening air, and pass singing and laughing in the distance, the voices floating to us over the expanse as if they were at our side. The mountain, which grows higher as it nears Geneva, is the Salive; the blue hill of a conical form, the Mole; between which and the Salive towers Mont Blanc; and beyond the Mole, stretches along the shore the wooded Voiron. The most beautiful effect possible is produced by a rainbow across this range of hills. Yesterday, anxious to insert a threatening thundercloud in my little picture, I hurried to the shore for the purpose, forgetting that the same cloud I admired might inopportunedly discharge itself on my head. It did not fail, and I had only time to run to the boat-house, which is close by, whence I peeped through the arch at a most splendid rain-

bow, during which time the violent shower floated my palette, and made the oil a set ofuseless globules.

The weather has been constantly broken by storms, the finest and most terrific I ever witnessed. Last night, during two hours, the thunder, repeated by its echoes, rolled without a pause, and the Jura was constantly illuminated with the lightnings, sheeted, forked, or like circles of fire, which, blazing above the heads of the mountain range, made it resemble a line of volcanoes. This evening we rode again to Coppet; the opposite shore, at each step we advanced, becoming bolder; and when we returned, the full red moon was just risen above Mont Blanc, and the yellow glitter danced on the water in a long line, interrupted only by the dark boughs of the Secheron trees, advancing on a little promontory.

The finest view of Mont Blanc is from the hilly road which leads to Ferney Voltaire, and the best hour to see it when the snow looks rosy in the evening. Ferney is on the road from Paris to Gex, and distant but a league from Geneva. We visited it to see Voltaire's château. On the left, at the extremity of the village, is the avenue which leads up the gentle ascent to the gates; without them, on a mound, stands the church, which once bore the inscription, "Deo erexit Voltaire;" its stones,

dark with time, quietly going to ruin under its old trees. It was for some time the parish church, but being no longer large enough to contain the increased numbers, its ornaments have been transferred to the new building which glares with fresh whitewash in the village below, and it is itself converted into a receptacle for fire-wood. A white-headed villager came to hold the horses in the shade, and we followed our guide, who walked slowly from his dwelling behind the church to the iron gates. He was seventy-six himself, and had served Voltaire the two last years of his life, being his gardener's son.

On entering the house, we were sorry to be consigned to the care of a most unintelligent lout, who exhibits the drawing-room and bed-chamber, illustrating, by his strange replies to all queries, the proverb of "Ask no questions and you will be told no lies." These two rooms remain in their original state, furnished with the same tapestry chairs as when he occupied them. In the former are the pictures so often described, the two bad copies of Albano, and the production of an itinerant painter, which immortalizes Voltaire's vanity; a strange medley of nymphs and garlands, an awkward Glory, the temple of Fame, Apollo, and the author; and in the corner the latter's enemies, whose name seems to have been

Legion, crowded under the weight of their unsold works and the whips of various furies. Whether in jest or earnest, Voltaire persisted in praising this production, and exalting its composer as a worthy successor of Michael Angelo.

The windows of this room, and of the next in which his bed stands in its old place, look on the grounds he planted himself. The narrow bedstead is of rough common wood, and the author's curtains have been so shortened by the thefts of tourists, that their remnant is at last above the reach of collectors. Against the wall is erected a kind of cenotaph in crockery, surmounted by a bad bust, with the inscription, "Son esprit est partout, mais son cœur est ici;" above is written, "Mes mères sont consolés, puisque mon cœur est au milieu de vous." You know the intention was frustrated, as his heart is at the Pantheon in Paris. In the same room are engravings of celebrated men, remarkable only for having been selected and hung there by Voltaire; a tapestry portrait of the Empress of Russia, worked by herself, a bad specimen of art and nature; one of Le Kain, the actor, crowned with bays, hangs over the bed, and on either side that of Voltaire in his youth, and Frederick the Great. Voltaire's is a more agreeable picture than I had yet seen of him, for the sarcastic

expression, though perceptible, is not so forcibly marked as in later years.

That of the king of Prussia was a present from himself, and the hard blue eye and inflexible features tell his character as well as volumes. There are besides likenesses of Madame Denis, Voltaire's niece, and Madame du Châtelet, who was, tradition says, the only woman he ever loved; her appearance is by no means striking; and also those of his sweep and laundress; (an arch-looking boy, and a girl with the face of a Madonna,) in coloured crayons, and beautifully executed. The books of the library marked with his own notes were purchased by the Empress Catherine: and the little study which adjoined his bedroom is closed to his admirer's eyes, being transformed to a shoe-blacking laboratory. We did not remain long, our before-mentioned lout being perfectly ignorant of all which regarded his show, and only anxious to force us to buy some wretched lithographic drawings of this small room, and its bedstead, and cenotaph, in which it looks as large as a reception chamber at Versailles.

Outside the house the old gardener's part recommences; it would be difficult to feel no interest in the faithful servant, whose life seems to hang on the memory of his master's. He smiles and looks happy when encouraged

to talk of him, and is very downcast when he finds his visitors less curious about Monseigneur.

He led the way to the terrace, which commands the fine view of the glaciers and the lake shores. At some distance is a little wood, where he was fond of walking, and an avenue, planted by his orders, leads to it from the park. "The terrace was his place for study," the old man said; "here he often came in the morning to rehearse the part he was to act at night on the stage of his own theatre, and (dressed for it, to save the trouble of a second toilet) he used to march backwards and forwards, gesticulating and declaiming with great vehemence, and giving doubts of his sanity to men less tragically minded. At the extremity of the terrace is a long shady walk, a most charming berceau, for the hornbeam is completely met over head. "Here," said the gardener, stopping almost at its entrance, "is the very spot where Monsieur Gibbon played the trick to Monseigneur; you recollect the story?"

We begged him to tell it. "It would do him an honour," he said, "but his asthma impeded his doing so while he walked by our side; he would stand by the bench while we sat there." A great deal of entreaty induced him to sit also, but not to cover his white

head ; that remained bare, partly in reverence to his listeners, but more to his subject, Monseigneur :—

“ Monsieur Gibbon was at Lausanne, and Monseigneur and he, though they had never met, were very good friends, till Monsieur Gibbon presumed to criticize some work of my master’s, who was very angry and bought a caricature of Gibbon, and sent it to him at Lausanne. I have often had the honour of brushing Monsieur Gibbon’s coat, and he was a very short, corpulent man, with large head and flat nose. When he received his picture by the post, he said he must go to Ferney, and judge by his own eyes whether Monseigneur was not his match for ugliness. Here then he came. Monseigneur had not forgiven the criticism, and desiring Madame Denis to receive him, he refused to see his visitor himself. Monsieur Gibbon said he had come to look at Voltaire, and till he could do so, he would stay. So Monseigneur shut himself up in his study, and Monsieur Gibbon seated himself in the drawing-room. He staid two days ; but the third Voltaire grew tired, and wrote him a note to say, that Don Quixote and he were the reverse of one another, as the Don took inns for châteaux, while he mistook châteaux for inns. Gibbon read the note and went away.

"Monseigneur had a little favourite mare, who ate bread from his hand, and allowed him to catch her when she would suffer no other person to approach. Monsieur Gibbon spoke to the groom before he went, and said he intended to buy her, and would not forget him if he would lead her round when he came next morning, and let her loose beneath Monseigneur's windows.

"The following morning at five Voltaire heard a horse gallop, and looking from his window saw the mare, and called angrily to the groom, who said she had broken from him; and out came Monseigneur with a piece of bread in his hand to catch the favourite, while Monseigneur Gibbon hid behind the hazel foliage of the terrace walk, and as Monseigneur passed jumped out on him.

"'Ah,' said he, 'Voltaire, I have seen you now, and you are not handsome neither;' and turned his back on my master, who was foaming with rage: 'Run after him,' he called to his secretary: 'and tell him to give you twelve sous for having seen the wonderful beast.'

"The secretary made haste and came up with Gibbon, who was walking down the avenue to the village, where he had left his carriage. 'Very right,' he said, when he heard the message; 'twelve sous for seeing the beast;

there are twenty-four, and say I have paid for twice, and will come back to get the worth of my money.' Monseigneur stamped with his foot, and exclaimed that some future trick would be played him. 'We had better be friends,' he said to the secretary; 'go and ask him to dinner.' And so, madame," added the old gardener, rising from the bench with a bow, "as I told you, I have often since had the honour of brushing Monseigneur Gibbon's coat." He next stopped at a splendid tree: "This," he said, "was planted by Monseigneur's own hand, and under it he received Franklin. My father dug the hole, and he held the sapling, the very spring I was born, seventy-six years ago. Almost all these trees were planted by my father, for the village stood here when Monseigneur bought the property; it was then only of twelve miserable huts, and he re-built them lower down: when he died there were eighty. Ah!" said the old man, sighing, "but for his attacks on religion"—A little further he stopped in a pretty green glade:—"Here was Monseigneur's summer study; he built it here to free himself from the importunity of visitors." When it fell into decay, the present proprietor raised in its place a black marble pyramid, bearing, among other inscriptions, in his honour, one recording Voltaire's horror of the massacre of St. Bartholemey. One

night, during the year 1819, it was broken, and its pieces scattered about by persons unknown, and nothing now marks the spot but the regrets of the white-headed gardener, soon likely to be silent also. He was often employed, he said, to carry the author's portfolio up and down these walks when he paced them, as was his custom during composition. Every now and then he signed to his attendant to approach; wrote his notes rapidly in the portfolio, returned it to his hands, and recommenced the promenade. We left the park, passing the basin full of gold and silver fish, which come shooting to the surface at the old man's whistle, and passed the church on our way to his house, which was the priest's, and where he said he had some "*petites antiquités*" to show us, if we would honour him by entering. He pointed out the tomb built against the church wall, in the form of a pyramid. Voltaire had intended it should contain his bones; but, like his heart, they have had a different destination. The theatre was within the park wall, but a few yards from this intended grave and just opposite; it has been taken down.

The gardener's abode was scrupulously clean, but guarded by a dame of vinegar aspect. Her ire was excited by the arrival of other visitors, as she feared, from her husband's lingering with us, that he might miss the coming

harvest. She had lost her keys and her memory when he demanded the various boxes which contained his treasures; but his positiveness conquered, and, one after the other, she produced Monseigneur's cane, and his full-bottomed wig, and a soiled silk cap, embroidered and folded in five envelopes. The most interesting appeared last, in the form of a book, whose leaves were stuck all over with seals, and a line in Voltaire's handwriting under each. He had found means of abridging the trouble of his extensive correspondence, for these were the correspondents' seals, taken from their letters, and his remarks (concisely affording a comprehensive view of character) spared him often the trouble of looking farther: one was *Fou de Genève*; I saw little or no commendation.

Ferney is now again the property of the same family from whom it was purchased by Voltaire; that it has once, since his death, belonged to an Englishman, or rather been rented by one, is recorded in Monsieur de Laborde's journey to Switzerland. He mentions, that in the year 1781 he went to the château of Ferney; he was an enthusiastic admirer of Voltaire, and the following are his own words:—

“I descended from my carriage; I approached, impatient to exist in the same place

where the great man lived. I rang—the gate opened—I rushed in—I was pushed back, and entrance refused me, because the master had given orders to admit no one.

“‘ What do you mean ? ’ I exclaimed hastily. ‘ What kind of a master is this who refuses to see Frenchmen ? Is the château no longer the property of Monsieur de la Villette ? ’

“‘ Sir, he has let it.’

“‘ Let it ! let the remains of Voltaire ? ’

“‘ Only for a year.’

“‘ And who is the successor of our great genius ? ’

“‘ An Englishman.’

“‘ Robertson, no doubt.’

“‘ No, a London shopkeeper with one leg, one arm, and one eye.’

“‘ Never mind, I must speak with him.’

“‘ He is not at home.’

“‘ Will he soon be back ? ’

“‘ I do not know.’

“‘ And where is Voltaire’s heart ? ’

“‘ On a shelf in the larder.’

“‘ Is it possible ? let me see it for only a moment ; I will give you whatever you please.’

“‘ Sir, I should be turned away.’

“‘ Abominable varlet ; may heaven confound you and your master ! ”

24th.

Wild weather latterly; the extreme heat having suddenly changed to storms and north-east winds, the bise blowing a tempest, and the waves of the lake dashing over the walls, they till now have peaceably lain many feet below. We have been agreeably surprised by finding that friends, whom we believed far away in the shade of their quiet park, are on the continent also, and will soon join us here. The immediate environs of Geneva so closely resemble England, with their good macadamized roads, bordered by park palings and neat cottages with turf and flowers, and no apparent poverty, that with my back turned to Mont Blanc, I could have believed myself in my own country. - The common people are remarkably industrious and certainly know the value of time,—for I constantly see young girls and old men also walking along with a load on their backs of fruit and vegetables to be sold in the town, perseveringly knitting the whole way. The Genevese are proud in their own country: though when they emigrate, to make their fortunes, they will toil without murmur. The more abject and severe labour here is performed by bands of poor Savoyards, who arrive for the *lessive* and the hay-making and harvest, ragged and cheerful and untiring, like the troops of Irish who flock yearly

to England. They are a more gentle and amiable people than the money-making Genevese; but so wretched where their unproductive territory touches that of Geneva, that, passing the frontier and the cross with its artificial flowers, the contrast from the clean comfort of the Swiss to their squalid misery is striking and sad.

The Swiss troops, with the exception of the few on permanent service, receive no pay, and perform their duty without murmur. Every year they pass three months encamped; so that Switzerland might, in case of necessity, find ready at her call an army of 180,000 men. No citizen can marry unless he possesses bible, arms, and uniform. Each citizen is an elector, and the elections take place in the churches. Their penitentiaries (for Switzerland has no punishment answering to the English hulks or the French galères) are conducted with a view to future amelioration; some have a small library, reading being allowed in their hours of recreation. It is their rule, that each man condemned to reclusion, and not knowing a trade, shall learn one, the trade itself resting on the prisoner's choice, and the two-thirds of the produce of his labour, during his detention, belonging to himself: of these two shares he is permitted to transmit one to his family. The following notes are

copied from the register of one of these houses :—

“ B——, born at Bellerive in 1807, miller’s man, poor, stole three measures of grain ; condemned for two years. At the end of this time his benefice, over and above the money sent his family, amounted to a hundred francs. Left a skilful weaver.”

Under these lines the pastor of the village, to which B—— had returned, had written the following :—

“ On his return to Bellerive, this young man, suffering from extreme humiliation, concealed himself in his father’s house. His former companions, assembling in a body, went to seek him on the Sunday, and conducted him to church in the midst of them.”

The French custom-houses are extremely severe on the article of Genevese jewellery ; but notwithstanding all the preventive measures adopted, the importation of smuggled goods into France is considerable, and the cleverness of the Genevese smugglers outwits even the sharp French douaniers. It is an amusing fact, that when the Comte de St. Cricq was directeur général des douanes, he went to Geneva, and there purchased of Monsieur Beautte, one of the principal jewellers, 30,000 francs’ worth of jewels, on condition of their being smuggled into his hotel in Paris. Monsieur Beautte made no objection, only

presenting the buyer with a paper for signature, by which he obliged himself to pay the usual five per cent. on the sum due. The directeur smiled, took a pen and signed St. Cricq, directeur des douanes. Beautte merely bowed, and said, "Monsieur le Directeur, the jewels you have purchased will be arrived as soon as yourself."

At the frontier, the Comte de St. Cricq left strict charges of surveillance, and the promise of a reward of fifty louis to the employé who should seize the jewels; but arrived in Paris he entered his chamber to change his dress, and the first object he saw there was an elegantly shaped box bearing his name engraved on a silver plate; he opened it and found the jewels. Beautte had come to an understanding with a waiter of the inn, who, while assisting the directeur's people to pack the carriage of their master, slipped the aforesaid box among the baggage; and the valet, on reaching Paris, noticing it for the first time, and supposing it to contain some recent purchase of value, immediately carried it to the count's private apartment. Thus, while triple attention examined and tormented the unoffending travellers who crossed the frontier, Mons. de St. Cricq's carriage unmolested smuggled his own contraband purchase to his own hotel.

The exterior of the cathedral (St. Pierre) is simple to plainness, saving the Corinthian portico, which forms on its surface a very inappropriate patch. Within are interred D'Aubigné, Henry the Fourth's friend; and the Comte de Rohan, a Protestant leader of Louis the Thirteenth's time. The Cardinal de Brogny, who died in 1426, was buried by his own command in the chapel of the Maccabees, which he founded. Its carvings and paintings had been at his desire executed to commemorate his low origin and remarkable history, and some of them are still preserved in the public library of Geneva. There were a child keeping pigs! wreaths of oak leaves and acorns, and in another place a pair of shoes. His name was Jean Allarmet, and he was born at the village of Brogny in the year 1342, his parents being peasants. Brogny lies on the road from Annecy to Geneva, and he was occupied keeping his flock of pigs, when, some monks bound to Geneva, and uncertain of the way, stopped to question him. Struck by his intelligent eye and prompt answers, they proposed to him to follow themselves, promising to afford him means of study, which the delighted boy eagerly accepted, and his father consenting to his departure he repaired to Geneva, and soon so far distinguished himself by his premature

talent, as to draw upon him the attention of a cardinal, who proposed in turn that he should seek him at Avignon and prosecute more serious studies under his protection. He consented with the same ardour as before, and prepared to set forward on his journey on foot; but he had no shoes, and he counted the contents of his light purse in vain, he had not enough to pay for a pair. A friendly shoemaker, aware of his embarrassment, supplied him with the necessary article, and said laughing, " You shall pay me when you are a cardinal." At Avignon the youth made rapid progress, and rose to honour and reputation, becoming vicar general of the archbishop of Vienne, and charged by Pope Clement the Seventh with the education of his nephew; and in consequence of the manner in which he fulfilled this last trust, created by him archbishop of Arles and cardinal. It was then, when many years had passed, and the shoemaker had grown old and sunk into poverty, that his humble dwelling was sought out by some richly attired domestics, who addressed him by name, and asked him whether he recollects the present he had made a poor student, who would otherwise have been reduced to perform barefoot his journey to Avignon.

" Very well," answered the shoemaker; " he

was a fine fearless boy. I could afford to be charitable in those days, and I trust I may receive my reward in heaven, for I have had none on earth." " You are wrong," said the domestics; " that boy is become a cardinal, and sends to seek you that you may fill the place of maître d'hôtel in his household."

The poor man was overjoyed, and, abandoning his deserted stall, lived and died in the cardinal's service.

In 1414, notwithstanding De Brogny's advanced age, he repaired to Constance, at the period when John Huss had been deluded thither by the faithless Emperor Sigismund's safe-conduct, to defend his doctrine before the assembled council. He presided it several times, had daily and nightly conferences with Sigismund, and when Huss had been cast into a dungeon and doomed to recant what were termed his errors, or to die at the stake, the cardinal, compassionating his misfortunes, visited him often in his cell, and implored as well as reasoned with him. It was in vain, for the reformer's firmness was not to be shaken. Conducted to the place of his torture, (which is still shown at Constance,) and seeing a female fanatic hurrying forward to cast her faggot on the pile, he exclaimed with the calmness of a philosophical spectator, " Oh sancta simplicitas!" and when he had

ascended it, and the executioner, to spare him the sight, applied his torch to that part to which his back was turned, he said, " You may light it before my eyes ; if I had feared fire, I should not be here now." Even when the flames closed round his tall figure, his voice was heard from the midst of them chanting a psalm.

It would be too long to tell you what monasteries the Cardinal De Brogny founded, and what churches received his donations. You will be more interested in hearing that he bequeathed four hundred golden florins as marriage portions to poor maidens in the county of Geneva ; a larger sum to the widows and orphans of Annecy ; and that, possessor of forty benefices, he spent their revenues on public works and the care of the poor. A rule of his house fed thirty mendicants daily, and a codicil of his will ordered that this custom should be continued an entire year after his death. On his return from Constance, he visited his birthplace, the village of Brogny, and, assembling in his father's cottage all the old men of the district, mostly companions of his boyhood, he dined in their company, and, inquiring into their affairs, provided for their future comfort.

He died at Rome, aged 84, and was buried at Geneva. Bonnivard saw his statue on the

tomb, afterwards thrown down by the Reformers; and a later writer says it is a pity they did so, as one would have rejoiced to see the features of a “modest man of genius and a tolerant cardinal.”

CHAPTER XII.

Arrival of friends—Excursion to Chamouny—The Voiron mountain—Its monastery—The babes in the wood—Old castle of Faucigny—Its last possessor—Her rights over Dauphiny bequeathed to Savoy—Long war with France—Bonneville—Cluses—Wretched inhabitants—The baronial capital in the time of the old lords—Cavern of La Balme—The village of Arache, and Falquet—The Nant d'Arpenas—Sallenches—Mont Blanc—The lake of Chede filled up—Pont Pelissier—Les Môtets—The Glacier des Bossons—Evening—A tranquil night—Morning cavalcade—My guide—The Montanvert—Fontaine du Caillet—Source of the Aveyron—The avalanche—Mer de Glace—Passage of cattle—Priory of Chamouny founded in eleventh century—The Grands Mulets on Mont Blanc—Character of the inhabitants of Chamouny—Return—Versoix destined by Louis the Fourteenth for Geneva's rival—Coppet—The monument—Old castle of Wufflens—Bertha—Morges—Lausanne—Cathedral containing tomb of Duke Amedée and Bernard de Menthon—The Faucon—The fat innkeeper abandoned—Vevay—Trois Couronnes.

SINCE I last wrote we have made a very delightful excursion, even though Fanny was no party concerned; for our friends joining us, though only for a few days, and anxious to make a flying visit to Chamouny, we determined on accompanying them, and recommending our fourfooted companions, both,

but particularly Fanny, to the whole establishment, including Monsieur Dejean's sister, we set forth; all eight packed in one of his heavy carriages and drawn by four of his heavy horses. It was the 3rd of August, and a burning day. Just before the road enters Savoy, (as it nears the Salève on the right hand and the Voiron on the left, and beyond the valley through which flows the small river Foron, you see Mont Blanc and its glaciers,) the country loses the tamer, cultivated beauty of the environs of Geneva, and becomes wild and grand. At the summit of the Voiron, in a desert and savage retreat, damp and cold, and usually deep in snow, there was once a monastery. I read somewhere that a monk, questioned as to his sufferings, said they were such as sometimes to drive him to desperation, but that the Virgin gave him strength and would reward him in Heaven with torrents of felicity for the earthly torments he endured! Not long ago this mountain was the scene of a new edition of the babes in the wood.

One stormy October two young boys were at play about four in the evening, chasing each other over the snow. Night closed in, and they lost their way in a thick fir-wood, unconscious of its being close to their own home. When it had become quite dark, and they did

not return, the alarmed family searched the forest with torches and cow-bells, and after three hours of toil and anxiety, they were found in a hole filled with leaves; the oldest, nine years of age, had taken off his jacket, to cover with it his brother, only six years old, and was lying on him to keep him warm, braving himself cold and death, and already so far benumbed as to be unable to reply to the well known voices which called on him.

The Foron rises in this mountain, and is the Genevese boundary. We crossed it on the wooden bridge which looks so picturesque from the height above, and were stopped at Annemasse, a little farther, to exhibit our passports. This is the Sardinian frontier, and we were detained some time, but no trouble given, and the carriage not examined. We were found en règle, for the passports had been visés the night before, this being a necessary preliminary to visiting Chamouny, and a profitable one to Sardinia, for each visa costs four francs.

Before reaching Bonneville, which is the chief town of the province of Faucigny, we passed the ruined castle of its old barons, which frowns on a commanding height to the left. Its last possessor was Beatrice, granddaughter of Agnes, daughter of Aymon the

second, baron of Faucigny, last male of his line. Marrying the dauphin of Vienne, she bore with her to her husband her rights over the province, but having attained an advanced age, family dissensions, and the ill-treatment of her grandchildren, offspring of her daughter Anna, induced her to pray the protection of her cousin Amedée the Great, count of Savoy. Received at his court, and treated with attention and affection, as well as with the honours due to her rank, she resolved on proving her gratitude by bequeathing to him all the lands, rights, and castles she possessed over and above her marriage portion, as well as whatever she could alienate of her paternal inheritance. Her will, made in this spirit, was the cause of Savoy's taking up arms against Dauphiny; the one to defend the territory just acquired, the other to resist spoliation; and these cruel wars once kindled did not cease entirely till Humbert the Second, last dauphin, weary of the world when he had lost his son, took the monastic habit, and in 1349 ceded Dauphiny to the heir of France. The Green Count Amedée, disapproving of the presence of his new and powerful neighbour, led an army across the mountains, and fought a pitched battle, in which he was victorious, taking prisoners many of the chief men there, both of France and Dauphiny.

The count's prowess and power proved, the former were satisfied with placing their interests in the hands of arbitrators, who decided that Savoy should remain sovereign of Fau-cigny and Gex, while she ceded to France all her possessions in Dauphiny beyond the Rhone and the Guier. The old castle passed, the road nears the Mole, which towers in all its elevation of 5800 feet, and we drove through an avenue of trees into Bonneville, where we breakfasted not badly, despite the very poetical rhyme :

“ Oh ye, who stop at Bonneville town,
Beware of feeding at the Crown,”—

which, if written in charity, is useless on the dining-room shutter.

The heat being intense, our horses were rested for two hours, during which time the coachman failed to discover a loose fore shoe, which stopped us on the stone bridge which crosses the Arve, just as we started once more, and was remedied by a long nail driven in anyhow.

Near the bridge is a lately erected column in honour of Carlo Felice, whose statue surmounts it, ninety-five feet above ordinary mortals ; and in gratitude for the fresh embankments which restrain the Arve's fury when it rushes from its mountain birthplace, swollen by the first melting of the ice in

spring. Near their source, (the glaciers,) these streams are more awful than beautiful; they have the turbid hue produced by the snows and earth they bear violently along; and in their mildest aspect they roar in a narrow channel, amidst the broad expanse of desolation they have made in their anger.

Our way to Cluses lay between the Mole, now near us on the left, and Mont Brezon, whose range bounds, on the right, the rich cultivated valley; a lovely road, but traversing miserable villages and crowds of mendicants, the young children with the seamed and care-worn faces of age, and dark with emaciation. The dreadful goitre is common here, and we saw one unhappy cretin grinning vacantly as he tottered along.

Near Cluses the road is cut between the wall of rock and the precipices which overhang the river; and a stony defile which it commands, and partly fills, leads to the city, which has the aspect of a poor hamlet. It was the baronial capital in the time of the old lords of Faucigny, and conferred on those who lived there a year and a day the title and privileges of freemen.

Leaving Cluses we entered a wild glen; rocks arched above our heads, and the road cut in their base, or carried over their scattered fragments, and overhanging the Arve

foaming below ; tall oaks springing from half detached masses, and bowed forward, as if to measure the height of their threatened fall ; and the dark pines of each forest looking darker from the contrasting foam and brightness of unnumbered streamlets and small cascades.

Issuing from the gorge, the mountains retreating to the left form a semicircle ; we stopped for milk and lemonade at one of the huts, where the cow, the goat, and the family live happily together, being the spot whence the indefatigable traveller (to whose class none of our party belonged) ascends by a mule path to the cavern of La Balme. They pointed it out on the side of one of these mountains of the amphitheatre, eight hundred feet above ; Mrs. Starke, with more truth than romance, compared it to the mouth of an oven ! Within, a narrow gallery widens to a vast hall ; its length is about sixteen hundred feet, and its effect fine by the torchlight, as the roof and walls sparkle with stalactites, which here and there form a bright pavement to the floor.

Between Balme and Maglan, but the other side of the mountain, is the commune of Arache. Towards the close of the sixteenth century it produced a fortunate man, in the person of one Nicholas Falquet, who could

barely read and write when he left his father's cabin. Arrived at Vienna, in Austria, he entered a rich merchant's service, who, noticing his intelligence and natural talents, allowed him to share the studies of his heiress. The young girl became attached to him, and his parents, who had learned to consider him as their son, consented to their union; but very shortly after some sudden malady carried off both father and mother, and either the same stroke, or sorrow for their loss, deprived him of his bride also. She had bequeathed to him her entire fortune, and Nicholas returned to the valley where he was born. There was a peasant girl, with whom, ere his emigration, he had been accustomed to herd flocks near the village. She had never quitted it or forgotten him, and after a time given to mourning, he married and conducted her to Vienna. Their son was created baron of the empire, and by Falquet's order a small but beautiful church was erected on the site of his paternal cottage, in the village of Arache.

Three quarters of a league beyond Maglan we passed the fine cascade of the Nant d'Arpenas; it struck me less than on our return. The volume of water is small, but springs from a height of eight hundred feet, and is scattered ere it reaches its first fall. When we travelled the same road yesterday, the

stream had been considerably increased by rains, and the broad spray floated in a sunbeam, which it seemed to have embodied with itself and to be bearing away.

At St. Martin, in the yard of the inn of Mont Blanc, we found a good-humoured fat landlady, and the cars which were to convey us the remainder of our journey. They have no springs, the road does not allow of them, and are mere benches under canopies, with leather aprons, which will protect from rain or can be tied up out of the way.

The bridge which crosses the Arve, about a hundred yards further, leads to Sallenches, and from it there is a noble view of Mont Blanc, with aiguille and glacier glittering above the nearer mountains, darkly clothed to their summit, a view which every moment increases in splendour as the postilion urges the little mountain horses over the rough roads, and beds of torrents, and bridges of loose planks, which they tread without start or stumble.

We passed what was the lake of Chede, and is converted, by a fall of mud and rubbish from the mountain, into a stony wilderness, and crossed a stream too rapid for a bridge, but which favoured us, as the water was by no means high, and the road is seldom in a good condition for a week.

About Servoz, where the horses rested, is a thin wood of stunted oak and cherry trees, the latter bearing fruit of the size of a wild strawberry, but beyond they yield to pine, and larch, and hazel. We crossed another torrent, the Dioza, and then indeed were in a gorge not to be forgotten. The road skirts the base of the Breven, with the Arve on the right, washing the foot of the mound on which rises the ruined castle of St. Michael; the pont Pelissier, under which it dashes before; the mountains on either side covered with pines: but the bare wild peaks shutting in the valley behind us, and the ridges of shining snow closing it before.

Our way lay over the bridge; for beyond, the Arve raves deep below the road, and rends itself a passage through rocks and darkness. We crossed it on foot, and walked up a part of the steep hill leading to the Motets, the range which divides the valleys of Servoz and Chamouny; mighty barriers, which keep in the mind a local habitation, even when they want a name.

We continued to toil upwards with little space to spare between the narrow car's wheels and the precipice which hangs over the roaring Arve: an inadvertent driver or unruly horse would ensure destruction, but there is little danger of either. We were assailed by

innumerable beggars furnished with various excuses for extorting money—mostly intelligent, bright-eyed children, half-clothed and barefoot,—offering a marigold gathered in the valley, or a crystal found on the mountain, and running fearlessly along the very brink of places my head turned even to look down.

From the ridge of the Motets we obtained the finest view of Mont Blanc, henceforth close to us, but its form, changed at that part called the Dome de Goût, hides its summit; and descending through some fertile meadows to Ouches, the first village in the valley, the glaciers became visible also: their brightness and the purity of the atmosphere making them appear so much nearer than they really were. I thought their size inconsiderable, but found my mistake as the road, which now runs directly beneath the range of this snow-king and his vassals, passed near the Glacier des Bossons, some of whose pinnacles are sixty and eighty feet high. Beyond us, and a league beyond Chamouny, at the head of the valley, we saw the Glacier du Bois, which terminates the Mer de Glace. We crossed numerous torrents on their moving and nervous bridges, the waters of some clear and bright, of others turbid as the Arve, here wilder and muddier than ever, and which we traversed to continue our way along its right bank. The valley

seen in the light of the declining sun, with its fresh green meadows, its flax and corn fields, its scattered cottages and shining church spires, and black forests and snows for background, must be the loveliest on earth. You and I have read descriptions of tints on glaciers, probably thinking the enthusiasm of the traveller might slightly exaggerate; yet I was aware they fell far short as we watched all the changes from glittering white to pale gold—from gold to rose-colour, and then to violet; and then the magic hues fading by degrees, but light lingering on the summit even when the glaciers on its side were grey, and the road we were going dusk; as if one sunbeam had been left behind, dedicated to the dome of the mountain.

Arriving at dark, we passed the Union, which appears the best inn and has baths adjoining, on our way to the Hôtel d'Angleterre, which is called so, but I think must have lost its character. The landlord and his wife are civil, and their charges moderate, but the table d'hôte indifferent, and the beds bad. D— met an army friend whom he had not seen since we left ——, and the conversation became a strange medley of private theatricals and mountain passes. Arriving latest, we were necessarily the worse lodged: the rooms are unceiled, and, having the stables at our

backs, we had overhead two pedestrians, who packed at midnight and put on their boots at three in the morning; and very much added to the pleasurable sensations produced by straw bolsters and hair mattresses, which scratch even through coarse sheets. Our party put itself in motion after breakfast; Mrs. —— and her beautiful young daughter in chaises à porteurs; the rest on tall mules, to whose backs we climbed by ladders, and whose motion is certainly the most disagreeable in the world, particularly as, in submission to our guides, we left the reins untouched and their noses as near the ground as they pleased to lay them. My guide Mounier, whose name I wrote down that I might find him on my next visit, has a high claim to the character for civility and intelligence common to his predecessors at Chamouny. When we had crossed the Arve and the meadows on our way to Montanvert, the path grew rough and narrow, and rose abruptly through the pine forest. As its zigzags are cut on the hill side, and there is barely room for the mule and guide, and no defence towards the precipice, it may present some alarm to persons unused to mountain passes, particularly as the mule always chooses the extreme edge from its habit of carrying burthens, and its fear of striking them against the rock, which would precipitate

it below. For a considerable distance the path is composed of irregular steps of stone, several feet in height, and up these the mules clamber with an adroitness and safety of which I had formed no idea. Through the dark branches and broken stumps we caught glimpses of the valley, and I thought our party looked very picturesque as it wound along, forming a straggling line; the chaises à porteurs gaining on us, whose mules patiently followed the guides, one by one; a little boy, who carried some spiked sticks, holding by the tail of the last and laziest. From a spot near the Fontaine du Caillet, which is about half way, the vale and the river, the fields and cottages, spread below like a map brightly coloured. The guide pointed out on the opposite mountain the path which leads to the Croix de Flegère, the best spot for seeing Mont Blanc in its splendour, as it is upwards of three thousand feet above Chamouny.

A steep and difficult path leads down the mountain side to the source of the Aveyron. We could plainly distinguish the black arch of the ice cavern, which terminates the Mer de Glace, and through whose mouth it forces its way, and bounds forward to fling itself into the Arve. Passing the fountain and its gay troops of peasant girls assembled there with

fruit, milk, and lemonade, very agreeable refreshment at that height, we crossed the track of an avalanche, a broad line of destruction ; the firs snapped at the root and carried away, or laid prostrate beneath the weight of stones and portions of rock cast down from above, looking as if some giant scythe had mown an avenue through the pine forest from the mountain top high over our heads down to the valley far beneath.

From this place the way grows more rugged, and encumbered with larger blocks of stone, but the mules climbed gallantly ; and at last, arrived at the summit, we stopped at the pavilion opposite the older refuge built by an Englishman, and called from him the Hôpital de Blair. The view would have repaid us for more fatigue. The Mer de Glace was directly beneath, and opposite, the pinnacled mountains which guard its shore. There seemed to me no resting-place for the foot of an eagle, yet Mounier said he had often slept out on them when hunting the chamois. The highest of the numberless pointed rocks which shoot upwards like white spires against the blue sky, is the Aiguille Verte, for it is about seven thousand feet above the summit of the Montanvert. The Mer de Glace itself is ill represented in all the engravings I have seen, for its waves do not resemble those of the sea suddenly

frozen, while driven in the same direction by a tempest—they rather look as if they had been tossed by whirlwinds, and are of irregular forms and unequal height, their flat surfaces and pointed crests of the dull white of soiled snow; for it rejects to its surface all impurities, and only on looking down into its crevices are you aware of their pale, beautiful green—the purest and clearest in the world. You can form no idea of the size of these waves except by descending among them, the magnitude of all which surrounds them deceiving as to theirs, yet many exceed forty feet in height; and of the Mer de Glace, which is about eight leagues in length, two are from this spot visible.

We scrambled down by a rugged path which leads to it from the pavilion, but it is no place to tread without a guide, and it is dangerous to advance too far on the edges of these crevices, which are often unsupported below; and some accidents generally occur to the cattle or their drivers when in the month of July the former are sent from Chamouny up the Montanvert and across the Mer de Glace for the sake of the scanty pastures on the opposite mountain. It is a melancholy existence for the lonely herdsman who remains to guard them during the three months of their stay; for his solitude (Mounier said) is

seldom disturbed except by the person sent by the cattle owner, who carries him at the end of the month the bread and cheese which is to suffice for his subsistence throughout the next; and all the time not spent in wanderings after stray heifers he whiles away knitting stockings. We returned to the pavilion by a better path, beside the stone inscribed with the names of Pocock and Windham, the two English travellers who, in 1741, revived the memory of the forgotten valley of Chamouny, where a priory had been founded in the eleventh century. We rested on this broad stone, which was their dinner-table or bed, or both, and the crags round which were covered with rhododendrum, which grows wild everywhere, brightening them with its deep red blossom. The pavilion affords refreshment and, if you will, beds, and a collection of chamois horn walking-sticks, seals of crystal and brooches of stones found on the mountain, which distract the visitor's attention from the glorious view on which the windows open. We were to be at the hotel at five, and our mules followed, the litters as before; but I soon found it less agreeable to feel the animal slide down steps three feet high than climb over them, and having borne several times, from shame, the disagreeable sensation and the waver it invariably makes at the sharp turns

and the brink of the precipice, I discovered that my sight failed, and the guide advised walking, to myself and the lady with me; so that walk we did, slowly certainly—for the distance is two leagues and a half, to be performed by a succession of hoppings on loose stones. We passed again the fountain with its group of smiling girls and the woman blowing her collection of trumpets, trading, as somebody said, with the echo; and when all was quiet again, we heard the fall of an avalanche, but so dull and distant it resembled only a faint and prolonged moan. Mounier pointed out the Grands Mulets on Mont Blanc, the place where those who ascend pass the night, four or five black rocks in the snow, looking like monuments for the frozen. He had been up twice himself, he said, but meant to return no more, as the peril was too great for a man whose father on his deathbed had bequeathed five sisters to his care. I was glad when we had arrived at the plain, and could mount our mules once more, having painfully limped the last two miles. We arrived at the inn, where the table d'hôte was already filled, and did honour to ill cheer. I was sorry to part from my poor civil guide and promised to summon him on our next visit, when he will probably no longer be there, for he was a delicate looking man with a hectic

colour in his cheek, and the inhabitants of Chamouny, from the sudden changes of temperature, are subject to inflammatory maladies. They bear a high character as being honest, faithful, and charitable, and their courage is incontestable, as it is with them a thing of course to risk their lives if those of their employers be in peril. The orphans and old men who have no means of subsistence are supported by all the inhabitants of the parish, each in turn, and among those who have property, should there be one precluded by age or infirmity from cultivating his field, his neighbours till it for him. They are rarely tall or handsome, but muscular and strong, and from their climate and exposure to its vicissitudes, seldom attain old age. In their season of forced idleness, the winter, which lasts about eight months, some play high, others drink immoderately. Their harvests chiefly consist of flax, barley, oats, beans, and potatoes; the latter grow in abundance, and they make a kind of bread from their flour. I paid a visit to the mineral baths which, notwithstanding their unpleasant odour, I recommend to all whose limbs are wearied with mountain excursions, and then crossed the little bridge near the hotel, and sate till dark, looking our farewell at Mont Blanc and his rainbow, and annoyed by the only nuisance of the

valley, girls and boys exhibiting and persecuting marmottes and young eagles. We were up at five and on our way before the sun was above the mountain, so that we saw its visage of all hours. I should not choose sunrise, for as the mist rises, the brilliancy it receives from the rays which cross it hides the mountains behind; but, as we proceeded further, nothing could be more beautiful than to see the ray lying on the summit of the Glacier des Bossons like a thread of silver, and the valley of Servoz was far lovelier with the tops of its pines just touched with light, and their long shadows in the valley, than seen under a midday sun. From St. Martin, where we breakfasted, our fat coachman resumed possession of our persons, and safely deposited them in the Secheron, where we found Fanny well, and the hotel very comfortable after mountain inns and mountain passes.

13th August.

OUR friends being gone, and ourselves finding the Secheron too silent and sad after their departure, we left it yesterday morning to sleep at Morges, and were fortunate in a cool cloudy day. Hoping to escape some of the laughter and hooting, which have greeted me everywhere save in Savoy, I adopted the large round straw hat such as they wear themselves, but without its producing any beneficial effect

on their manners. The road passes through the village of Versoix, which was French property in Louis the Fourteenth's time, and destined by the angry king to outdo Geneva as a trading town. The pier and streets were marked out, but the buildings have proceeded so slowly, that Voltaire's sarcastic lines are still true:

A Versoix nous avons des rues,
Mais nous n'avons point de maisons.

We were now in the Canton de Vaud, and next appeared Coppet and Madame de Staél's chateau, to which, as I told you, we rode before, but without seeing more than its outside, as the family was there. I understand that strangers are at no time allowed to visit the monument, where she lies near her father and mother, and it is wholly concealed from view by the fine trees which shade it. We rode through the suburb of Nyon, admiring the zigzag road which leads to St. Cergues, across the Jura, how towering nearer and darker. The lake grows more interesting (its broadest part is from Rolle to Thonon, three-quarters of a league), and the country round more wooded. We fed the horses at Rolle, and rested some time at the Tête Noire, a clean, quiet-looking inn, where one might pass a

night comfortably. Mont Blanc was invisible, but the rocks of La Meillerie appeared, and the approach to Morges is picturesque beneath dark and bold trees.—the pretty harbour and old castle of Wufflens on the right. The improving system has not wholly spared the latter, but its tall donjon and the turrets which flank it are well preserved, considering the circumstance of its being built in the tenth century by Bertha of spinning memory, mother of Hugh, king of Italy, and Guy, duke of Tuscany. Notwithstanding the saddle, with its place to hold the distaff, exhibited as hers at Payerne, and the assurance that she spun while she rode chargers more docile than belong to the idler daughters of our day, I am inclined to doubt the tradition, as her court of Tuscany was most brilliant beneath her sway, and she is renowned as one of the most ambitious women who ever sat on an Italian throne; and from her beauty and talent, she drew her husband into various wars,—obtained and preserved influence over the most powerful of the country,—and more than once disarmed the anger of those princes she had offended. We stopped to sleep at the Couronne, a comfortable inn, and left the next morning, intending to remain at Lausanne the following day. It is only a post and a half distant, and the ride

was very beautiful, but the flies tormenting and the heat excessive.) A steep hill leads to the town, built on a lower slope of the Jura. As we ascended, leaving on the right the road to Quéhy, where I believe there is a good inn (the *l'Ancre*, more agreeably situated on the lake shore), the view of the town and cathedral opened grandly on us; and from the promenade of Montbenon at its summit, that of the blue lake below, and the bold crags shutting it in, was superb. I should not, however, like to sojourn at Lausanne, many of whose steep crowded streets have no prospect of the beauty which surrounds them, running parallel to the lake, and some communicating with each other by stairs as at Lyons, so that a walk to the shore and back may resemble an hour in a treadmill. The outside of the cathedral is of a bad Gothic architecture; its interior the finest in Switzerland, and contains the monument of Amedée the Eighth of Savoy, *alias* Pope Felix, and that of Otho of Granson. The noble Bernard de Menthon is buried here also. Passed the new "*Hôtel Gibbon*," built on the site of the historian's house, and up the steep street to the *Faucon*. I dismounted, and the fat innkeeper came rolling along the corridor, at the slowest possible pace, to meet me in the hall. Whether he was or not turn-

ing in his mind the best method of proving himself a true falcon by his treatment of his prey, I cannot tell; but he meditated his answer for a minute ere it was made, during which minute D —— was sitting one kicking horse and watching another, the flies and sun increasing his ill-will every second,—so that when I had left the heavy host and his two waiters standing in readiness to conduct us, and returned to request him to dismount, I found him decided on going on. How long the great man and his two satellites stood on the first step of the stair I cannot say, as I mounted Fanny, and we took the turn to Vevay. Almost the whole way lies between low stone walls, winding high above the lake, and looking down the precipices on its magnificent scenery. There is little or no shade, as vine yards in terraces clothe the steep side of the mountain, and when these cease, a wall of rock reflects the sun, giving the heat an intensity oppressive to all, saving the myriads of active lizards who shot over the sand. Surmounting one tall crag is a square castle, of the form and size of those so often met with in Ireland, perched on a height it would have puzzled our feet to attain. Over the rocks, on the lake's opposite side, hung a light mist, rather enhancing than robbing them of their grandeur. —

apid descent leads to Vevay, which lay smiling in the evening glow with its sleeping lake and green woods and sunny mountains, and the gray church tower, flanked by four turrets, among its trees on the hill above the town. Beyond Vevay we saw Chillon indistinctly through the haze, which cast its magic and mystery over the dim gorge of the Rhone, and the gigantic peaks which terminate it, whose white brows shone through brightly, though at intervals, like pure actions refuting calumny.

Having mistaken first our way and then the inn, we at last dismounted at the *Trois Couronnes*, second in comfort to only the *Secheron*. Its proprietor is building an hotel, which will replace this, larger and more commodious, and commanding the view, whose beauty is not to be surpassed. At the extremity of the market-place is a boulevard and a grove,—the roots of whose trees the lake washes: we sat there till after nightfall. The thin mist still lay on the surface, smooth as a mirror, reflecting the dark branches and old irregular houses, with the curving shore to the left; where Chillon stood forth a white mass on the water, with all its associations,—the reformer's sufferings, and the poet's song. Above the rocks of *Meillerie*, opposite us, the moon was rising, —yet too young to diffuse more than the faintest

glow. The picturesque boats of the lake lay motionless, or rowed past slowly and silently without a breath in their sails; it was like a lake in a dream.

END OF VOL. I.

A

RIDE ON HORSEBACK

TO

FLORENCE

THROUGH

FRANCE AND SWITZERLAND.

DESCRIBED IN A SERIES OF LETTERS

BY

A LADY.

"I will not change my horse for any that treads but on four pasterns : he trots the air ; the earth sings when he touches it ; the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes ; he is the prince of palfreys ; his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces homage : nay, the man hath no wit that cannot from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb vary deserved praise on my palfrey."—SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry the Fifth*.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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CHAPTER I.

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16th.

We dined at one, in company of some gentlemanly Swiss and French officers, and started at three for Chillon, passing on our way the hamlet La Tour du Peil, and catching a

glimpse as we rode by of its ruined ancient castle, pillaged and burned by order of Berne, in punishment for having allowed the passage of foreign soldiers to Lausanne, where lay the camp of their foe, Charles, duke of Burgundy. Vevay suffered for the like fault, being plundered also, and of the two towns five hundred men were massacred.

There is nothing lovelier than this road, winding along the flank of the mountains, here rich with wood. We passed Clarens, beautiful as Byron's description, hiding among its own trees, and straggling up the hill side from the shore. The noble old castle of Chastellar on its solitary mound, and the peaked stone spire of Montreux seeming to lean against the forest, above which the Dent de Jaman stands, cold and barren,—all the way the lake shining below, with the stern rocks of Meillerie opposite, and the Alps closing the valley. The heat was excessive; and the small vineyard flies so tormented our horses that D —'s taste for the picturesque had well nigh vanished, when a bend in the road brought us beneath a high bank, covered with old walnut-trees, and opposite the rock on which Chillon stands, with its towers and tall keep, the most picturesque of feudal castles. We crossed the covered wooden bridge, where the gendarmes stand, smiling welcome; and the horses con-

signed, each to the care of two, and left in a dark stable to be dusted with walnut branches, we were sufficiently tranquil as to their comfort to follow our guide, who was the wife of the concierge. She led across two courts, and opened a heavy prison door; it was "out of the sun and into a grave." I obeyed her injunction to hold fast her hand, when, having scrambled over rubbish, and through partial darkness, she drew me to the brink of a square hole, and pointed down a depth of eighty-six feet. It was one of the fearful oubliettes, whose existence here was unknown till about fifteen months since. Grown accustomed to the dim light, we could distinguish a coarse woollen rug, now laid on the brink, but which was found below serving as shroud to a skeleton. The victim died from the fall, or was left to perish. In the same court-yard is the entrance to another, which was, at pleasure, dungeon or place of execution. Its depth is sixty and some feet; and from the top of the square opening descend three steps, the commencement of a stair which goes no farther. The condemned was lowered to the bottom, and his food administered in like manner. If death was decided on, he was forgotten, as there was no other communication with the living world.

A few steps lead to the *salle de justice*. The dryness of the air and thickness of the walls

has so preserved all within, that the curious wooden ceiling, supported in the centre by pillars, which retain traces of paint, remains ; and the planks of the floor were only exchanged for pavement, when, on the threats of France, the caissons of the Canton de Vaud were assembled here. At one end of this hall is a small room with a door, on a now closed staircase, near the wide chimney. At the other is the salle de question. A pillar of wood, to which the prisoner was bound, still stands,—as does a beam above it, pierced with holes for pulleys, and a portion of the old ropes hanging from them. A second beam, which supported a wheel on which the wretch was tortured, (tied by the arms with weights to the feet,) crumbled down a few months ago. The pillar is seared with the red-hot irons employed in the torture ; that by burning being continued during three-quarters of an hour, with intervals of five minutes ; if it induced confession, the private stair from the small chamber conducted the condemned to the potence in the dungeon below. The door has been walled up, on account of the vicinity of the powder magazine. Our guide led to the eating-hall, which was the kitchen also. The capitals of its pillars were ornamented with fleurs-de-lis, she said, when a count of Savoy conducted hither his bride, a daughter of France, perhaps Bonne de

Bourbon, who married the green count Amedée the Sixth, about 1355. The two carved oaken chests with their curious locks, at the bottom of the room, are of the same date. The view from these windows is beautiful beyond praise, and there is “the little isle—the only one in view,” lying in the lake like a floating basket of flowers. Our last visit was to the dungeons: the first is the most modern, and least sad, as its loopholes are longer and less narrow. On one of the sills they form in the thick wall sat a Swiss girl, the light falling on her picturesque dress, touching her smiling face and bare arms,—she animated the dim prison house. Between this first dungeon and that of Bonnivard, there is one smaller and darker, though light enough for its destination: for a few moments’ stay allows the eye to distinguish, crossing a space between its pillars, a heavy beam, whose upper part is, in several places, deeply worn by the ropes which, upholding heavy weights, were bound round it; and a few paces behind, the steps of the narrow stair which conducts to the fatal door of the justice hall. The opposite wall, against which the lake ripples or foams in its various moods, has a square cavity, now closed with stones; the bodies of those who died unheard and unseen were cast forth there, and beneath the waves which told no tales. A narrow portal opens

on the dungeon where Bonnivard lay. I think I reminded you before that he was prior of the abbey of St. Victor, a man of pure life as well as courage, who exhorted the Genevese to reform, and censuring the vices of the catholic clergy generally, as well as their bishops in particular, was betrayed by false friends to the duke of Savoy, whose anger he had above all excited, by urging an alliance between Fribourg and Geneva. One of these friends received for reward his rich priory. He was two years in prison, and set free and reinstated in his benefice by Pierre de la Baume, bishop of Geneva. He by force took possession of the property of which he had been deprived in Savoy, which, notwithstanding his affection for Geneva, was his country. The duke besieged him in his château of Cartigny, which, unable to defend long, he was forced to fly from, and saw himself almost wholly deprived of his revenues. The town of Geneva granted him a pension, and sustained him in his adversity; and the irritated duke, desirous only of obtaining possession of his person, granted him a safe-conduct with a view to lure him on his territory. Bonnivard, expecting no treachery, profited by the circumstance to visit his mother, sick and old, at Seyssel; and intending to go thence to Lausanne, he was seized on the Jura, and dragged

to Chillon. The first two years of his detention he passed in comparative liberty; but Charles the Third visiting the castle, he was cast, by his order, into the vault below the level of the lake, where are

"The seven pillars of Gothic mould."

The first column has a story of its own, for a wall of separation, now thrown down, divided it and a space of twelve feet square from the prior's prison, forming one which enclosed a young man, his companion. On the walls are a few figures, in the costume of the time, rude but spirited sketches, the work of his long leisure; they are fresh still. Attached to the pillar is the portion of the broken ring which held his chain, and an iron bar of his loophole was sawed through, to allow room for the passage of a human body. Long toil, and the use of some instrument left him inadvertently, severed the fetters and opened the path; but he reckoned on his powers of swimming, forgetting they were paralyzed by the space and air of a dungeon—he plunged into the lake, and rose no more alive. Bonnivard was delivered two months later; it was in March, 1536. Chillon remained the last possession of Savoy in the Pays de Vaud. Confiding in its strength, her garrison's boats insulted all who were not subjects of Duke Charles, and

haughtily rejected the truce proposed to the Bernese by the emperor's ambassador. The Bernese army besieged it on the land side ; the troops and artillery of Geneva armed barks on the lake ; the garrison was forced to surrender, and Bonnivard set free. His pillar, retaining its iron ring, is the second in order ; the floor of rock round, worn by the uneasy pacing of four years : on the column, among more perishing names, is that of Byron. I noticed that of Alexander Dumas, so high above, that to engrave its enormous letters he must have mounted a ladder. The space on either side the range of columns which support the roof's groined arches, forms a sombre aisle, the inner wall left as nature made it, irregular masses of living rock ; that towards the lake intersected with a few narrow loopholes high from the ground, which are rather slits in the stone, so small that in the morning it is a dark vault, and only when the beams shine low they come "creeping over the floor." At sunset, however, "the imprisoned ray" is not "dull :" for, as if it acquired force from its concentration, it falls like a streak of fire on the pillars and blocks of stone. As we saw it, the effect was splendid, but partial, as at the extreme end an artist was sketching by the light of candles, being otherwise in perfect obscurity. It is to carry his materials that the young Swiss, whom we saw as we passed again,

comes daily. Last summer, an amateur, an English gentleman, visited Chillon with the intention of painting not only the dungeon, but Bonnivard ! for this purpose he chose a gendarme of spare habit, having a long beard and sallow face, chained him to the pillar, and commenced his work, saying, "vous bon Bonnivard." He could not, as you may suppose from the specimen, explain himself in French ; but Monsieur Chéri (a strange name for a captive prior) understood his signs made with money, and submitted with fortitude to lie robed and fettered on the rocky floor. One day, unfortunately, a feeling of pity came over his comrade in the court-yard above, and he descended to relieve him, thinking to divide the duty, and that one might do as well as the other, seeing both were gendarmes. The new comer was a healthy, very young man, stout and beardless, unlike the studious prior, who had eaten black bread in small quantities, and probably abstained from shaving six years. The pallid gendarme feeling, like him he represented, the blessing of freedom, sprang up in delight ; and the amateur, in despair, when the fat man assumed the chain, could only hold his first prisoner fast, stamp his foot and shake his head at the other, and repeat all the French he knew, " Lui, bon Bonnivard, rester; vous aller, pas bon Bonnivard !" He grew at last

so angry that my conductress, who had, she said, almost expired with laughter, interfered, and Chéri once more cast himself at the foot of his pillar. As we went out, she mentioned the circumstance of having two English ladies “en pension.”

D—— looked up in intense delight, the horses were in a good stable, the gendarmes would make admirable grooms. Our best fare might be fresh eggs, it was true, but what signified our dinner compared with the advantages of a view of the lake, with the “Isle’s tall trees;” of walking from the oubliettes to the torture chamber, and resting under the potence, and in Bonnivard’s dungeon, a lodging of three chambers, looking on the lake, which we should hear “ripple night and day.” We told her we would come in the spring, when we should have repassed the mountains, and she looked rather surprised and very much pleased at the sudden wandering of our senses.

Arrived at the stable, we were confirmed in our resolve, by seeing the gendarmes obeying orders; one holding a horse’s head, another shaking a bough, in the places where we had left them, like the warriors in the *Belle au Bois dormant*. As I mounted Fauny, the châtelaine asked permission to touch my hand, and unaccustomed, I suppose, to see ladies on

horseback, said it would be "amusant" to have us there; so we rode away.

Arrived on the brow of the hill, we looked down on the romantic castle, and my eye lighted on the chapel roof. "Dear me," said I, looking at D—, "the powder magazine!"

"Humph," said D—, looking down in turn.

"Is there any danger?"

"There might be;" and thereupon we both commenced enumerating all our memories held of powder mishaps; till at last I began to think I might fear to order dinner, from dread of some mischance in the chimney, and to ride Fanny, lest her shoes should strike fire against the stones of the court-yard. We talked the *pour* and the *contre* the whole way, and arrived at the most perfect indecision.

We had a splendid view of a stormy sunset, of golden lake and blackening mountains, and when we reached Vevay, night had completely closed, and we, who had never seen the road till that afternoon, were puzzled. Fanny was not so; she assumed her wisest manner, wound through the crooked streets, and stopped at the stable of the *Trois Couronnes*.

17th.

Rain all day, detaining us within doors;

we hope to leave the 20th for Berne and Fribourg.

We walked this evening up the steep road which leads to the church of St. Martin, as its terrace has a view no one should fail to see before quitting Vevay. The church is simple and pretty, of the thirteenth century. Ludlow's monument, raised by his widow, is within it, built against the wall; Broughton's tombstone forms part of the pavement near. The former's memoirs, in which he so prides himself on his crime as regicide, were first published at Vevay, where he lived under the protection of the magistrates of Berne.

When William the Third ascended the throne, he returned to England, and to London, but finding it possible that he might still be held there in the light of an assassin, he thought it more prudent to return to Vevay. He was seventy-three when he died; his house is still shown, and the inscription he engraved above its doorway,

"*Omne solum fortis patria,*"

was effaced but a short time since.

18th August.

We left Vevay late, taking the road which passes through Bulle to Fribourg, being counselled against that by Romont. Even this is

far from a good one for horses, being for a considerable distance a painful succession of hills, paved and steep, but from which the views are beautiful, back to Vevay and the lake, and down the precipices to the valley, where the Vevayse flows between deep and wild banks.

Arrived at the Châtel St. Denis, with its old castle on the mound, we could observe the contrast between the Protestant and Catholic cantons, even between the habitations which lie on either side the frontier, scarce a stone's throw apart. This is the first village of the canton Fribourg, and for the first time we saw heaps of manure piled before the cottage doors, with the tame pig rooting in them. As it was a holiday, the peasants who passed us were in their gayest costume, the men with their full coloured waistcoat sleeves, the young girls with their hair braided across their brows, and the black riband dividing it from the enormous mass behind, for they wear their own tresses plaited over a foundation of wool, which gives them an unnatural bulk; but as they are commonly fresh and good-looking, not absolutely unbecoming. A few ancient ladies, dressed after this fashion, looked far less well. With all this attention to toilette, the poverty and dirt of the dwellings whence they issued was melancholy. They have here a character

more entirely Swiss, as the lodging of the family and the cow stable are under the same roof, and the warmth of the cattle being necessary to the poor, to whom it often supplies the place of fuel, only the richer proprietors run a partition between. It is seldom that even the first few feet from the ground are built in stone. Fire, when it occurs, is awfully destructive, their roofs, chimneys, and walls all wood, and that intended for fuel piled against the planks outside, probably for the sake of warmth, as the wind whistles through every cranny.

The plain which extends from the top of the long hill to Bulle is covered with rich pasture, stretching thence up the mountains, and dotted with chalets.

It is a most picturesque town ; the old brick building, with its high tower, and small turrets with pointed roofs, is the castle of Bulle, now the prefet's residence. The Cheval Blanc, where we stopped, is a good inn, and the view from the windows lovely, even in Switzerland. There was nearly opposite, a little to the left, the castle tower and its heavy walls, gilded by the sunset,—the road below, which wound on towards Gruyères; its cottages with their galleries and jutting roofs, and outside stair, advancing or retreating on either side, and between green trees, their background a moun-

tain range, whose pine forests were blue in the distance ; beyond a copse in the plain, (shining in the sun also,) the town and ancient castle of Gruyères crowned one hill to the right ; a second rose abruptly behind it, wooded and in shadow ; and stretching darkly and far away behind and beyond them, the mountains, which peak above peak shut in the valley of the Simmenthal.

While D—— was employed in superintending the evening comforts of Grizzle and Fanny, the good-natured fille d'auberge was my guide through the streets to the chapel of the Capucin convent, which has a strange altar, I think of gilt crockery, and a pulpit whose effect is peculiarly horrid, as out from it projects a solitary arm, in a Capucin sleeve, whose bony fingers hold a crucifix.

While our dinner was preparing, for nine o'clock to-night, (those who ride a journey keeping irregular hours,) D—— and myself strolled towards Gruyères, along the winding road as far as the wooden bridge which crosses the torrent of Trème, near the tower which bears the same name, and was an outpost of the lords of Gruyères. The castle is interesting from its age and extraordinary preservation.

The precise origin of the Comtes de Gruyères is unknown ; but Müller says they were

rich and powerful even in the eleventh century. The mountain which rises behind the castle is called La Tine, and the Saarime foams and roars among the dark pines of its defiles. Its early possessors depended for their revenues on agriculture only; their wars were with the wolves, and their proudest conquests the cultivation of a desert. The younger branches of their house owned as their inheritance the forest-castle of Mont Salvans, and a few mountain pastures: they lived in company of their knights among their herdsmen, and with a simplicity resembling theirs; and from the height on which their château of Cœx still stands watched over and protected their vassals.

After the battle of Laupen, and when peace had ensued, the counts, impoverished by the wars, were constrained by their need to part with various rights and privileges. In 1341 Count Pierre mortgaged for ten years to the inhabitants of Gruyères the duties they were wont to pay on each head of cattle, those on forage, cheese, and butter, and also the receipt of the fines paid for crimes perpetrated in the forest. Three times at this period did Berne revive the feud with Gruyères.

The Count Pierre above-mentioned, deceased, left the administration in the hands of a namesake, whose connexions in the Simmenthal rendered him sufficiently powerful there

to manifest the old hatred of his house to the seigneur of Weissenburg, citizen of Berne. The greater part of the Simmenthal was under the count's protection ; but many of its farms and châteaux belonged to the lords of Weissenburg and others, having been built by their ancestry. Count Pierre of Gruyères marched against Weissenburg ; Banneret Peter Wendschaz commanded the Bernese against him. At that spot of the Simmenthal there are heights which narrow the passage, and the Bernese, who had strayed to plunder cattle, received a sore punishment for their lack of foresight. The banneret himself, fighting with the courage of despair, surrounded and overpowered, collected his failing strength for a last effort, hurled the banner of the republic above the heads of his assailants, and died consoled, because it was unprofaned by the touch of a conqueror : the Bernese mournfully bore it within their walls.

The peasants of the Simmenthal enacted laws for their own territory ; that on fines showing a chivalrous spirit which did them honour. As it was presumed that the offended might defend himself against a blow, the offender was fined one livre only ; the man who uttered abuse was fined four, and he who falsely gave the lie in a judge's presence, ten

livres, since it was considered most difficult to guard against slander and calumny.

Required by their allies of Fribourg to march with them against the sire of Grumin-gen, vassal of Gruyères, the Bernese gladly answered to the call, and seized on his castle, though he sued for peace. The count and his knightly companions were wont to pursue their chivalrous sports on the green meadows which stretch beneath the castle. The count's attendants had dispersed themselves in a wood not far distant, and in the coves which surround the Tour de Treyme, when the men of Berne and Fribourg, with a force superior to his own, surprised the count himself in the oak-tree meadow. Pierre fought with the heroism of his antique race, but the numbers had well nigh overpowered him, when two of his vassals, Clarembold and Ulric Bras de fer, resolved to save him at all hazards, flung themselves before his person, favoured his retreat, and guarding the narrow defile through which he had passed, kept his enemies at bay, till the count, who had hastily sounded his war-note and gathered his scattered troop, spurred back to the charge, put the assailants to the rout, and many of them to the sword. To Clarembold and Bras de fer, who covered with blood hailed his reappearance and joined

in his attack, he accorded privileges and franchises, which he extended to their posterity. Their memories are still honoured in their village of Villars sous Monts.

Soon after this, in 1349, ushered in by fearful earthquakes, broke out the plague described by Boccaccio, which desolated Europe and Asia. According to the general belief, a third of the population of Switzerland died; the churchyards were filled to overflowing, and the victims buried in unconsecrated ground, and without religious rites, which priests were wanting to perform; whole regions were left desert, and lordships abandoned and unclaimed by friend or foe. Struck with terror, men strove to avert the scourge by the various and horrid means prompted by fear and fanaticism. It was then that numerous travelling societies, the Flagellans, wandered from canton to canton, inflicting blows and torment on themselves, for the sins of the world. Where they passed, the excited people devoted to death a number of Jews, innocent of all crime; it is well known that at Kybourg, the more enlightened Duke Albert was forced against his will to deliver three hundred to the flames; that at Bâle they were all driven into a wooden house, and burned with it; while at Constance and at Eslingen, in the synagogue, the de-

spairing people inflicted death on themselves.

The vassals of Gruyères, unflinching in battle, attached and faithful to their lords, had obtained from them so many and important privileges, either as reward for their services, or in barter for the sums of money their necessities demanded, as to become almost as free as the most democratic states of Switzerland. But for their insatiable ambition, the counts of Gruyères might have been the happiest of mortals; but they looked from their tall towers on the height, less to rejoice in their possessions than to mourn that they saw their boundary. Not being kings themselves, they strove to find consolation in rendering themselves necessary to royalty; and they led their vassals from their flocks, and mountain pastures, and calm homes, to fight in foreign quarrels, and in climates so different from their own, that those sunk victims to the change who had been spared by the sword.

Count Michel of Gruyères, who died in 1570, was the last of his line. He was one of that brotherhood of La Cuiller, who quitted their own lands to ravage those of Geneva. He had commanded their army, forced many of his vassals to serve under their banner; and also sold yearly, and for several years,

five hundred men to the French armies in Italy. They had rendered good service to the king of France, but Henry the Second, under various pretences, refused to pay the immense sums he owed to Gruyères; and Michel saw his country depopulated in vain, his debts accumulating, though he had received a large loan from his neighbours and sold his subjects a portion of his lordly privilege, till at last, persecuted by his creditors, and notwithstanding his carelessness of their welfare, mourned by his devoted vassals, he abandoned the inheritance of his fathers, which he saw before his eyes divided between the two cantons, and concealed his shame and sorrow in the castle of a relative in Burgundy, where he died poor and without an heir.

19th August.

So unwell this morning as to fear durance vile at the Cheval Blanc, but, being determined to go if possible, set off at three. I had hoped our road lay beneath Gruyères, but it led through the streets of the town, and thence for a considerable distance across rich meadows, their green pastures spotted with chalets; farther on they are divided by pine forests, the road skirting or passing through them, the sunshine reposing on their verdant glades, or playing among their old trunks, or excluded where these have been felled and

supplied by multitudes of young stems crowded in nature's extravagance. The hedges were gay with wild pinks and woodbine, and on the sides of the road were strips of green and rivulets for Fanny's feet. We left on the right a gorge, through which the Saarne flows, commanded by a noble looking ruin. The peasantry here are almost German, and therefore perhaps a milder and more amiable race than the French or Genevese. They issued from their cottages and ran from their work in the fields to see us pass by, but always took off their hats and wished good evening. The clouds had threatened rain, but the wind, which whistled in the firs, blew it over us and left only a fine stormy sky above the mountains, partly hiding their white heads, while the sun was brilliant in the valley. As we passed the meadows where the cows were grazing, and the little cowherd lay almost hid in the clover, we thought of Lord Byron's praise of the bells; their tones, differing and harmonizing, tinkled sweet music. Nearer Fribourg is a fair view into the gorge from the road, which hangs over it where a sweep of the Saarne makes almost an island of a tract of pine grove, and a suspension bridge has been flung from the peninsula to the shore. An avenue of fine trees leads into Fribourg, of which the first view with its dim

mountains and most golden valley, is more striking than that of any town I have seen as yet, from the magnitude of the mighty chasm, over whose very edge the houses seem to hang giddily high above the torrent, and the feudal watch-towers, which guarded once, and are still ranged along the winding of its opposite shore. The far famed bridge was not visible, but we could see that now in progress, crossing the gorge of the Gotteron, which issues from the Saarne. In its present and unfinished state it hangs in an awful curve over the abyss, like a thread for a fairy rope-dancer.

The avenue passed, the road becomes precipitous, and scarcely, on a dark night, safe we crossed a bridge, and rode beneath an ancient gate to enter the old town. The houses which line the streets, narrow and ill-paved, are curious and of great age, as are the quaint fountains; at the summit of whose gilt and painted columns figure grotesque saints and Virgins. After various windings we reached this hotel, the Zahringerhof, which should be chosen for its situation and view, as it is close to the bridge and built on the very edge of the chasm.

20th August.

Stayed at Fribourg, a cold day broken by hail-storms, and passed it in walking over the town and along the narrow valley of the

Gotteron. Not far from the hôtel on the Place, and opposite the town hall, which is built on the site of the palace of Duke Berthold, is the venerable lime-tree, planted, according to tradition, the 22nd June, 1476, the day of the battle of Morat.

The young soldier who brought the tidings was a native of Fribourg; he had been wounded in the conflict, and feeling he grew weaker as he approached the town from fatigue and loss of blood, and that his shout of victory waxed too feeble to be heard, he gathered a bough as he passed, and waved it over his head in token of rejoicing. Arrived at this place, where the townsmen were assembled, he faltered forth his news and sunk down to die. They planted on the very spot his lime-tree branch, and it lived and grew his monument, and is now so old, that the decaying branches are rested on the four stone pillars and wooden trellis-work which surround it; there is an express order to tie no animal near, but it is dying of extreme age, and will hardly outlive another winter.

Berthold, duke of Zahringen, was imperial governor of Zurich, landgrave of Burgundy, and lieutenant of Céchtland and Lausanne. By his command ancient villages were surrounded by walls and free towns built, behind whose fortifications the peasants of the empire,

who united themselves to the inhabitants, might rest in peace and security. The love of change, the hope of gain, but above all of liberty, quiet, and order, aided in peopling these towns. The duke, as hereditary governor, and because the high roads and bridges were every-where property of the feudal lord, taxed each house, and levied a duty on all merchandise; and also, when a subject died without heirs, inherited a third of his possessions. The citizens were tried by twelve or twenty-four of their own body, presided, over by an "avoyer" elected yearly, and sentence pronounced in accordance with the facts proved by a sufficient number of witnesses. Each townsman was, during his life, master of his own pro-perty, and it fell to his widow in case of his demise. The whole town took care of the orphans. The feudal lord could neither force a man to become a citizen, nor prevent an inhabitant of his town from departing if so pleased him; but freemen and serfs sought therefore the more willingly within it a safe-guard from the dangers consequent on dis-persion; and the serfs were considered free if during the first year their master failed to claim them and prove their servitude by the af-firmation of seven relatives. When the lord of the city required their presence, they were

bound only to journey to a distance whence they might return to sleep in their own homes.

In the year 1178, Berthhold the Fourth, whose father and uncle had set the example of encouraging these establishments, chose the village built along the precipices of the Saarine, and founded his town of Fribourg partly on a territory belonging to the abbey of Payerne, but mostly on his own land, and with the aid and counsel of various barons. It became inhabited; boasting freedom, but certainly not equality, for the nobles, as yet unused to citizenship, kept the line of demarcation so strongly marked as even to fix on a separate place of burial, and, in consequence of this, six hundred years passed without so confounding distinctions, as to give one language to the town on the shore, and that on the crags above it—German being the dialect most in use among the inhabitants of the former, while their fellow-citizens spoke French only. This is no longer the case, but in 1794, when Müller wrote, many who lived in the one spot were unintelligible to the other.

Taking one of the steep streets, which is paved in steps as a stair, we walked to the massy roofed wooden bridge, across which the diligence to Berne travelled before the new one was built, the descent and ascent occupy-

ing about an hour. From between its heavy wooden work you have a good view of the suspension bridge, 174 feet above the bed of the torrent, and which, though so much longer than the Menai, for its length is 905 feet, appears of so much lighter construction; from this spot the Zähringen hôtel seems a real castle in the air. We crossed the Saarine, and turned to the left, and under an old archway of Duke Berthold's time, which forms the entrance to the gorge of the Gotteron. It is a lonely and beautiful glen, sunk deep between wooded crags which barely allow room for a path way beside the stream, which bounds brightly on, flashing in the sun, while it turns the heavy wheels of rustic mills, as if glad of its own usefulness; and farther, where the valley is less narrow, winding through the small green meadow, and among the picturesque wooden cottages, as if seeking repose near those it has toiled for. In the spring, the quiet river becomes at times a destructive torrent, uprooting tree and dwelling. About Fribourg cretinism exists, and among the elder peasantry the goitre is common—we saw in the glen one poor idiot, who howled and gibbered as we went by.

Dined in company of a French family—the elder hope just issued from the Jesuits' college, a disagreeable specimen of their train-

ing, with large black hands and unpleas-
habits. In the evening went to the cathe-
which in itself is only gaudy, but whose o
and organ player are most wonderful. Li-
ing to the higher tones, it was difficult to
suade myself that I did not hear a chor-
sweet voices, and its "storm" did not resem-
an earthly instrument touched by a m
hand; it was like "nothing but thunder,"
solemn and awful, as it rolled along the a
dusk in the evening.

CHAPTER II.

Canton of Berne—Village where the Swiss troops obtained a victory over the French force in '98—Berne—Bears in all forms—Their revenues diminished—Their new baptism—Foundation of Berne—Rodolph of Erlach—Laupen—Rodolph chosen guardian of orphans of the Count of Nidau—Murdered by his own son-in-law—Cathedral—Monument to Duke Berthold—His wife's execution—Charles Louis of Erlach massacred by his own soldiers during French invasion—Treatment of Berne by the French—Thun—Privileges—Castle of Thun—The brothers—The banquet—The murder—The “pension”—An acquaintance—The sketcher in haste—A Marseilles story—Spietz—The golden manor—Adrian of Bubenberg—His saving Morat—His embassy—His return as a minstrel—Unterseen—Unspunnen once the property of the Eschenbach family—Walter of Eschenbach—Confidant of the parricide Duke John—Murder of the Emperor Albert—Vengeance of Queen Agnes—Walter's son spared—Walter a shepherd—Lauterbrunnen—The cascade—Grindelwald—A buried chapel in the glacier—The Harder—The grave of an only son—Return to Thun.

21st August.

LEFT Fribourg for Berne, and was disappointed in the road, which presents a long series of endless hills, and (as heavy clouds, which brought us several hail-storms, hid the

white mountains) less interesting than those hitherto travelled.

At the limit of the cantons of Berne and Fribourg, where the river Sense separates them, the country is wooded and beautiful, but of a mild character and resembling England. The name of the village is Neunneck; and here, on the 5th of March, 1798, the same day on which Berne surrendered to another column of the French army, two thousand Swiss, commanded by Colonel de Grafenried, defeated the French, drove them across the Sense, killed or wounded fifteen hundred of their men, and took eighteen pieces of cannon. They made no prisoners, but marched up the mountain with fixed bayonets, and forced the enemy from all his positions. They lost themselves 173 soldiers, and great numbers were wounded.

We exchanged here the seeming poverty of the canton Fribourg for the air of happiness and riches peculiar to this. The peasantry appear a civil and kindly race. The females wear dark dresses and black velvet caps, whose broad wired lace worn far back from their sunburnt faces looks like the outspread wings of a hornet. The entrance to Berne is not on this side (that of the plain) striking. A long avenue leads to a handsome gate flanked by two modern bears; for the bear is

omnipresent. Armed cap-a-pie on the column of one fountain, on another standing as esquire beside the figure of Duke Berthhold, forming a procession on the clock-tower, which in his time guarded the outer wall, marking in effigy the butler at the inn, and in *propriâ personâ* inhabiting the town ditch outside the Aarberg gate, where four of the fraternity live on (alas!) diminished revenues, for the property bequeathed them towards the close of the last century by a bear-loving old lady, and which, it is said, had accumulated to 70 millions of francs, was seized by the French in '98, and with the remainder of the town-treasure, and the bears themselves led away captives, were transported to Paris. In insult to the conquered, the animals received fresh names, and the new one of each was inscribed on his travelling caravan, being that of a *magistrate* of Berne!

It was in 1191, when the great barons of the Alps and the most powerful lords of Burgundy leagued their forces against Berthhold the Fifth, lieutenant of the empire, either, historians say, in hatred of his equitable administration, or in jealousy of his still increasing sway, that he inclosed as small towns various villages for his own and his vassals' security; and seeking out another spot under the protection of the imperial franchise, equally dis-

tant from all his enemies, and unsuspected by his partizans, he chose a hamlet called Berne, built on a peninsula formed by the rapid Aar, when it rushes from the lake of Thun ; and, about a month after he had defeated the leagued lords in one of the high valleys, surrounded it with a ditch and walls. Many knights and nobles took up their residence there ; among the rest, Rodolph of Erlach, of an ancient Burgundian house, and whose descendants have seven times given chiefs to the republic, and twice saved Berne from ruin. The laws were similar to those of Fribourg.

In 1338, the year in which the emperor Louis of Bavaria convoked the diet of Frankfort to discuss the affair of his excommunication, 147 years after the foundation of Berne, when she had no protector and few allies, the counts and barons of Cœchtland, Aargau, and Burgundy, urged on by the emperor, projected her destruction. The lords of the house of Neuchâtel, the counts of Kibourg, and Pierre of Gruyères and others, assembled in the castle of Nidau, whither, notwithstanding her alliance with Berne, came ambassadors from Fribourg, to say that the injuries they all suffered had a common origin, that Berne strove to level the nobles to the condition of the populace, and it being vain to essay by

partial attacks to set bounds to her audacity, it would be well that united forces should raze her city to the ground.

Berne acted nobly and calmly—she besought no foreign protection, but said, in a conference which took place between her delegates and the feudal lords, that “to peace she would sacrifice all save justice.” She summoned Fribourg to a diet held at Blamatt, reckoning on the memory of their common founder and long friendship; but her deputies received no token of peace or amity, and Berne felt she was abandoned. During this time, 700 lords with the coronet on their casques, 1200 armed knights, 3000 horsemen, and more than 15,000 foot, were gathering against Berne.

Laupen, which is also on the Sense, four miles lower down than Neunneck, besieged by the allies, had demanded and obtained succour from Berne. The Bernese were themselves embarrassed in the choice of a general; of the brave knights and citizens who surrounded the avoyer of Bubenberg, none esteeming himself capable of a command on which depended the fate and liberty of their descendants; and while they still sate irresolute in council, Rodolph, knight and castellan of Erlach, son of Ulrich, under whose command many still living had conquered the leagued

nobles at Donnerbuhel forty years before, rode armed into Berne.

He was at the same time guardian of the young count of Nidau and citizen of Berne. To conciliate his will with the fidelity he owed his suzerain, he represented to his ward, that to serve the cause of the nobles against his fellow-citizens would injure his interests beyond reparation; and the young count, as in reply he scornfully bade him join the ranks of his peers, said, "With two hundred coroneted casques, and a hundred and forty knights devoted to my banner, it is indifferent to me to lose a man."

Erlach replied coldly, "You have called me a man, Sir Count; I will prove to you that I am one."

When he had dismounted and appeared before the senate, the sight of him reviving the memory of Donnerbuhel and his father, he was named general by acclamation, and the avoyer placed the banner of the republic in his hand.

As he stood holding it, he addressed the citizens:

"I have fought with you," he said, "in six battles, where our numbers were always inferior, and always victorious. Discipline is a sure means of conquest, and without it courage

is of no avail. You, artisans, who are free-men, and obey unwillingly, you can remain free only by learning obedience to those to whom it is due; without absolute authority I will not be your general. I do not fear the foe; with God's aid and yours we will drive him back, as when you were led by my father."

The people of Underwald and of Soleure were the sole allies of Berne. Alms were distributed, solemn vows and processions made, during the brief time which intervened. One night, by the light of the moon, the general gave the troops the signal to depart. They were in all about six thousand. The women and children, who remained on the summit of the walls to watch and to pray, followed them with their eyes till they could distinguish them no longer, over the unequal ground and in the doubtful light. Descending thence they sought, the poor the churches, their superiors the private oratories of their mansions, and remained the livelong day in prayer; while the avoyer of Bubenberg, and others of the senate's oldest members, remained sitting in council, to provide at all events for the city's safety.

Rodolph of Erlach led on his troops in the most perfect order, taking up his position, about mid-day, at a short distance from

Laupen on a height, and flanked by a forest. Several of the knights of the opposing army, which was encamped in sight, rode forth from the ranks to survey the Bernese, and kept up a conversation of mingled raillery and bravado.

The young count of Nidau augured differently of the result: "I shall lose land and life to-day," he said, "but I will sell them dearly." In the attack, the rear guard of the Bernese, composed of inexperienced troops, was seized with panic, and fled. Erlach, to whom the news came, said gaily, "Victory is ours, friends; we have lost the clog of cowards!" and dashing forward, heading the young men he had assembled round his own person, the flower of Berne, he broke through the masses of the enemy's infantry. Thenceforth the fortune of the day was no longer doubtful. The young count of Nidau fell one of the first, and the Bernese army, returned from the pursuit, kneeled down to offer up thanksgiving on the field where it had conquered, and according to custom passed the night there; the following morning saw its triumphal return to Berne.

Diebold Baselwind, the priest who had harangued them before the battle, marched first; behind them were borne the banners and

arms of the fallen, and Rodolph of Erlach, contented with reviving his father's fame in his own, deposed his sovereign authority.

The count of Nidau had left two young children; and their relatives of the house of Neuchâtel, too feeble themselves to defend the lordship, feared with reason to confide it to a foreign prince. Their conduct speaks the highest praise of the knight of Erlach. They employed the mediation of the bishop of Basle to pray that he, "whose integrity was as well known as his valour, would receive as his charge the orphan boys and the lordship of Nidau." He accepted the trust; a peace was concluded between Nidau and Berne, and the dead count's sons, Rodolph and Jacques, enjoyed undisturbed the inheritance of their brave father.

Time had gone on, and the castellan of Erlach, grown an aged man, lived at Reichenbach, a solitary spot on the shores of the Aar, which had also been his father's residence. He had two sons, and a daughter married to the esquire of Rudenz.

One day of the year 1360, when he had employed, as was his wont, his domestics in his fields and gardens, and sate in his halls with no company save his dogs couched on the floor, and his sword of the battle of Laupen suspended from the wall, his son-in-law came to

seek him. He was a dissipated and reckless man, and as they conversed together, high words ensued on the subject of Margaret's marriage portion. The knight was white-headed and feeble; and as he reprimanded Rudenz with dignity and gravity, his son-in-law started from his seat, seized the sword which hung near him, and plunged it into the old man's heart.

The howling dogs pursued him to the forest, whither he fled, and when the news got wind, there was neither noble nor citizen who did not rise in arms to pursue the parricide. He died shortly, but in what manner is not known.

This is a long digression, but the ride through the sombre streets of the old town calls to mind the man who was named its irreproachable hero. The date of the most ancient mansions now standing is of 1405, as in that year the entire city then existing was destroyed by fire, saving, however, the three massive towers, that of Duke Berthold, the prison, and Christopher's tower, in the principal street of Berne.

The town has a gloomy aspect, with its low arcades resting on heavy masonry. The streets have a deep dangerous ruisseau flowing down their centre, bound by stone. I feared that my starting Fanny might break a leg, by

slipping down. We rode to the Faucon, which has, I believe deservedly, the reputation of being one of the best inns in Switzerland; but we had left Fribourg late, and lingered on the way, and consequently found it full. The Couronne was a bad substitute; the house is three hundred years old, and has objections attendant on its worm-eaten wood and dirty old age, which I advise you to avoid; the more so as its master is the first Swiss I have seen who unites incivility with high charges. We paid the strangers' homage to the citizen bears, who are comfortably lodged without the Aarberg gate. The largest received our visit in his bath, a stone bason, into which he waddled on our approach, and remained while we stayed, staring hungrily at us, up to his neck in water.

From the bears we walked to the cathedral, which stands on the terrace above the Aar, looking down on the range of aristocratic buildings which skirt it, their possessors' coats of arms sculptured over their portals, and their gardens sloping to the water, and on the range of Bernese Alps, rising grandly in the distance, but half hidden to-day by the heavy clouds.

This shady platform is raised one hundred and eight feet above the Aar, yet

into its wall was inserted a marble slab, recalling a singular accident on the 25th of July, 1654. A young student, amusing himself with his companions, vaulted on a horse which was quietly feeding under the trees, and being a spirited animal, started violently away, and terrified by the shouts of Weinzapfli's comrades, sprang with him over the low parapet. The horse was killed on the spot, but the student, who fell in soft garden ground, and only broke his arms and legs, recovered, and became a pastor.

The minster is a fine Gothic building, and was commenced, in 1420, by the son of the architect who built the famous tower of Strasburg.

The monument, surrounded by gaudy armorial bearings, was raised by the town to Duke Berthold the Fifth, in 1600. He was the last of the line of Zæringen, for he had been left a widower early, with two young sons, and contracted a second marriage with a countess of Kibourg. Either to ensure the inheritance to her own future offspring, or won by the jealous nobles to be their accomplice, this fury in human shape poisoned the two children of her husband. Her guilt once proved to him, neither the tenderness he had once felt for her, nor the thought that by

accusing one so nearly allied, he tarnished the glory of his house, could arrest the outburst of his paternal agony. In the year 1217 she perished by the hands of the executioner; and Duke Berthhold, unwilling to form another alliance after one so fatal, felt it a consolation that in his person would close the misfortunes of his house.

Occupying a place in the aisle opposite that which contains Duke Berthhold's monument, is a long catalogue of names inscribed on marble tablets; those of the brave men who fell in 1798, vainly resisting foreign invasion.

The saddest fate was that of Charles Louis of Erlach, a man who, like his ancestors, had deserved the esteem and love of his fellow-citizens. Before the revolution he had served France, and was named field-marshall at the moment of the French invasion in 1798. He had hurried to his native town, and, like his great predecessor, been named by acclamation general of the forces; but the then existing government was timid and irresolute. Accompanied by eighty of his officers, like himself members of the council, he presented himself before it the 24th of February, and, by his energy and arguments, revived its hopes and raised its courage. He was endowed with full powers to act as he should see fit as soon as

the yet unconcluded truce should expire. He left the city to decide on the measures to be taken, but, even as the moment for their execution arrived, received the order to suspend hostilities. The government had abdicated its powers. Marshal Brune's policy had sown division in the senate as well as among the troops. Berne yielded almost without resistance; and Erlach's soldiers, blinded by suspicions artfully instilled, and maddened by despair, massacred him in the village of Wichdorff.

The treasure of the republic, accumulated through so many generations, was seized on by Marshal Brune without even the formality of an inventory taken. The Directory, informed of the omission, and in a case of this sort placing little confidence in its general, despatched a courier extraordinary with positive orders that it should be repaired.

A kind of list was in consequence hastily made by the marshal's command, and himself wrote to the Directory—

“ Vous verrez par l'état, dont je vous envoie copie, que les sommes trouvées dans le trésor cadrent à peu près avec les registres.”

The most moderate calculation, for into it private losses and depredations cannot enter, computes the losses of Berne (city and canton) at forty-two millions of francs. It was asserted

that of this Brune had appropriated to himself the golden medals of the Hôtel de Ville, twenty-two carriages, and above three hundred thousand francs in specie !! This treatment of Berne followed close on assurances of support and amity, for while the marshal's forces were yet unassembled, and before Schaumbourg's reinforcement had arrived, France, through her commissary, declared that she desired her neighbour's freedom and happiness only, and that, as soon as a government sufficiently democratic should be established, the independence of Berne would be respected, and the French army withdrawn.

23rd August, Thun.

Left the Couronne with its discomfort and dirty stables. A steep descent leads to the bridge, beyond which run at right angles the two roads, one leading hither, the other to Zurich, beneath noble avenues. We had a lovely day and ride through a happy looking country, wood, pasture and mountain, and passed through a village, where the laugh of all the lookers-on from the windows saluted me as I rode Fanny in and through a clear pond, far deeper than I thought, but out of which we got to our honour.

Approaching Thun, the country is romantic and most beautiful. It was a warm fine even-

ing, and the old dark castle, now a prison, on the height, with its peaked roof and four towers flanking it, and the church by its side, stood out from a bright sky.

The Aar, which issues from the lake about a mile further, winds below, rapid and blue as the Rhone. We crossed it on a covered wooden bridge, and skirted the town, passing ancient gates and massive towers, and the once fortified wall, to arrive hither.

The Pension Baumgarten stands on higher ground than the Hôtel Bellevue, backed by wooded heights, to the foot of which its park extends; and the rooms opening on flower-gardens look on the Aar, winding through rich meadows, with scattered houses, and a grey feudal tower on the near shore; and the Stockhorn, with its strange sharp peak projecting above; and the massive pyramid of the Neisen beyond; the wreaths of vapour floating along the side of the first serving its forests for pedestal or canopy. On the right rose the castle; and to the left, far away in the opening, the Jungfrau and her attendants, looking with the blush of that sweet evening on them, I thought even lovelier than Mont Blanc.

The rights of "bourgeoisie" attached to Thun make poverty almost impossible, and its inhabitants are therefore less laborious than

in other parts of Switzerland; each citizen possessing a right of pasture, building timber, and firewood, besides a yearly sum of money drawn from the surplus revenues of their flourishing and unexpensive country. By a strangely egotistical rule of the law-makers, these advantages attach exclusively to the males, so that a female orphan left unmarried, or a widow without a son, might find herself suddenly destitute, and dependent on strangers' charity.

The service of the English church is performed every Sunday by an English clergyman in the Swiss church. No prospect can be more beautiful than that from the churchyard of Thun. The wall is built on the very edge of the precipitous hill it half circles; round and along it, from distance to distance, are what elsewhere I should call summer-houses, open stone edifices, on whose benches the inhabitants of Thun sit in the shade, enjoying the glorious and varied views over each side of the valley. A winding road, passing beneath an ancient gateway and a stair of irregular steps, leads up the height on which the church stands. The castle is but a few paces from it, on the platform of the same hill: among its annals is written a bloody tale of family feud.

... When the last duke of Zæringen, who had

refused to become an emperor, was interred in 1218 at St. Pierre in the Black Forest, his large possessions were divided. Ulric of Kibourg, his brother-in-law, inherited those situated in Burgundy; Berne and Zurich solicited and obtained from the Emperor Frederic the Second the title of free towns; and when the news, so long desired, reached Lausanne of the failing of the line of Zæringen, (the fall of the founder of Berne twenty-five years after its foundation,) the Bishop Berthold of Neuchâtel convoked together the chapter, knights, and citizens in the court of the church of Notre Dame, and, solemnly cursing the memory of the deceased duke, who had once made war against him, he gave (solemnly also) the advowson of the bishopric into the hands of the Mother of God for ever!!

In the year 1332, Hartmann, count of Kibourg, possessed, with the lordship of Thun itself, that of various villages surrounding it, as well on the mountains as on the green plains through which flows the Aar. Among these were Berthoud, Landshut, and other property of allodial tenure. Thun and Berthoud, governed according to the sage customs of their territory, had extended their limits by reason of their increasing population. The avoyers of the count pronounced judgment in accordance with a municipal code which even

himself respected. The richest and most ancient of the nobility thronged his court and were his brothers in arms. When Hartmann of Kibourg died, his widow, the countess Elizabeth, allowed an overweening influence to Senn of Munsigen, a nobleman whose domains lay in the neighbourhood, and who through her favour had become director of her councils. Her sons, Hartmann, heir of Kibourg, and Eberard, were youths, and the eldest, who hated his brother, used every means to conciliate Munsigen's favour to himself, and to prejudice him against Eberard, at that period studying at Bologna, the cradle of all science then existing, at an expense of sixteen marks yearly. Owing to his brother's influence, this remained undefrayed; and, having vainly besought its payment, Eberard returned to his paternal castle to claim the portion left him by his father.

His relatives treated his demands with derision, and himself as a young man who might indeed possess rights but who knew not how to uphold them. One night, after a hunting or hawking party, the brothers had arrived at the castle of Landshut, which is some leagues from Berthoud, and Eberard, fatigued with exertion, slept by Hartmann's side too soundly to be at first aware of his treason. Hartmann bound him as he lay, and sent him,

thus secured and half naked, under a strong guard, to Rochefort in Neuchâtel, Comte Rodolph of Neuchâtel being his wife's father. Arrived at his destination, Eberard accepted, perforce, for arbitrator between their differences Duke Leopold of Austria. Leopold pronounced that Hartmann should remain sole lord of the entire patrimony; that Eberard should inhabit the castle of Thun, and of the two hundred marks he received from his benefices as canon of Strasburg and Cologne yield three parts to his brother to defray the debts of their house. To this sentence the prisoner was obliged to subscribe, and all the nobility of the lordship of Kibourg assembled by invitation in the castle of Thun to celebrate the reconciliation of the brothers. As the defrauded young man sate with them at the banquet, Count Hartmann and the favourite, Senn of Munsigen, applauded each other unconstrainedly on the success of their schemes: "Be like," said the former, alluding to Eberard's inexperience and easiness of belief, "my brother may need a tutor to teach him to sign our peace."

Eberard had many friends among the guests, and this and other sarcasms, which reached their ears, raised their choler, long restrained,—and some started from the banquet and drew their swords. A fearful tumult arose instantly. The furious guests, dividing themselves into two

parties, rushed madly at each other, and Hartmann was killed by chance and in the obscurity on the steps of the tower stair. It was unknown whether the instrument of this involuntary murder was Eberard in person; but at the moment when the citizens of Thun, who, attracted by the extraordinary noise, had armed in haste, rushed up the hill to the castle to know its cause, the body of Count Hartmann, flung by some violent hand from a window of the castle, made them an awful reply. The greater number at once turned and fled; the few who lingered were taken prisoners as a measure of precaution; and Eberard, giving orders to close the gates, sent ambassadors to Berne, offering to become, himself and those of his house, citizens of her city for ever, and to cede to her, with a portion of his remaining possessions, the fief of Thun. The Bernese marched thither without loss of time, took possession with little difficulty, and confirmed the count in the place of power occupied by his ancestors, on condition of his paying them a contribution of one mark yearly.

August.

We have of late borne with some days of Swiss rain, unintermitting from morning to night. A *pension* has one disadvantage: for its inmates depend not on their own

resources, but on the forced companions of its breakfast, early dinner, and long evening. We are fortunate in an agreeable party, particularly so in the acquaintance of an English clergyman and his charming young wife, who, with her rosy children round her, forms the prettiest picture imaginable. The *vie de pension* consists in breakfasting, in irregular order, between eight and twelve; dining at three, which interferes sadly with excursions or occupations; drinking tea at eight; talking till ten; and going to bed to re-commence on the morrow. This is bearable during sunshine; but when we are shut up in bad weather, and deprived of our home occupations, with torrents falling all day, and the moon shining at night in the valley on so dense and white a fog that I at first took it for the lake, which is a mile off, as has been the case the last few days, we form in groups, and have recourse to a *leetle* scandal (as I once saw it written), which commences in the kitchen among the scourges thither imported by the victims, their masters, and steals by degrees among ourselves, where it sometimes finds somebody

"To point a moral or adorn a tale."

And should we all be good naturally-minded and charitable to our neighbours, we pounce upon the cookery, and wonder that Madame

It should be so niggardly an old person how long will last her dynasties lucks and bony pigeons. An addition rcle, and an improving one, arrived in the persons of a gentleman and lady arseilles, and whose conversation ins to let the poultry die and be served ace. I was amused by his account of usage on board the steamer, from to Lausanne. Of the party was a lady ; French imperfectly, and sketching markable assiduity, as she went along, standing the velocity of the boat's

Monsieur R ——, though not pro-
ly so, is really an artist ; the lady was a
—like one who described to me that
made more than two perpendicular
horizontal lines for any view, filling
vacuum after; or like another who,
sketched the falls of the Rhine, showed
a lady, who exclaimed—" Oh ! that is
rtiful field we just now walked through,
stile we jumped over."

lady had united to a very faint idea
geographical position a strong desire
ng away in her album drawings of all
ntains in Switzerland ; and the young
gentleman could not resist the oppor-
for amusement : he had been her
ter already. Mont Blanc, she heard all

voices echo, and used her pencil in haste. The Buet, with its white round head, was in sight also, and the lady said in an interrogatory tone, “*Mont Cenis, Monsieur?*”

“*Oui, Madame,*” said her deceiver gravely, and she hurried to mark down the shape of the mountain, and write under it “*Mont Cenis,*”— extract the leaf from her book, and with due care lay it in her portfolio. She looked about again.

“*Mont Pilatre, Monsieur?*” said she, forgetting that Lucerne was not there; and pointing to the Voiron,—

“*Bien loin, Madame; bien haut,*” said the artist, and a cloud above the Voiron was again marked down, and inscribed *Mont Pilatre*. The steamer was passing Coppet, and Monsieur R — pointed out the château, giving it its proper name.

“*Ha!*” said the lady, cutting her pencil, “*Coppet château, Madame Staël.*”

“*Oui, Madame, voilà;*” but alas! for the sketcher; below the château on the lake shore is a square house, with a chimney at each end of its ignoble roof, and three prosaic-looking windows. It was this she believed to be Corinne’s cradle. The drawing was completed in a minute: two upright lines for walls; two ears for chimneys; three blacker strokes for windows; and under all, Château Coppet. You

should have heard him describe the complacency with which she drew a bit of the Salève for Monterosa, and the gratitude with which she parted from him who had shown her

"More things in heaven and earth,
Than are dreamt of in our philosophy."

An anecdote Monsieur R —— repeated last evening, of a member of the national guard of Marseilles, was too amusing to avoid telling you in my turn :—

Just after the revolution of 1830, troops disembarked from Algiers, bringing with them a large treasure, destined for Paris; it was to leave Marseilles under an escort of the national guard, as the lower orders were still in a state of excitement, which might render its passage hazardous.

The person who commanded the escort had our acquaintance under his orders, and Monsieur R —— was rather surprised, on entering the suburbs, to hear himself and his comrades ordered to the rear, while the waggon with its load of specie went, pioneer fashion, first. He asked the reason :—

" You see," said the commandant, (a stout peaceable man,) " that our charge being at some distance from us, in case of its being attacked we shall have notice of it before the offenders reach ourselves."

"Therefore we had better ride to the front,
and be ready to meet them"

"Not at all; we should be deprived of discretionary power, being only six; by remaining behind, we can best judge whether the attacking force matches our own, or is too strong; and may, at our choice, advance or retreat for reinforcement."

The escort staid in the rear and the convoy travelled in safety.

Monday.

Notwithstanding the assurances of the whole pension, that all cascades are alike,—that wood, water, and mountain may grow familiar to weariness; notwithstanding melancholy prognostics of misfortunes, which may happen to the horses,—and fine weather, which may not last for our journey to Italy, I have insisted on seeing the Staubbach; and to Interlaken, or rather towards Interlaken, we rode last Wednesday, for we were hardly a mile away when the mist closed around us, obscuring the view from the higher ground over the lake and towards Thun, which is so lovely in sunshine. D— proposed turning back, but we were averse to seeing the whole contents of Baumgarten shake their heads at our discomfiture, as they had done when foretelling it ere we started. We took refuge instead

under a pear tree in an old woman's garden, an agreeable situation, in which we remained an hour, watching the torrents which concealed everything else a dozen paces from us: and as the bad weather did not set in as violently as it sometimes does in the mountains, took advantage of each clearer half hour to proceed, and of the shelter the road afforded when the rain returned.

In this manner we arrived, not very promptly, opposite Spietz, whose old castle is romantically placed on a promontory, near the road and on the lake shore. It belonged to the lords of Bubenberg, and went by the name of the Golden Manor. One of its most noted possessors was Adrian of Bubenberg. In the year 1470 he had been deputed to the court of Duke Charles of Burgundy, and received by him with esteem and affection. On his return he remained attached to the Burgundian party, inasmuch as he believed a continued peace with Burgundy beneficial to Berne. Hagenbach, however, had been seized and executed; and Charles's fury venting itself not merely in menaces against Switzerland, he named his officer's brother to fill his vacant place, with orders to cover the county of Ferrette (the part of Alsace which joins Switzerland) with flames and blood. This fresh violence restored to Nicholas Diesbach, the zealous partisan of

France, the credit he had lost with his countrymen. He sought to renew the treaty of alliance with Louis the Eleventh; but aware that Adrian of Bubenberg's influence would be exercised on the opposing side, found means to exclude him from the council, and taught the people rather to take umbrage at his pride of birth and dignity of bearing, than to remember the part he had acted.

Under various pretexts he was exiled to his Golden Manor of Spietz; but when, in 1476, Charles of Burgundy advanced, determined to commence the campaign by the conquest of Morat, at the head of sixty thousand men, the Bernese recollecting their banished avoyer, and, recalling him to their councils, implored that he would take the command of the force destined to garrison Morat. The senator, who had ever sought to avoid a perilous war, did not hesitate to draw his sword in one become inevitable. He demanded only implicit obedience, and seeing that the greater portion of the inhabitants were ill disposed, he proclaimed that the first who showed fear or irresolution would be punished with death! He also adopted measures which had been already, on other occasions, successful, separating friends and relations, placing some within the town, and of others forming part of the force destined to repulse the besiegers. Wise, active, and courageous,

calm amidst danger, Bubenberg's conduct and skill saved Morat, to whose fate seemed bound that of all Switzerland, and to him chiefly did Louis the Eleventh of France attribute the victory. Twelve Swiss deputies, Adrian of Bubenberg at their head, were despatched to the French court, and received with royal magnificence. The following year the conqueror of Morat returned on a mission connected with the succession to the throne of Burgundy. The object of his embassy had altered gratitude to coldness—esteem to hatred; faithful to his own high character, firm and incorruptible, when Adrian of Bubenberg saw his colleagues won and wavering, he disguised himself as a minstrel, and returned alone to Berne; this was in 1478. He died there the following year.

The barony of Spiez afterwards belonged to the family of Erlach, which counts among its members Rodolph, conqueror of Laupen, murdered by his son-in-law, and Charles Louis, massacred by his misled soldiers when he came to defend Berne.

From Spiez the road lately made skirts the lake almost the whole way, and rather nervously, as there are neither barriers towards the water nor retreat towards the rock, which has been blasted to leave a passage, and round whose base it winds. As Fanny's habit of starting rendered the meeting of cart or car-

riage perilous, we cantered along while the way was free, and to distract her attention from the rivulets and small cascades dashing down to her feet. Arrived at the extremity of the lake, the rain fell in earnest ; despite our cloaks it threatened drowning : the mists were sufficiently opaque for Ossian to rest his heroes on ; and the dim grey water which stretched below, melting into and confounded with them, looked mysterious and beautiful, as a single gleam of pale sunshine struggling through the vapour just touched the Neisen and descended to rest on the surface. Unterseen was ten minutes nearer than Interlaken, and, though we had heard the hôtel called a bad one, the dripping manes and drooping tails of our horses prayed movingly for the nearest shelter. We took the road along the bottom of the lake, and arrived among the dark wooden houses, some of which bear date of two hundred years ago. The accommodation at the inn was better than I had expected ; but, considering we had come thither for pleasure, our object was not altogether accomplished, as we sat alone at supper, faintly lighted by two candles at the end of the large gloomy room, the storm beating against the windows and the wind whistling under the doors. Our bed-room looked on the church, backed as it is by the steep sides of the Harder, to which the clouds clung,—threaten-

ing an inauspicious close to our explorings; and the most musical of German watchmen woke us every hour during the night chanting them and an appropriate rhyme in his fine deep voice. Called as we desired, and the car ready, the state of the weather, as we breakfasted shivering in the same large room, looked by no means promising, and the barometer had continued sinking pertinaciously. Not choosing, however, to ride back to Thun, as we had ridden from it, in rain and fog, and our object unaccomplished, we preferred driving in their company to Lauterbrunnen ; and leaving our horses with strict charges to the stable servants, we started rather silent and rather sad in that chill morning at seven, over the four picturesque bridges, which, crossing the Aar, divide Unterseen from Interlaken. From one of these there is visible between the nearer mountains a view of the Jungfrau, splendid in fine weather. She looked mournfully through the wreaths of heavy vapour like a captive through her prison bars: by degrees the mist rolled away, and we could admire Interlaken, where you know D —— was prevented passing part of his summer by the unfavourable description given by ——. I should prefer it even to Thun, for its green plain nestles more closely under the hills. The pensions are built on the same line, but apart;

with a mountain back and mountain view, their gardens surrounding them, and a noble avenue of old walnut-trees extending the whole length they occupy. The road to Lauterbrunnen winds through shady lanes and crosses meadows of Swiss verdure, and then lies beneath wooded hills, on the summit of one of which rises Unspunnen, the castle of Byron's *Manfred*; a square and a round tower, from the top of one of which spring two slight trees, being all remaining. The marriage of the baroness Ida of Unspunnen with Eschenbach of Wadischwyl bare to the latter's house her father's lands of Unspunnen, she being his only child, and Oberhofen her maternal inheritance.

An illustrious ancestor of this Eschenbach, but more as poet than warrior, though for his military exploits he was armed knight by Count Poppo of Henneberg, was Wolfram; the year of whose birth is not known with certainty, but who lived when the emperors of the house of Swabia had roused in Germany a love for poetry, which had grown to passion: and the verse of its votaries had a depth and brilliancy which in no way foretold the coming barbarism of the fourteenth century. His life passed in the wanderings of a troubadour from court to court, admired and honoured, as he retired to the home of his forefathers but a brief time ere he died. A zealous patron of letters and

his friend was the Landgrave Hermann of Thuringe, at whose court of Wartbourg (the most romantic of mountain castles) congregated the wisest and wittiest of their time. In the year 1207 six noble minnesingers entered the poetical lists there ; Hermann and his fair wife distributing the prizes, while Nicholas Klingsor, famed for his love ditties, as well as his knowledge of necromancy and astrology, presided as judge, summoned for that purpose from Hungary. The general voice hailed Wolfram conqueror ; but Klingsor, whom he had unwittingly offended, in vengeance adjudged the palm to his friend Henry of Ofterdingen. His superiority was, however, fully acknowledged by the poets of Swabia, with all of whom he was on terms of intimacy, and who styled him sage and master. His genius was varied,—for he was called the Homer and the Ariosto of his day. Among the works his astonishing fertility left to found his fame on, is a species of drama, entitled the Combat of Wartbourg, containing the six pieces recited by himself and his five troubadour companions in 1207 at the court of Thuringe.

A hundred years later lived Walter of Eschenbach, comrade and confidant of the paricide Duke John of Swabia.

When the latter's father, Duke Rodolph, died, leaving him a boy, the Emperor Albert

sent for him to court, and held his patrimony in his own hands as the orphan's guardian. The minor, become of age, demanded his birthright, which Albert, under various pretexts, refused ; and the young man, exasperated by each succeeding subterfuge, urged on by the mockery of his partisans, who nicknamed him Duke sans duchy, and the fear that his uncle might intend his utter spoliation, employed as mediator the bishop of Strasburg.

He begged that the emperor would at least yield to his nephew some castles with their domains, belonging to his paternal inheritance; but Albert once more evaded a direct reply, speaking of giving Duke John a command in his meditated expedition against Bohemia, and of satisfaction when the wars were done.

The bishop returned from his embassy, the young man heard its issue in silence, breaking it only to observe, "the hand which grasps my birthright menaces my life." Quitting his reverend adviser, he sought without further delay the companions of his pleasures, who in more serious moments were his counsellors also: these were Ulric of Palm, Rodolph of Wart, and Walter of Eschenbach.

The 1st of May, 1308, there was held an imperial banquet at Stein, at which Albert's sons and Duke John sate. By the emperor's

command wreaths of flowers were brought, with which the children and disinherited prince were alike crowned. There was some allusion, some remark made, as to these diadems being sufficiently weighty for the brows which sustained them, to which John listened gloomily. The banquet concluded, the emperor mounted on horseback to proceed to Rhinsfeld, whither the empress had gone some days before. His suite was composed of the unpopular favourites, Landenberg and Waldsee, his cousin the count of Hohenberg, and others of his nobles and vassals. Pretexting a fear of over-loading the boat, arrived at the river Reuss, John and his party found means to separate Albert from his followers.

He rode slowly and a little in advance across the broad ploughed lands which stretch beneath the hill and castle of Habsburg, the territory of his ancestors, conversing with the knight of Castelen.

Suddenly riding up to his side, Duke John exclaimed, "Receive the wages of fraud," and plunged his lance into his throat; at the same moment Balm ran him through the body, and Walter of Eschenbach clove his skull in twain with a back stroke of his sword.

Rodolph of Wart stood motionless, and Castelen fled. Duke John and his friends, terrified as by some unexpected crime, gazed at each

other for the last time, and rushed in various directions from the scene of their murder; Albert had fallen bathed in his blood, and insensible. His suite, congregated on the opposite shore of the river, witnessed the assassination, and fled in fear from their dying master. A poor young woman passing by saw and ran to raise him from the ground; he breathed the last sigh in her arms: twice he essayed to open his eyes, and at the third effort to do so, died.

Duke John took refuge in the solitudes of the Alps, and wandered some days in the forests which surround the abbey of Einsilden. Disguised as a monk, he travelled thence to Italy, where he threw himself at the pope's feet, and as a favour obtained from him permission to hide beneath the cowl his remorse and friendlessness. The remainder of his days passed in obscurity as an unknown monk, it was believed in the convent of the Augustines at Pisa; and the blind man who sat begging in the market-place of Vienna, was, it is thought, as he asserted himself to be, son of John the parricide.

Rodolph of Wart, accomplice but not actor in this tragedy, had sought protection with a relative, the Comte de Blamont, who, for a sum of money, betrayed him to Albert's survivors. He was married to a noble lady of

the house of Balm, who was fondly attached to him. Having implored his pardon vainly on her knees, before the Empress Elizabeth and her daughter Queen Agnes, she determined affording him the consolation of her presence when condemned to be broken on the wheel. His sentence was executed. His torments, ere they ended his existence, lasted three days and three nights, during which his unhappy wife remained kneeling near him in tears and prayer, taking neither food nor drink.

It was said by some that he had been wholly innocent, and even unaware of the meditated murder; he solemnly asserted it while his broken limbs were stretched on the wheel. When he had expired, his widow rose, travelled on foot to Bale, and died. Ere yet Rodolph was taken, Duke Leopold had entered his domains in arms, put all his domestics to the sword, and razed the castle of Wart to the level of the ground. Jaques of Wart, his innocent brother, reduced to beggary, lived the remainder of his days in a poor cabin of Neffenbach, a village founded by his ancestors.

Farwangen, the chief among the castles of the lords of Balm, capitulated; but Duke Leopold and his sister Agnes, queen of Hungary, widow of King Andrew, caused sixty-three nobles and many other warriors to

be conducted to the forest, and beheaded there in her presence. It was then that Agnes, as their blood streamed round her, said, "I am bathing in the dews of a May morning."

When the castle of the house of Eschenbach (whose name has induced me to linger so long on this story) was taken, and all the vassals of Walter had been massacred, the soldiers of Agnes, and herself also, were attracted by the faint cries of an infant in its cradle, whom the shouts and shrieks of the assailants and their victims had fearfully roused. The boy was so beautiful as to interest even Agnes, hard and cruel as she was, till she discovered he was Walter's son, when she commanded that he should be put to death also; and her officers had much ado to shield this one life from the fury which had exterminated before all those who protected it. Yielding at last, she commanded that he should renounce the name of Eschenbach, and be called Schwartzenberg. It is probable that the child did not grow to manhood, for his father was last of his line.

Walter of Eschenbach sent to his wife the deeds of the property she had brought him as her marriage portion, became a shepherd, and lived as one, in the county of Wurtemberg, thirty-five years. He made himself known

only when at the point of death, and was interred with the pomp due to the dignity of the ancient family which in his person closed. On the spot where the emperor was murdered, the Empress Elizabeth and Queen Agnes founded the monastery of Koenigsfelden, the high altar being built on the very place where he expired.

No one crime was ever succeeded by so many in pretended expiation. All who bore the same name with any of the guilty; all who had ever had connexion with them; all found within the prescribed domains, were sacrificed without pity. The accomplices not taken were put to the ban of the empire, their marriage vows dissolved, their friends commanded to avoid their presence, their enemies permitted to free themselves of their lives, their lands adjudged to the empire.

Agnes having founded the convent, ever averse to communion with the world, hard, cold, and cruel, though only six-and-twenty, enclosed herself within its walls, distributing alms, practising fast and penance, and performing the most humble offices. It was in vain however that she strove to attract to Koenigsfelden the old brother Berthold of Offtringen, who had been a knight and warrior, and lived as a hermit on the mountain: "Woman," he said, "you serve God ill while

shedding innocent blood, and founding monasteries with the fruit of your rapine; only on goodness and mercy doth he look with favouring eye."

The road having passed Unspunnen, skirts a wild stream in an enchanting glen, the White Lutschine, which waters the valley of Lauterbrunnen. On entering the village of Zweylustchinen the mountains open to leave a way to Grindelwald, and through the chasm rushes the sister torrent, the Black Lutschine, a picturesque bridge crossing the place where meet these troubled waters.

Our road lay straight before, made beautiful by the varied forms and tints of the bold rocks which are the belt of the White Lutschine, and the dark and vivid green of pines and beech, which rise among the crevices, or from the strangely shattered summits of these crags, stained brown and grey, like genius springing from and brightening poverty.

Somewhere hereabouts, where there is barely room left for the car between rock and river, one of the former, projecting over the path sombre and sternly, once shadowed a fratricide. Of the tradition I heard only that the murderer was a powerful noble, who after his crime left in remorse his castle to ruin, and his lands to the first invader, and died in his wanderings.

The valley continued to narrow till we had surmounted the ascent to the first houses of Lauterbrunnen. On the left was the rock of Hunenflue, having the form and regularity of a bastion. Before us we saw the Jungfrau, who had dropped her veil, demanding I suppose the sun's homage on her maiden brow, which he yielded soon after, but not until we had seen the Staubbach,—alas! without its iris.

The fall is on the right hand, about a quarter of a mile from the Capricorn, where we left our conveyance. The new hotel, which bears its name, and is built closer to it, commands the best view, saving that from the mound beneath it, which, in its deceitful neighbourhood, appears a hillock, but whose steep side I climbed with difficulty, and was puzzled to descend with sober step. We offered due reverence to the cascade, arriving ankle deep in the rivulet, from the plank made slippery by its spray: receiving a bath on the before-named mound, where the voice of the water was so loud we could not hear our own; but certainly not aware that in its spring of eight hundred feet it sometimes brings down stones to break its admirers' reveries. The late rains had increased its volume and grandeur, and therefore perhaps lessened its resemblance to the tail of a white horse in the

wind. In the winter it forms a colonnade of ice.

Along the wall of cliff which bounds this side of the valley, are other falls of equal beauty, though less fame. The Jungfrau and Wetterhorn close its extremity, and up the mountains, on the stream's opposite shore, the green pastures stretch nearly to the summit, dotted with chalets to receive cattle and herds-men, some seeming too high for human foot to rest on. These and the poorer houses of the village, which is scattered over the valley, are built of whole pine trunks, rudely mortised at the corners, a hole left for door and window, and the heavy stones laid on their roofs of bark, that the wind may not whirl them away.

The more aristocratical dwellings have the sawn planks which form their walls carved and ornamented, the open balconies of elaborate workmanship, and below the jutting roof inscriptions graven to recall the name of the owner, and the year and day in which the work was done, and generally some blessing, in quaint rhyme, on building and builder.

We had not intended a visit to the glaciers of Grindelwald, but the day growing fine and the road thither tempting us as we approached the bridge, our resolution altered. The narrow road winds along precipices, high above

the Black Lutschine, and till it brought us within sight of the glaciers, with the domes and pines of snow which shoot up above them, I thought less interesting than the way to Lauterbrunnen. The two glaciers are well seen from the inn windows and its garden. The Mettenberg separates them, the Wetterhorn forming the boundary of that nearest Lauterbrunnen.

The places occupied by these seas of ice were once, according to tradition, fertile valleys, for in one of them was discovered a buried chapel and a bell, bearing the date 1044. From the arch of an ice cavern in this upper glacier issues the Black Lutschine; green pastures, with wild flowers and strawberries growing at their edge, are here on a level with the masses of ice ever encroaching, like death advancing to grasp childhood.

In 1790, the innkeeper of Grindelwald, crossing the glacier while driving a few sheep home from the mountains, slipped down a crevice, and found himself laid, with a broken arm only, beneath a vault of ice, and beside the torrent. Guided by the dim light which crept through the fissures, he followed along its edge, and issued through the arch into the world; he was still living when Ebel wrote.

The clergyman who in 1821 explored the glacier between the Mettenberg and Eiger,

met with a similar accident, but which ended fatally. He fell to a depth of seven hundred feet, and his body, recovered after twelve days of vain attempts, lies buried in the cemetery of Grindelwald.

We dined in company of a most hungry and silent young German, and returned to Unterseen; the drive back lovelier than you can conceive, for in the place of mist we had sun and shadow; the torrent sparkling, and the distant snow blending gold with rose colour.

The horses were found in safety, Grizzle demanding oats with the impatience and attitudes of a wild beast. It is mournful to shut oneself within a lonely room in a strange inn. I walked, while the light remained, up the flight of steps which, just opposite our hotel, lead to the church, whose grey tower has the Harder for background. In the churchyard was something sadder than solitude,—the tomb of an only son, who perished, aged twenty-two, in the precipices of the Harder; rose trees were cultivated on the turf, and a bench placed opposite, where sits his mother, who, for the last ten years, has every summer made a six weeks' pilgrimage from her far home to his grave.

We drank tea at one table of the enormous room, while a noisy Parisian party from the Rue St. Martin, or thereabouts, supped at the

a young man of the family throwing them in the air and catching them in his hands after the manner, he said himself, of the Swiss of Berne, there are various modes of instruction when travelling : and a large and red-faced, informed her companion for our benefit, " how the douaniers complimented her on her black eyes, and they said they were a rarity in Switzerland."

Early, we left Unterseen by the old road which passes through Interlaken and along the rocky bank of the river. In admiring the lake all the way, and having had a lovely ride, and seen, without a cloud to shroud them, the whole range of snow-capped mountains with romantic names which surround the Alp and Jungfrau, we reached Lauterbrunnen early, and rejoiced in exchanging the solitude of the dark old inn for the society of —, his pretty wife, and her gay

CHAPTER III.

Leave Thun—Zweizemmen—The wrong road—Château d'Ex—Gruyères—The Préfet's ball—Anniversary of the Virgin's leaving school—Vevay—The patient Griselda's obstinacy—The exploit—Villeneuve—The Valley of the Rhone—St. Maurice—The Theban legion—The Valais—The village buried—The Rhone overflowed—Former inundation—The old villager saved—St. Bernard—Story of its founder—Martigny—Riddes—Sion—The prelate's murder—The family of the Rarons—The Mazza—Raron persecuted—Demands the aid of Duke Amedée—His castle burned—His wife driven forth—His revenge—The cretins of Sierre.

LEFT Thun the 9th, at eleven, as we waited till the morning fogs, which have now grown dense and cold, rolled up from the valley. The last bad weather, which to us brought rain, laid a light covering of snow on the mountain summits, which the natives say is a favourable sign. Madame Rufenacht remains a desolate widow. Madame R. and Mrs. H — left (wisely) some hours before us, as the mist no sooner rises than the heat becomes intense. The road was for some distance that we had ridden towards Interlaken ; it turns off where

the river Kander comes dashing along its stony defile, and beneath its covered wooden bridge, to the lake. Our route skirted its precipices, and is very lovely where, at the entrance of the valley of the Simmenthal, the wooded base of the Niesen and the Stockhorn's crags leave barely space for the road and the torrent, which a one arched bridge spans. We found at Erlenbach Mr. ——, who was to be our companion on this day's journey, and, to our regret, this day's only; as he is light-hearted and light-footed, all annoyance, and most fatigue, finding him invulnerable. Near the village was an extensive horse and cattle fair, through which, without the assistance of his mountain pole and his hand on her rein, it would have been difficult to guide Fanny unharmed, particularly as, when they stood "betwixt the wind and her nobility," she took a sly opportunity of biting two four-footed plebeians. Weissenburg is picturesquely situated beside the torrent. We crossed it a few steps further on a wooden bridge, where horses pay a toll of a batz each, which the receiver, in her fly cap, ran after us to levy. The path to the baths winds up the hill on the right hand.

Further on, the river forms a pretty cascade, boiling and bounding over its stones below the precipitous road. Stopped at

Zweizemmen, twenty-seven miles from Thun, a village of wooden houses with a wooden inn, and nothing to eat. It was unfortunately too late to go further, as the horses were the only individuals passably lodged and in any degree fed. With the exception of a damp, limp loaf and a plate of nuts, our supper presented an uneatable variety, and I was obliged to confess that I had left comfort behind when I preferred the romantic route of the Simmenthal to that by Berne and Fribourg. A quantity of wearing apparel, very far from new, hung round my bed-room, which the servant, with German phlegm, said "could not derange me as I lay in bed," and I had some trouble to get removed in consequence. These wooden mansions are like a sounding board, for, while I was dressing this morning, I heard distinctly, as if she had been in the room, a lady in the next admonishing her daughter, and D— and Mr. — conversing at breakfast below; forming a tower of Babel colloquy. We had such coffee as the French call *eau trouble*, its few grounds floating to the top, and dismissed the unborn chickens presented for eggs. Our acquaintance parted from us here, hiring a car as far as Chateau d'Œx, whence he was to take the footpath to Vevay across the Dent de Jaman. We started after him, and on the wrong road, no one belonging to the

Wooden Crown attempting to set us right. Over blocks of stone, and by a way which grew steep and narrow as a mule-path, we toiled debating whether we had mistaken, or this was indeed what the natives called a passable bridle-road. I asked a peasant at a cottage window, "Is this the road to Saanen?" "Ya," said the dame composedly, pointing her hand with the stocking dangling from it to the sharp ascent scattered over with lumps of crag large enough to break a horse's leg.

Looking down in despair, we could distinguish another road far away on the other side of the torrent and the valley. "Is that the road to Saanen?" I shrieked to a man who was driving a goat.

"Ya, ya." "And this we are going?"

"Ya." So seeing no further information likely, we led the horses down this stone ladder in search of the new road, returning to the village which it skirts without entering; leaving me a hope that its completion will in no way serve the abominable Wooden Crown of Zweizemmen. It is a grand work, a broad splendid causeway for a long distance cut along the face of the rock several hundred yards above the torrent, but without the semblance of a parapet, a circumstance of which

Fanny's starts often reminded me. It crosses the stream a dozen times over handsome bridges built of stone. One of the principal of these is yet in progress, and a young German at work on the road pointed to the steep sheep-track which dips suddenly down to the torrent's edge, and a narrow path which followed its windings. Not much liking the itinerary, we asked whether horses might not pass over, but the German, who spoke a little English, saying, "Peoples, only peoples," down obediently we went, passing under the bridge, and pausing in the loveliest ravine in the world, with its clear rushing water and mountain sides covered with pines, those near us brilliant in light and black in shadow; and the faint mist shedding a blue tinge over the further and higher forests; the bold arch flung over at a considerable elevation, still surrounded by its wooden framework, and all the workmen, variously and picturesquely attired, crowding to the edge to look down on the apparition of Fanny pawing in the water. Continuing to follow its banks, there being neither guide nor finger-post, we crossed a wooden bridge, without rails, broad enough for one horse at a time, and high enough to break our necks perfectly. The glen and the path grew narrower, till at last we came on a party of workmen, whose cart, laden with

stones, completely blocked our passage, and the horses, which we tried to force into the water, refused to stir, inasmuch as they did not know its depth, and the crags it foamed over were visible.

The cart, from which the horses had been taken, was immovable, despite the united efforts of the civil Germans—rather a fortunate circumstance, as, on asking the question, we found we were not likely to arrive that way at Saanen. One of the men left his work to conduct us back to the bridge without parapets, and up a narrow, slippery, and perpendicular road, ranging over the admired ravine, which happily brought us to a level with the new bridge, and beyond it on the way to Saanen, to which unpicturesque place we arrived by a short cut, for once successful.

At the next village, we left the Canton Berne for the Canton Vaud. Before entering the latter at Rougemont, from another stone bridge, we saw a lovely assemblage of torrent and mountain—one range all snow, the rest with a robe of green pastures and a crown of pine forests. Fed the horses at Château d'Œx, a commanding feudal situation when it belonged to the lords of Gruyères, perched on an eminence in the plain, backed by wild crag and mountain.

The road crosses the Saane and enters a

narrow pass called Latine. Montbovon, the village which Lord Byron mentions, is here in the Canton Fribourg, and from it ascends the mule-path to the Dent de Jaman. Our own road was far from safe, and at present almost impassable for post-carriages, as for a considerable distance between the rock and precipice there would be no room to pass. We fortunately met only two carts, and had some trouble in leading our horses by, as there is no protection on the side of the precipice; the road rises and falls continually, cut through the rock and the pines, and high over the torrent. It continues thus for some miles, the stream and valley then widen, and grow calmer in their beauty. No one along these new roads, undivided by league-stones, has an idea of distance. We were told two leagues for the last fifteen miles, and we were weary and the sun low when we came in sight of Gruyères, and admired its old castle and town high on the hill, below which we wound. On the authority of the Baumgarten, having reckoned on twenty-five miles, we found we had ridden forty-two. As the last faint light was disappearing, we crossed the last stream with its border of pines, and near the watch-tower of Trême, built on a rock, with an arch by its side and dirty habitations round, and, to my extreme satisfaction, arrived at the

Cheval Blanc; and little Fanny, recollecting her bed of a month ago, walked straight to the stable-door.

We had our old room opposite the castle, and the inn yelept *hôtel de la Mort*, a most ill-omened name.

Three of the castle windows were feebly lighted, and I heard, on inquiry, that the préfet gave a ball; but not choosing to pay the fine levied here, as well as at Geneva, on entertainments during undue hours, the six young ladies and fifteen gentlemen who formed the company were invited to dance from five to ten!

It was fête at Bulle, and everybody tipsy in honour of it. I heard it was the anniversary of the Virgin Mary's quitting the convent in which she had been educated, to marry St. Joseph.

Wednesday, September 11.

Arrived at Vevay, the day having been as burning as that on which we left it a month ago. The horses gave a strange proof of memory, insisting on stopping at a fir wood, where we then rested them in the shade. Persecuted by the small vineyard flies and musquitoes, of which we were free in the mountains, wearied by the horses kicking the whole length of the steep paved hills, we were glad to reach the Trois Couronnes, where we

found our Thun acquaintances and the letters we expected, but must wait for the baggage.

16th September.

We intended leaving Vevay last Friday in company with Mr. and Mrs. H—, but Griselda the patient having with great reluctance allowed the putting on of three shoes, so positively insisted on kicking the farrier and his assistant from the off hind leg, that having called her *rosse* and *démon*, and sworn considerably, they gave up the idea, leaving her with three new shoes and a hoof with none. This was an impediment to the journey quite unlooked for, and rather disturbed our equanimity. Saturday, D— bribed the farriers back, and after breakfast and goûter they returned to look at her and to talk, and at four o'clock the business seemed still far from completion, when one bethought him of tweaking her nose. This operation, with the aid of two pushing her side, one holding her leg, and the fifth shoeing, proved successful. Little Fanny, seeing her comrade surrounded to be sacrificed, shrieked a melancholy neigh, as she was tied in the corner.

The gold was drunk merrily, and the exploit of the five has been so exaggerated by dint of telling it, that I should think the conquest of the grey horse would remain, for all

future travellers' advantage, inscribed among the "fastes" of Vevay.

The rain has fallen in torrents during three days; this morning was fine, and the road enchanting; we passed again old Blonay, and Chastellar on his hill, and Clarens with her foot in the water, and the peak of Jaman above the spire of Montreux, the mountains not like those of the Simmenthal, everywhere dark with evergreen pine, but their sides feathered with summer leaves, and the spiral fir-forests, only far above, pointing against the blue sky.

Arrived at the narrowed road, and the high grey crag opposite Chillon, Fanny walked to the drawbridge, and but for the mist in the valley of the Rhone rising gradually and threatening, we should have paid it one visit more. The view of the castle is far grander from the shore than lake, as its uniformity is broken by the three massive towers and the keep which surmounts them, and it wears the sober grey which should be the livery of a feudal castle. We suspect the wall towards the lake of having been lately whitewashed, and the republicans have daubed thereon an enormous device, inscribed *Liberté et Patrie*.

As we wound along the road towards Ville-neuve, beneath the old walnut trees, we turned

to see it and the prisoners' isle; till D—, who accuses me of always admiring scenery backwards, cracked his neck. The tiny habitation has no business on the island; the mountain breeze should only blow over the three tall trees and the flowers of gentle hue.

Villeneuve is an abominable hole: its inns of the Croix Blanche and Lion d'Or looking equally uninviting. Bidding here good-bye to the lake, we enter the valley of the Rhone, wild and muddy, with his eighty-four tributary streams, already received in his passage through the mountains. L'Aigle is a charming village, hid in the hills. Bex is not, in my opinion, situated quite so prettily, but the inn has a prepossessing appearance.

A peasant pointed out the way to the Salines, which lie in the mountain behind, but of them you must ask descriptions elsewhere, for it just then began to rain heavily, and we put on our cloaks, bound for Martigny. St. Maurice stands, its castle on the crag, above the road from Geneva, where a fine bridge crosses the wild Rhone, its one arch flung from the Dent de Morcles on the further side, to the Dent du Midi on ours. Before us was a little fort, thrown up by the Swiss in 1832, to defend this already well closed pass. I thought it one of the most striking spots I had seen in Switzerland. You know the legend, that here

in the year 302, the Theban legion was massacred by command of the Emperor Maximilian; and the place called St. Maurice, from the name of the chief of these martyrs, who refused to abjure Christianity. When we had crossed the bridge, the grandeur and the beauty merged in the muddy street of this most filthy town; the contrast between the Vaud we had left and the Valais we had just entered, marvellous, considering that the separation is a bridge seventy feet long. Manure heaps before the doors, and pigs revelling in them once more; and the hideous goitre, and more hideous cretin, telling at every step their tale of unwholesome filth and misery. One passed us with the usual vacant grin and dead eye, and uttered a yell which startled the horses; the wretched object wore a petticoat, and we could not tell whether it were male or female.

Leaving the Rhone to our right, and now again passing numerous crosses and chapels, and votive offerings, which deprecate its fury, we came at no great distance to a most desolate spot, where the road for a considerable way crosses a tract covered only with gravel and crags, in melancholy disorder. Among the rubbish is a roofless cottage, almost buried. We were told that the bursting of a glacier in 1835 caused this desolation; a torrent of mud

descended from the Dent du Midi, floating on its surface the blocks of stone which ruined the valley, sacrificing no lives, as its progress was slow, but overwhelming fields, orchards, and houses. It skirts the road for the length of nine hundred feet, and is the saddest sight imaginable; we were glad to exchange it even for the low barberry bushes which, with their pendent fruit, like coral branches, cover a soil which seems to produce little beside.

Shortly before reaching the waterfall of the Sallenche, we found that the Rhone had broken his usual bounds, and overflowed the narrow valley, more muddy in his rapid course than ever. The rain had ceased falling, but the mists lingered and deepened, and the clouds lay ominously low on the dark bare mountains. The fall is the finest I have seen, from the volume of its foaming water, and the violence with which it leaps from crag to crag through the ravine it has hollowed till it makes its last bound of one hundred and twenty feet, and from the basin which receives it, the spray mounts like steam. As, excepting the elevated causeway on which we stood, the whole expanse was here inundated, the broad sheet of water under it, and blackness of the crags surrounding, with a rare tuft of green here and there, but mostly naked and shattered, added to the grand melancholy of

the scene, the vale of the Rhone might form a fit picture of the valley of the shadow of death.

Farther on a covered bridge, we crossed the Trient, a narrow but wild torrent, descending from the Tête Noire, and issuing from the black mouth of the stony gorge which opens barely enough to vomit it forth.

The rain recommenced, and we saw through the mist the round tower of the castle of La Batie, once a stronghold of the bishops of Sion, built on the summit of a solitary rock, not far from Martigny; between it and the town we crossed the Dranse, where it flows to swell the Rhone.

Arrived at the hotel de la Poste, we were kept waiting a long time for the worst of all meals, served up in a picturesque vaulted hall, where fire and candles only made darkness visible. We cut up the doubtful meat only in mercy to the next comers. I imagine this has been a convent, from the open pillared galleries which run round the old house, and the corridors and private stairs, and rooms like cells.

A black line drawn along the outer wall of several houses in Martigny recalls the height to which the waters rose in the inundation of 1818, when the masses fallen from the glaciers of Getroz into the valley first formed an ob-

stacle, behind which the waters of the Dranse stopped in their flow, accumulated to a lake, and at last yielding to the mighty pressure, gave passage to the scourge, which in an hour and a half had swept over the eight leagues which divided it from Martigny, having borne away all that stood in its path; the bridge of Mauvoisin, ninety feet above its ordinary course, three hundred habitations, and a forest.

It is wonderful that its column rushed, without touching, past the village of Bauverniel, emitting a vapour like the smoke of a conflagration. It went on to tear from their foundations eighty houses at Martigny; its surface covered with the bodies of drowned cattle, and human beings, despite their warning, taken unawares.

One wondrous instance of preservation occurred in the person of an old man, aged a hundred years: there was a high mound formed of the wrecks cast there by the former inundation of 1595. He would have been too feeble to climb it for safety; he stood there by chance when the roaring destroyer rushed by, circling round, without wetting the sole of his foot, as if it respected the monument of its former power.

This morning, 17th of September, started early as we conveniently could, the innkeeper

having told us, for our comfort, that the overflow of the Rhone has cut the road between Sion and Sierre, and stopped the diligence. The monks of St. Bernard have a convent here, and when the climate has undermined the health of their brothers on the mountain, they are relieved from hence.

The monastery of the Great St. Bernard is distant but a ten hours' journey; we intended going thither, but feared to over-fatigue our horses, yet I wished it much, from admiration of these self-made martyrs, and also from the romantic story of the founder. The castle of Menthon, for I must tell you this story, is built on the height which overlooks the lake of Annecy, in Savoy. An heir was born to its noble possessors on the 15th of June, 923. From early boyhood his taste and studies were unsuited to close intercourse with the world; and grown to a man, he resisted gently but firmly, the will of his family, who had chosen for his wife the heiress of the house of Dwingt.

As he was the only hope of their line, the sole seedling of their falling tree, his parents entreated and pressed him earnestly, and the youth consented at last, unable to deny them longer. The marriage morning came, the fair young bride was adorned, and the guests assembled, for there was to be feasting

at the castle of Menthon. As the hour for the ceremony drew nigh, it became matter of marvel that the bridegroom should so long remain absent. His chamber, where he had not slept, and the domains of Menthon, were searched vainly; Bernard had fled. The wedding guests, one by one and whispering, departed, and the maiden, ere yet she was a wife, was left a widow.

Years went by; the heiress was no longer at Menthon, she had probably formed a more auspicious alliance, and the desolate father and mother had no son seated beside them near the hearth of their hall. They had called up hope till despair came in its place, and believing him dead at last, they set forth on a pilgrimage, not to the shrine of a saint, but the feet of a living man, whose self abnegation and holy life had become the discourse of Christendom.

Travelling by slow journeys, they arrived through the snows at the summit of the mountain, where the solitary lived in the hospital he had founded, compassionating the dangers which awaited travellers from France and Germany to Italy. They found a man old before age, worn with fatigues and hardships, and knelt before him to ask his blessing, and to beg he would say masses for the peace of their son's soul. The monk knew them, for

their old age had altered less than his youth: and while he blessed them tremulously, they knew his voice, and started from his feet to fall on his neck and bless him also.

He had fled from the wedding feast to the city of Aosta, where he received holy orders and became archdeacon of the cathedral. He had preached at the peril of his life, in the heathen Alpine valleys, and rooted out idolatry; thrown down the statue of Jupiter still worshipped on the mount Jou, the little St. Bernard, and founded hospitals on each of the mountains which now bear his name, instituting for each one a congregation of monks. He told his past life and his vocation to the parents who had found him; they wept together, and then they parted, as was his will, they to return to their lone castle of Menthon, to pray for its exiled heir; he to bury himself once more in the tomb he had selected, and forget if he could that he had seen forms and re-awakened affections which drew him back to the world.

St. Bernard preached in the Alpine valleys forty-two years, and afterwards in Lombardy, whence he travelled to Rome; he died at Novara and was canonized.

It is not surprising that the country about Martigny should be unhealthy; the road from this to Riddes, two posts and a half, is raised

along the centre of a marsh, now overflowed by the Rhone; the valley produces here only rushes and rank grass, which feed the thin cattle scantily, and stunted birch trees, and unprofitable barberry bushes, and a kind of furze with a red berry. It seems a fitting habitation only for the frogs, which croaked and jumped by myriads from the wet bank to the muddy stream as we rode along. The unfortunate peasants scarce look like human beings. I did not see two with throats undeformed by enormous goitres. Cretins abound in the valley, and those not belonging to the idiot tribe have an expression of abjectness and misery not much higher in the scale. They are mostly of dwarfish stature, and the women wear the small straw hat with turned-up brim, ornamented with brilliant ribands of gold and silver tissue, which show off in all their ugliness their unwholesome complexions and ill-formed features. At Riddes the Indian corn is cultivated again, and near Riddes to the right is a fine view of chasm and torrent, a castle above and hamlet beside, breaking the sadness of the drear valley and barren mountains. Farther on are pretty villages, surrounded by fine old walnut-trees and pastures, green as those of the Simmenthal. In a field we rode by were hay-makers busy; a woman called to desire I would approach and show my strange figure.

I answered, at a like pitch of voice, that I had not time, and we left merriment behind us.

It would be difficult to fancy a finer grouping of crag, river, and valley than approaching Sion. The Rhone to the right; the peaked mountains rising before two crowned with castles; to the left, highest and grandest, Tourbillon; on the right, Valerie. The first ruined, but nobly; turret and tower and battlement standing as in the fine old age which succeeds a strong manhood. Below, as we approached the fortified wall, which, flanked by its look-out towers, surrounds the city, we saw the third castle of Majorie, once the residence of the governors of the Valais. Behind the town, on another and almost inaccessible crag, is the ruin of the castle of Seyon, of which time, and siege, and fire have left small remains.

In the year 1375, Wischard of Tawell was bishop of Sion, and had governed the republic of the Upper Valais, under circumstances of difficulty, during thirty-three years. This prelate had so well merited the affection of the people, and the confidence of the neighbouring districts, that he was named the Count of Savoy's lieutenant-general in the Lower Valais. He had attained extreme old age, when one day while celebrating mass in his castle of Seyon, arrived with his suite his nephew Baron

Anthony of Thurn Gestelenbourg,—whom his high alliance and extensive domains rendered one of the most important of the nobles. He had some difference with his uncle respecting the hereditary fief of the mayoralty of Sion, purchased by the bishop, and to whose rights and revenues he put forth claims which the old man would not acknowledge. The dispute grew warm and loud: whether the baron of Thurn was, in his own person, guilty of what followed, is a fact disputed. Those who excuse him assert that his furious vassals, uninstigated by his example, laid violent hands upon the bishop: even while he held his breviary, despite his feeble resistance and prayers for mercy, he was thrust forth to the abyss from a window of his rock-founded castle. His subjects, who loved, rose to avenge him at the news of his murder.

Peter, baron of Raron, his brother and other nobles, either did not partake in the general opinion of Anthony's guilt, or allowed party spirit to deafen them to the claims of country and the cry of nature. Brieg, Leuk, Sierre and Sion vowed to avenge their lost lord; and, first taking several castles, met the assembled nobles near the bridge of St. Leonard, and gained a signal victory. The baron of Thurn vainly sold to Savoy his domain of Gestelenbourg. The Valaisans became its masters.

The baron of Brandis, a powerful noble of the Simmenthal, through his mother, who was a Weissembourg, marched his vassals to aid Anthony. His ill-placed friendship cost him his life, and his dispersed troops sped homeward by the mountain passes. It was then that the village of An der Leuk, in the upper Simmenthal, left without defence, as its men had marched to battle, was entered by a detachment of the Valaisans, who threatened pillage. The mountain women, bred to hardships and danger, having their children and their children's property to guard, seized on what arms had been left behind, and with the energy of roused lionesses rushed forth and drove back the enemy.

Anthony of Thurn, forced to quit the country, lived the remainder of his days at the court of Savoy. About the year 1416, the Valaisans complained that no account had been rendered of his male fiefs, (he died without heirs in 1404), and expressed fears that these also would fall into the hands of the all-grasping Rarons. These barons of Raron, as the nobles of most ancient date and largest possessions, were the sole persons whose power counterbalanced that of the bishops of Sion, till the heir of the house was named to the bishopric at the time his father held a post of importance, and the opposition ceased to exist.

as soon as its cessation placed the whole authority in the hands of son and father.

The jealousy thus excited was increased by Raron's character and the personal dislike it roused. By no means a hard or bad man, his chief offence towards his country seems to have been his contempt for their coarse habits and lack of culture, and a predilection for the house of Savoy. What these habits were may be inferred from a list of laws passed by the nobles, magistrates, and citizens in council, when his power was at its zenith. They commanded "that men should be stationed to enforce the cleansing of the sewers, to prevent their overflow; that no foul linen should thenceforth be washed in water destined for the town's consumption, nor manure allowed to accumulate before the habitations, and that the high street should be swept at least once a week."

The dislike to Raron increased from a report which spread, that, after the invasion and conquest of the valley of Ossola by the Swiss troops, the baron had been heard to say, that "had he been opposed to them there, not one would have returned."

Offended by this speech, they dispatched to Berne, of which city he was burgess, the landamman of Unterwald, to demand full satisfaction for words which, as they affected their

honour, could not be passed by unnoticed. Berne replied, that since she had vainly demanded the baron of Raron's aid in an expedition to Oltingen, she had abandoned him to his own guidance.

The resentment of the Valais gave henceforth its own colouring to every action of the Raron family, and in particular to its alliance with Savoy. On a day when the inhabitants of Brieg had assembled, to give loose to their ever-increasing discontent, a few Savoyard soldiers arrived in the village from the Simplon pass. They seized their arms, maltreated and drove them forth, exclaiming that their presence would be no longer borne with in the Valais.

The authors of this outrage, for their own protection, raised the country by means of an expedient derived perhaps from some gone-by custom. Assembling friends and comrades, they bare at evening a large log to a place where grew a young birch tree which they rooted up. They carved the stump into the rude semblance of a human figure, and placed it in the centre of the branches, entangling them with thorns and brambles, to represent suffering justice encompassed by the trammels of tyranny; and in proof of their determination to free her, each drove a nail deep into the stem of the birch tree. They bound the

figure, thus encircled, to a tree on the high road (it was called La Mazza), and lingered near the spot to mark what might follow. Those who came that way at dawn stopped also, and there soon gathered a multitude, as yet in expectant silence and passive. At last one advanced and unbound the "Mazza," and placed himself at its side in the centre of the crowd. Several voices next apostrophized her, demanding what injuries brought her thither, and treating her silence as the effect of fear caused by an unjust power.

"If," they said, "there be in this assembly one man who loves his country sufficiently to be the Mazza's questioner, let him advance!"

An instigator of the scene stepped forth—
"Mazza," he said, "they are sworn to aid thee: whom dost thou dread? Is he of the race of Silinen; of the houses of Henn or Asperling?"

The figure, and the man who had stood beside her from the first, remained motionless; and the speaker continued to enumerate the noble names of the Valais with as little success as before.

"Is it," he said at last, "the baron of Raron?"

The wooden figure was bent low to the ground in signal of assent.

"You mark her complaint," rejoined the

orator ; " you who will succour her raise the right hand."

A large majority obeyed ; a near day was appointed ; and the news was sent from village to village, " that the Mazza was about to visit the captain-general, the bishop, and all the partizans of the Raron."

The plot succeeded throughout ; neither the lustre of their ancient name, nor the favour of a foreign prince, nor the first dignities of the land united on their heads, prevented the various districts of the Valais from planting on the appointed day, and by unanimous consent, the ill-omened Mazza before all the unfortified castles of Raron and his partizans. The multitude forced a way, and pillaged from vault to battlement. Had Raron remained in the country, he too, doubtless, would have fallen sacrifice to the Mazza. He had gone to Berne, there to renew his treaty of co-citizenship, and obtained, on the conditions of resigning his place of captain-general, and leaving Bishop William to his own resources, a promise from the Valaisans to persecute him no farther.

He believed that (his foes appeased) time might restore to him the power he had exercised in days past ; but there was nothing which those enemies so dreaded, and they worked on the passions of the already-excited

people, till rising again they marched on and destroyed his castle at Sierre,—took a fortress, held by the bishop, at Leuk,—and besieged Beauregard, which, built on a rock, had long seen beneath its sway and protection the valley of Ennfisch, whose fertile meadows stretch to the very foot of the Alps of Aosta.

Raron returned to Berne; but Berne was occupied wholly with the affairs of Frederic of Austria, and feeling that to the bishop and himself hesitation might be fatal, he demanded for both the aid of Savoy. Amedée the Eighth, created duke by Sigismund, charmed to find a pretext for interference, commanded Amedée of Challant, then in Chablais, to leave it with sufficient force, and take under his own protection and out of the bishop's hands, the castles of Majorie and Tourbillon. On his side the baron of Raron victualled his strong hold of Seyon, conducted within its walls his wife and children, the Bishop William, and all the aged and infant members of his house, charging with its defence his most tried and brave vassals. A numerous and staunch garrison held Beauregard, and the heat of that burning summer aided its efforts by paralyzing those of the besiegers, till at last conquered by famine and forced to open their gates, the soldiers as they marched forth saw lighted behind them the flames, which, consuming the

castle, illuminated the entire valley. The insurrection became so serious, that Amedée of Challant, fearing for Chablais, concluded a truce, which peace soon followed; but although the baron of Raron had placed sole confidence in the duke of Savoy, the latter, when renewing his ancient treaties, made no stipulations in his favour, delivered to the bishop neither Tourbillon nor Majorie, ceding both for a sum of money to the chapter. The Valaisans pillaged and destroyed them: Seyon remained alone; the riches of the Rarons were plundered; their power had departed. His courage only remaining to support him, the baron again entered Berne, and appeared in its assembly with none of the splendour, but more than the dignity of past years: he was received as its citizen once more. Meanwhile the forces of the Valais besieged Sion, determined on the total ruin of Wischard of Raron. The negotiations between Berne and the Valais grew stormy: the latter insisting on the surrender of the castle, but consenting to let all within it go free. The lady of Raron, profiting by the permission, came trembling forth,—slowly treading the steep way, followed by the Bishop William, her younger children, and a long train of menials. It was then that Seyon fell. The multitude thronged thither, bearing

torches, and its noble halls were sacked and fired.

Sion had abjured all respect towards this illustrious family, and the unhappy lady, who, born in luxury, had long been the spouse of these countries' most powerful lord, descending the heights of the Valais, and traversing the Pays de Vaud in the haste of fear with her melancholy train, repaired to Berne. Her husband, listening to his angry passions only, while the debate concerning his cause was still pending, sought the Oberland, and gathering round his banner all the brave youth of Frutigen, the Simmenthal, and Saanen, marched at nightfall from the latter village, and along a narrow valley, which bears the name of Gsteig. The dawn was hardly red on the mountains when they climbed the steep paths of the Sanetsch, near the great cataracts; and appearing before Sion at the dinner hour of its inhabitants, mastered their resistance easily. In the course of some hours Sion was reduced to a few streets, the remaining space it had occupied a mass of smoke and flame, and the troop, when it had ravaged the surrounding lands three days, returned by the way it came, having hardly lost a man.

The negotiations between Berne and the

Valais were succeeded by war; to put a stop to which, the neutral cantons interfered, and at last, through the mediation of the duke of Savoy, it was decided that Wischard of Raron should be reinstated in his lordships, and receive as indemnity for his losses the sum of 10,000 florins. Yet, notwithstanding this, Wischard of Raron died far from his own land; his opulence, his noble name, his chivalrous virtues availed nothing to one who had neglected to conciliate the affection of his countrymen, and their caprice cast down an authority which rose no more.

... Entering the town, a dirty street leads to an inn of unprepossessing appearance. We passed on to the left, winding half round the base of the crag on which stands Tourbillon. We passed a picturesque monk in his robe of brown serge, with a fine face and shaven crown; and a squinting specimen of the same species, who, I think, chose the cowl that it might serve for veil at need, he drew it so closely over his face when I asked him a question.

As we slowly descended the road which skirts the Rhone, we could long look back on this romantic castle, dark on its shadowed crag, while the sun made a sheet of silver of the swollen river, which spread beyond its natural shores, forming islets and peninsulas innumerable, circling round the peaked

mounds, which, varying in height from fifty to two hundred feet, their crags gay with vegetation, crowd the valley,—first created, Ebel says, by the violent Rhone cutting a deep passage among the rubbish and ruins cast in his bed by the earth—avalanches of the mountains; and increased by that driven along at each succeeding flood. They look as if a portion of chaos had been left when the rest was softened into a world.

Riding without shade under the craggy hill and over the river, we followed vineyards for some distance, and as the branches hang within reach, and we were hot and thirsty, I did not keep my hands from picking and stealing, and we went on, refreshed by roguery, till we had nearly met with merited retribution: for at a place whence the Rhone had just retired, his slime left on the road made such perilous footing for some hundred yards, that our horses had several times almost brought us down with themselves, which there would have been unpleasant, as we should infallibly have rolled into the river. At the entrance of Sierre we passed the ruin of its demolished castle, one of those belonging to the ill-fated Raron. Found the Soleil infinitely better than the Poste at Martigny, and cleaner than report describes the inn at Sion. The number of cretins at this place is fearful, and you must see them to

feel their degradation, and ours, that beings, so below brutes, should indeed belong to our species—large heads and old faces on the frail bodies of children, and with the weak limbs of a cripple,—goitres, of an enormous size, swelling the throat and hanging over the strangely-formed chests, and sometimes all the faculties wanting—the ear deaf; the tongue dumb; the eye having no “speculation” in its glare; and the enjoyment to lie rolling in filth, or basking in the sun, like some unclean animal. As I stood at the inn window, three of these wretched creatures appeared in the place below; they were attracted by a part of my dress, and staid grinning at me, demanding it, after their manner, with signs and inarticulate sounds. I could have ascribed to their colourless and withered countenances neither sex nor age. The peasants treat and speak to them kindly; but I doubt their considering now, as in darker times, the presence of one of them in their families a blessing; and such as are free from the curse ascribe it to the extreme dirt, if not of the present, of past generations. The water of Sierre is unwholesome, and drunk cold produces instant hoarseness.

The diet of the Upper Valais is sitting here; the diet of the Lower Valais at Sion: it is curious that the two districts divide the possession of the latter town.

CHAPTER IV.

Rhone overflowed—Baths of Louéche—Tourtemagne—Visp—Ravages of the Rhone—Madonnas placed to stop its further rise—Glys—Brieg—Ascent of Simplon—Ganther—Gallery of Schalbet—The toll-gate—Hospice—The Barons of Stockalper—Village of the Simplon—Broken road—Algaby—Gorge of Gondo—Fanny too near the edge—Gap in the road—Part of gallery carried away—Opportune aid—Arrival at Gondo—Broken road near Isella—Accident during the storm—Remnant of a carriage—The douanier's aid—An auberge—The military post—My consolation—An amiable hostess—Good company in a quiet kitchen—A French gentleman expecting murder—An Italian vetturino—The Juge de paix and his interested verdict—Torrent or bedchamber—Our hostess's supper—Departure—First difficulty—Road completely swept away—Impossibility of advancing—A lady and her guide killed—Way over the Trasquiera—Fanny aiding her conductor—A painful path—A draught of water—Top of the mountain—Inhabitants—Milk and apples—Fanny's leap—Danger of Grizzle—Descent—Bridge gone—Torrent forded—Gallery of Crevola—The broken column—Arrival—Our friend's welcome—Domo d'Ossola.

18th September.

LEFT Sierre early, and found, when but a short distance on our way, that the damage done by the Rhone had not been exaggerated. We

crossed it on a bridge, and beyond, in lieu of the road which had been there, found a broad and deep deposit of the river, which had broken and swept it away. Three hundred workmen are employed since the overflow, and, as none of our party could swim, we stopped to inquire at which part it might be fordable. One of the men came goodnaturedly forward to lead Fanny, and in and to her shoulder in water we went, Grizzle following, and arrived safe at the opposite shore. Rode fast up the hill to dry ourselves, leaving our friend grinning at his fee, and shaking himself like a gay poodle. The route here turns through a pine forest, a wild and beautiful way, St. Bernard and the range of brother Alps behind. The Gemmi, to the left, topped with snow, and the Rhone at its foot, and, on our right, cliff above cliff,—not cold, white, or grey, but rich with tints warm and beautiful; and fir woods below them and around us, covering the peculiar and conical mounds. A tract of forest on one of these had been burned, probably by lightning or inadvertence, and the scathed and blackened trunks stood like the plague-stricken among their green fellows. The road skirted the river, still on our left, and we saw opposite, on the mountain, a romantic village with an old turreted castle, to which conduct a wooden bridge, sinking ominously in its centre,

and a steep winding road. It commands the noble gorge in the grey rock, through which rushes the Dala river, and the Gemmi surmounts it in turn. This is the village of Louëche, and its famous baths are about nine miles higher in the mountain. I might give you an account of these hot springs, which flow at five thousand feet above the level of the sea, but that I think I might weary you. They must be of extraordinary efficacy, as the cold of morning and evening at Louëche does not impede the cure, though snow sometimes falls there in July; and crowds frequent them notwithstanding their inconvenient position and the total want of comfort, often of necessities, in the dilapidated wooden dwellings which receive the sick. It is strange that the water which at its source will harden an egg and scald a fowl, and in which one cannot, from its extreme heat, plunge the hand, so soon loses this quality, that it may be received in a glass and immediately swallowed without annoyance.

Near Tourtemagne, where there is a strange looking inn, but I hear comfortable notwithstanding, the beauty of the country wholly disappeared, for the road ran among pools and marshes—the melancholy cows standing to their knees in water to eat the high coarse grass which half grows, half floats, around—

few trees which have attained any size and blasted by the searching wind ; theched stunted women, who would be proses of ugliness even without the goitre, digging in the mud for the unwholesome toes which grew there.

The day had grown cold and foggy, and red sadly the late ravages of the Rhone—fully visible ; as its widened bed now dry more swept over meadows and fields of an corn, and left, on its retreat, desolating s of stones and sand. We passed here there a shattered mill and a ruined tation—the owners mostly standing idly hopelessly on the bank—a few striving to bat with misfortune, and reap the rotting est ; or at least collect the logs flung to feet on the shore—relics of bridges en and scattered in the contempt of the rs they had spanned for a time. We pared it to a land visited by a curse ;—the ggle seemed so unequal between earth's est race and her heaviest disasters.

think it is after passing a village of some rable huts called St. Pierre, that it immes for a space—green pastures once more ading to the pine forests, and neater wooden es covered, for the first time, with trained s. The peasants seemed miserable as ever,

ragged, and famished, but a spice of coquetry remaining through it all, for the outwork of broad riband with a tinsel border eternally trimmed the low crown of the felt hat.

With the exception of this and one other portion of better land, the marshes stretch to Visp, and the thick air is impregnated with miasmas. Visp is built where the valley parts itself in two distinct branches. The one, down which rushes the torrent which gives its name to the village, leading to Monterosa ; but it is the Haneck and not Monterosa whose white mass, seen from this spot, terminates the defile of the Moro. The Visp is here broad and rapid as the Rhone, yet this place, situated near their junction, is filthy as all villages in the catholic cantons,—their united streams cannot wash the blackamoor white.

After traversing the streets, our road wound grandly and perilously round the base of rocks blasted for its formation; but this portion passed, we were again amidst the marshes, and between Visp and Glys the overflow of the Rhone has done most damage, as it is hercabouts swollen by numberless tributary streams—most turbulent vassals. Our horses sank above the fetlock in soft mud, which covered the whole face of the valley : Indian corn and pumpkins floating on its surface. The ground floors

of the deserted cabins were flooded, for through this desolate tract wound a stream whose deposits made pools deep and broad ; and planted in the mud, or half drowned in the water, were several small wooden crucifixes and Madonnas, placed there to deprecate its further rise.

We passed through Glys, in whose church lie buried Georges of Flue and his twenty-three children. At the entrance-gate stands the Virgin Mary, the iron glory round her head resembling the snakes of Medusa ; and over the portico is a painting of the heavenly Father, extending his mantle over multitudes of the faithful, who look like deformed children,—the native artist drew, alas ! his inspiration from the goitre-afflicted and the cretin. The last bridge which we crossed over the Saltine leads directly to Brieg, and at the window of the *hôtel de la Poste* we saw the pretty face of Mrs. —— looking out to greet our coming. The pine log fire blazing in the wide hearth was agreeable this chill evening, and her voice and laugh aided to dispel the impressions left by the dull air of that desolate valley. There are rumours of the impossibility of crossing the Simplon, of roads injured and bridges broken by some recent storm—the postmaster's son has been sent hence to verify their truth, and we wait his fiat.

September 19th.
It is decided that we are to go, the courier from Sierre having passed through Brieg at daybreak with news that the road is open.

September 21st., Domo d'Ossola.

After two days' silence, I write again to give you a recital of adventures which have befallen us wayfarers. Our friends and ourselves, with the rest of the party assembled at Brieg, left after breakfast, and we hardly said good-bye to Mr. and Mrs. H—, in whose company we were to dine at Domo d'Ossola. The morning was cloudy and cool, changing to the loveliest of days. Half a mile above Brieg we passed the covered bridge which crosses the Saltine, and is the first of the works of the mountain, for it is on the direct road, which begins from Glys, but is seldom taken, as there is no inn there. At this spot they join, and the ascent grows steeper, turning away from the Glytzhorn, which bounds the valley on the right, towards its comrade the Breithorn. Our horses, at a walk, soon left behind the posters and heavy carriages, and we passed beneath a hill, at whose summit is a Calvary, the stations conducting thither peeping whitely out among the thick dark firs. The valley of the Rhone looked beautiful below, Brieg in the plain, the tin globes

which surmount her minaret-like steeples shining in the sun as if his rays had kindled so many stars; behind the town and the high bridge which spans the Saltine, dashing towards the Rhone, arose the mountains—parted by the deep and narrow cleft whence the river issues; and again above these were the glaciers, their forms half concealed by the vapours which, as we ascended, partially veiled the range of Bernese Alps also, but made our road the lovelier;—where, skirting the precipice from the depths of the gorge through which the Saltine foams, they rose curling thin and delicate as the smoke from a cottage chimney, or, lying at our feet for a few moments, impenetrable as a floor, slowly opened to show the torrent, glittering among its black crags, and the green forests, all dew and sunshine. At several of the windings of the road, now steep but always smooth and broad, and almost always protected, we again hung over what seemed a miniature of Brieg and the valley as far as Tourtemagne, till arrived at a certain height, it runs nearly on a level along the edge of the ravine of the Ganther to the bold bridge at its extremity. Beneath its arch, from the rocks which back it, rushes the torrent, forming a cascade in its leap, where in winter roll the avalanches. Crossing this bridge, we returned on a parallel

line with that we had already gone on the opposite side of the valley : we could distinguish the carriages some miles behind. The route ascends thence in steep zigzags to Berisol, a post-house and poor inn.

Fanny sometimes started at a pine trunk fallen on her path, or a cow feeding above us with its tinkling bell, or obstinately refused to pass some unfamiliar object, such as the poor priest who, book in hand, was summoning a dozen white goats from the pinnacles on which they were perched feeding, and who came bounding from crag to crag at his call. At such times, to distract her attention, we cantered along through the sunshine and sweet air, acknowledging its influence, for on the broad road there was little danger; it is certain the mind has less energy, and the body feels more fatigue, on the plain. Somewhere hereabouts we crossed a bridge of planks without parapets, not dangerous however. Here also a stream gushes from the rock, and passes under to foam and lose itself among the pine trees,—some standing to fringe its shores, others, broken by its force, lying at its feet to do it homage. It is one of the sweetest glimpses on the Valais side of Berisol. The last named place consists of two houses, connected by a roof which crosses the road; and here we passed more carriages, ourselves proud and

rejoicing in the lesser weight which enabled us to desert them all. Continuing to mount higher, our way became more wild till we had passed the pine region, and the crags were clothed with rhododendron only, whose blossoms lent beautiful tints to the far mountain side. Here and there we saw a solitary tree broken by some avalanche, or raising boughs withered and whitened by the ungenial climate. But the sterility is almost total near the Gallery of Schalbet, the first which we traversed: it is hollowed through a rock which obstructed the passage of the road, here cut along the verge of the precipice and edge of the bare mountain, narrower and without barriers.

From the fifth refuge, which immediately follows this cavern of ninety-five feet long, to the summit, is the place of peril in the time of tourmentes and avalanches. I looked with some attention to the snow, which, lately fallen, had accumulated thick and far above our heads, and to the track of the avalanches, now marked by stream and torrent, which rush down the chasms uttering their ominous roar, repeated and prolonged by all the mocking echoes of the mountain. We were beneath the glaciers of the Kalt Wasser, and, to afford adequate protection to the road they threaten, two houses of refuge, three galleries, and an

hospital, have been erected within a brief distance. The second of these galleries passes beneath one of the mighty falls, and our horses started to find themselves wet with its spray, as, carried over the roof, it dashes down before one of the apertures which light it.

The longest of these glacier galleries has been blasted through the living rock, within which it turns, and damp and cold it is as a dungeon—the water distilling through the fissures in its roof, forming in winter long needles of crystal; but now dropping mercilessly on our heads, changing the soil to a sea of mud; and the draught of air striking a chill so penetrating, that to save the horses from harm, we trotted them the one hundred and thirty feet which form the length of this gloomy cavern.

A little further, we passed the sixth refuge, which is the toll-gate also. The receiver, who came running out, found time to tell that he had served in the Hanoverian guard, and fought at Waterloo, and also to cheat us of two francs per horse, the toll amounting to four for the two. It was twelve o'clock, he said, so that we had ascended in three hours, for here is the cross which marks the highest point of the road. It continues bare and wild; but down in the meadow, which seems rather to produce a kind of moss than grass,

there are scattered a few wretched cottages; heaven knows what the inhabitants exist on. The hospice founded by Napoleon, and at present occupied by a few Augustine monks, is a fine-looking building without, but desolate and unfinished within. We were saluted as we rode by by two of the lonely brothers, who were wandering on the irregular hillocks which surround it, bare of bush or verdure, surmounted by the unchanging snows. In the broad valley below our road, shut in by rocks naked as itself, rises on a mound the square six-storied building, or rather tower, which served for hospice ere this was instituted. A few cows were standing before it, chewing the cud—"of sweet and bitter fancies" it must have been,—for there appeared nothing to swallow bodily. It is said that the old barons of Stockalper were in the habit of sending hither their children to preserve them from the baleful influence of the air of the plain: it still belongs to a proprietor of the same name.

From this place the road commences and continues to descend. We were among green and living things once more, and the milder temperature restored to activity that worst of all species of crawling fly which had already so persecuted our horses in the ascent, and notwithstanding my long apprenticeship

in fly murder, consequent on our ride, resisted all efforts to kill, being cased in armour, till I adopted suffocation, and therefore, for the benefit of future horse travellers, recommend that they be pressed between finger and thumb until death shall ensue.

Crossing a torrent on a bridge, at last, about two leagues from the summit, we entered the most dirty village of the Simplon, where we had decided to stop only to feed the horses, who were well able to end their day's journey at Domo d'Ossola : it is built on a knoll above the rapid stream, commanding an unproductive valley. The houses, built in stone, take mellow and picturesque tints from the moss and lichens which clothe them, and winter lasting here during two-thirds of the year, the small garden, which each possesses, is cultivated almost in vain. The clearing of the snows and the transport of merchandise (for it has been calculated that at least two hundred horses pass weekly in the severe season) supply to its hardy inhabitants, the profit more easily won in other regions, preserving from the misery which would seem their doom. Traversing courageously heaps of manure and pools of abomination, D—— accompanied the horses to the stables, while I walked into the inn opposite, before which stood a collection of English and other carriages, and on the steps,

in discussion or dispute, discomfited gentlemen and villainous-looking Italians. The house was crowded to overflow, a circumstance which appeared to improve neither its attendance nor the politeness of its landlady: for when I asked the last-mentioned fat personage for some refreshment, she handed me to her sharp-faced, thin daughter, who left me on the stairs, saying the salle was at the top, and disappeared, promising to ask the cook if he had anything to eat, which she said she believed he had not, owing to the immense influx of guests who had come thus far, unapprized of the road's real state, and stayed from the impossibility of proceeding. As she did not come back, I found my way through corridors innumerable to the kitchen, and stood opposite the cook and his company of marmitons. Perhaps he felt mortified that the uninitiated should perceive the nakedness of the land, devoid of both food and fire; certainly he received me unamiably, proffering only a foot of raw beef sausage, and being sulky when I declined it; informing me that it had been five times the length, and all the remainder of the guests had been very glad to eat it raw. When I assured him, that although it might serve his house to spare fuel, it by no means suited me, he produced two shining slices of ham and a piece of bread, the last in the house; he said

he had sent to Domo d'Ossola for more, and I returned in triumph to the eating-room, a little marmiton carrying the hot ham and dry crust behind me. I found there several disconsolate groups and as companions in misfortune we were in five minutes acquainted: there were two American gentlemen, who from their accent I thought Irish, and from their kind politeness afterwards made me feel that Mrs. Trollope's recital was not always fair; and an amiable English family, about to turn back, the extortion of the Italians who in the morning had asked 500f. for transporting their carriage, now raising it to 1000. The Americans had determined on going on, though every one assured them it was wholly impossible, and D—— said we might follow where they went: so, having given our horses proper repose, we mounted them again,—our new acquaintances having the start of us by about half an hour. For some distance the road was good and smooth, the first awkward-looking portion we approached being where it bends backward like the coil of a snake, beyond the village. The light carriage had passed; for close to the edge of the precipice were the marks left by its wheels, and as we led our horses over we agreed that the damage had been probably exaggerated, and we should want no guide. The gallery of Algaby, 115 feet long, con-

ducted us from the more open space to the gorge of Gondo. In 1814 it was converted to a military post, and its entrance is half closed by a wall, pierced with loopholes to defend the pass. It is the most savage of stony glens: no sunshine in its recesses, for the cliffs rise to a height of more than 2200 feet; no vegetation, except you can call such the broken line of firs here and there seen on the tops of the bare black crags, so nearly met overhead, that

"The wanderer's eye may barely view
The summer heaven's delicious blue"—

their fragments lying in the stream, which frets against and over them with a roar so deafening, that we could not hear each other's voices; as sometimes (I speak for myself), awed by the silence of all saving nature, we rode along a narrower road, guarded only by far severed granite posts, unconnected by pine trunks, advancing like a cornice on the edge of the rock and over the abyss,—proving, it is true, that the work of man has been mighty; but also showing, by the masses of crags scattered like chaff, and the rush of unnumbered waterfalls, which might bring destruction with them from the mountain top, how easily his skill may be baffled. Fanny's sudden fright at one of these had very nearly closed my journal:

while, in consequence of her starts, Grizzle placed outside as a bulwark, we were walking our horses, a sharp turn brought us suddenly on one of these cascades, bounding down a cleft in the rock and crossing the road, she swerved violently behind Grizzle and towards the edge, which of course she did not see, as her bright eye was fixed on the waterfall. The curb-stone was slippery with the spray, and we were within a foot of it; so close that I said, "We are going over;" but at the same time, from instinct, struck poor Fanny with all my force, and the pain made her bound forward, and pass the peril. D—— looked pale and frightened, it being one of the cases in which aid was impossible: I had not time to be afraid. The Ponte Alto, a superb bridge, which, with two enormous crags for support, spans the Doveria, conducts the road to its opposite shore. The still narrowing gorge is at every step more deep sunken and wild, almost resembling a cavern. We had passed a break on the road of small consequence, and had again commenced remarking on Italian exaggeration, when we arrived at a gap, some forty feet wide, cut by the rise of the Doveria. Hid in it were a few men, rather examining than repairing what would have required fifty. To our surprise we saw the marks of the carriage-wheels on the soft

earth,—it had been dragged in and out again. We led our horses down the steep, the men significantly pointing to some holes through which we might have sunk too far,—and Fanny, whose rein I held, pulled me gallantly up on the other side. At the wooden bridge which, some steps farther, again traversed the torrent, we found our American acquaintances, tying up their pole which had broken there. We exchanged a few words : on their side promises of help, if help were needed, and thanks on ours, and a portion of undamaged road led us to the gallery of Gondo, 683 feet long, (according to guide-books), blasted through the rock, whose mass stood forth to bar the way : the two vast apertures, made towards the torrent, formerly lighted it but feebly, but this was not the case to-day,—for a part of its rocky roof and wall had been carried away also. Issuing at its mouth, we came, to my surprise, and not, considering my late adventure, to my pleasure, on the bridge, which immediately after crosses the superb waterfall of Frascinodi thundering down its immense volume from the high glacier, and along the hollow of the cliff below the arch with a spray which blinds and a roar which deafens, falling into the deep gulf, where, struggling among the crags, groans, as if in pain, the Doveria.

Having ridden down the abrupt descent which immediately follows, ere the bending of the road concealed this view, we turned to look at it once more. It is that of which we have so often seen drawings, the noblest in the Simplon : the graceful stone arch—the tall rocks and the chasm—the fall and the torrent,—and where the foam was not, the water in the basin it has hollowed in the crag, of that pale clear green seen in the crevices of a glacier.

Before reaching the village of Gondo, we again passed the carriage, but were soon stopped ourselves by a ruined piece of road which, though dangerous to horses' knees only, was exceedingly embarrassing, as D— could not lead two; and I found that, even without the care of Fanny, I was fully employed in keeping my footing while scrambling up and down the mounds of crag and loose stones, and through the stream which, shrunk and quiet now, had done this damage. I tried my skill notwithstanding, and arrived at the top of the first heap, whence Fanny refused either to slide or jump into the water; and we were very much in the situation of statues on a pedestal, when our kind fellow-travellers arrived to my aid, altering Fanny's determination, and in consequence Grizzle's, who will not stir a step unless she leads the way.

The carriage was dragged over with a diffi-

entity which several times made me fear that our acquaintances and those with them would have been forced along with it into the Doveria: for it required the united strength of all to preserve its equilibrium along the narrowed way, now barely the width of its wheels. It tottered several times on the slopes, and it made me dizzy to see the men on the verge opposing to its weight their own, where a false step would have cast them below to be mangled among the stones of the rapid torrent. Another and worse obstacle waited us at the entrance of Gondo: for here the stream, which descended from the mountains, was still three feet deep, and its violence made the crossing it a work of danger; though with the aid of our friends we accomplished it, scrambling over piles of smooth rock and rolling stones, and through the water. The carriage was taken off its wheels, as no vehicle made with human fingers could have passed here; and the poor post-horses, who, no care bestowed on them, had hitherto picked their own way, could go no farther. We therefore proceeded alone to Gondo, a melancholy village of a few cabins and a chapel, and a strange building of eight stories, with barred windows, which I certainly should rather have supposed a prison than an inn belonging to the family of Stockalper. Could we have imagined that

it boasted common accommodation, as Artaria assures it does, we should have remained there to pass the night, being wet and weary; but deceived as to its destination, we applied at an inn some steps farther, and after screaming at the entrance of the dark corridor till we had roused every cur in the neighbourhood, a solitary woman appeared, to say that this was not, as we had fancied, Isella; that she had neither bed for ourselves, nor food for our horses, and we must go on, and should do well to make haste as the evening was closing and there was a "*cattivo passo.*" Fortunately for us (our friends being no longer within call) at the frontier of the Valais and Italy, where on the left to mark it there is a humble chapel on the crag, and on the right poised above the torrent a colossal fragment of fallen rock, we found some good-natured douaniers, who assured us of the impossibility of passing Isella, and the difficulty of even arriving there, and offered to accompany us, a proposal we gladly accepted as the evening was growing dusk, and my hand was almost useless in leading Fanny over such ground as we had been treading.

At this place, between the frontier and Isella, on the 15th, the day of the storm, a carriage was passing under the torrents of rain, and the postilion, who, fortunately, was of the moun-

tains and on his guard, walking at the heads of his horses, saw above, symptoms of the coming earth avalanche. He had time to shout to the travellers to descend and to cut the traces, when it came rushing down, the carriage was swept into the Doveria with its luggage, and instantly shattered to atoms: for the largest remnant rescued, a portion of the coach-box, was placed as a memento on a rock by the road-side, and is hardly longer or broader than a man's hand.

Our difficulties had now seriously begun. Isella was in sight, but between it and us a space of the road for about two hundred yards had been swept away, leaving in its room piled rocks and masses of stone, which had been its foundation; a torrent, not very deep but furious in its rapidity, was boiling down, crossing these, and had already hollowed a bed athwart the ruin. The douaniers came up to assist as we stopped in dismay and discouragement. How the horses got over, and without fall or stumble, is to me a matter of wonder; they scrambled over the rocks and jumped down descents, and struggled through the water, and up the high mound of loose stones, which yielded beneath their hoofs, doing honour to their blood and race.

I had been so completely wet before that, but that the force of the stream was well nigh

enough to lift me off my feet, I should have preferred it to the plank thrown over by some Samaritan.

At Isella, however, we were, passing the custom-house, which I had hoped might be the inn, being a building of decent exterior, to arrive at the most miserable auberge ever owned by even Italian masters: a wretched shed on one side for stable, the sharp air blowing in on our wet horses, no groom to dry them, and filth for a bed; straw so rare, that it was sold by the pound, at an inconceivable price. A poste of "carabinieri reali" joined the inn on the other side, and this was my consolation, for while D—— was watching our poor four-footed companions eat such hay and oats as this place afforded, with apparent satisfaction, I made my entry, mounting a ladder-like stair which several Italians were descending, one of whom held his candle in my face, as I passed him on my way to the kitchen, where I found (a red handkerchief tied above an assassination-looking face) a most furious Italian woman, distributing spirits, by the light of one tallow candle, to a band of lawless looking personages, who were shouting and swearing.

As nobody made way for me, I asked mine hostess for a room, to which she said, "Patienza;" and having assuaged the thirst of all

her dark-faced customers, she set herself to stirring a caldron full of some ill-scented mixture on her hearth.

On my applying for attention once more, she said, with a toss of her head and spoon, that I must wait, as she had not time to mind me; and as I was really afraid of offending her, I took a seat, which a douanier who was smoking by the fire offered me by his side, and sate close to him, placing my confidence in his presence, and the vicinity of the carabinieri.

The turbulent party round my landlady continued to drink and to smoke till I could hardly see them through the cloud. As my courage rose and the atmosphere grew stifling, besides that I was weary of the Swiss Italian of my companion, I got up to see if, till D— should have left his horses, I had, by passing through the open door, a chance of more humanized society, or at least of none. To my extreme pleasure, on the balcony I found an old French gentleman, with his son and grandson, who had arrived some hours before ourselves. They hailed the addition which we and the Americans, who were on their way, would make to their party, for the old man said they had stopped only because they could get no further, as he in his own person had

doubts of his hostess, and thought it would be as well that we each should know the other's sleeping apartment, to afford help reciprocally, "dans le cas," he added, "que nous soyons assassinés!"

His son was complaining bitterly of an Italian vetturino, who, when on starting he agreed for a certain sum to conduct his passengers to Milan, already knew the state of the road, as the 13th and 14th the storm had been raging on the Italian side, though its greatest fury was on the 15th. Under the Kaltwasser glaciers a sudden gust of wind had overturned his carriage, absolutely on the verge of the tremendous precipice. The poor pale boy had shown great courage, and even the horses and carriage received no injury.

Arrived at the first impediment beyond the Simplon inn, the voiturier very truly asserted he could go no farther, but also insisted on his fare as far as Milan. The point had been referred for arbitration to a juge de paix, whose interference the French gentleman demanded, and the Italian consented to abide by; but when the former arrived in his presence, he found him washing dishes! He was an aubergiste, and unusually busy from the influx of travellers, brought by untrue accounts of the

road, given as far as Vevay by postilions and innkeepers; of course he gave his verdict in favour of the vetturino.

D—— and the American gentlemen arrived together, the carriage of the latter left till morning at the other side of the broken road, between it and Isella, where it had been benighted, so that its imperials and portmanteaus were carried over in the dark to undergo the inspection of the douane. The landlady signified to me that it was now her pleasure to conduct me to my chamber, therefore with due docility I followed through the kitchen, where the troop drinking at the long table had been increased by those who aided in the transport of Mr. C——'s carriage, and up another break-neck flight, at the top of which was a closet with two beds, over a part of the before-named kitchen, therefore reaping the full benefit of its merriment, and disputes, and tobaccoed air.

She first informed me, that one bed only could be placed at my disposal, as other travellers might arrive; and when I objected to this arrangement, named with great coolness the price she, as monarch of the mountain, had assigned to it, it being her best apartment, chosen *per rispetto per me*. I said very politely, being in awe of her, that I thought her terms high, adding in the most amiable

tone I could assume, that I had seen turn back all the travellers now at the Simplon, and it was likely the inns would be ruined along the road, as its reparation would not be commenced till spring.

In reply to this, she said she had no time to listen to my conversation, and I had better make my mind up; adding, I suppose by way of aiding me in the effort, "E là il torrente; si prende o si lascia," — "Take it or leave it, there is the torrent;" and as this was very true, I resigned myself, for there indeed was the torrent, roaring below like a wild beast before his fatal bound, and not only the torrent, but no bridge, it had been swept away, and there was none, barring a plank, as an Irishman would say, which had been flung slopingly across from rock to rock, high above the Doveria, as a communication between the inn and custom-house and the few hovels on the opposite shore, which formed the rest of the village of Isella.

There were no stars, and the faint lights which glimmered in a few of these cottages were all I could distinguish through the darkness, and the sound of the angry stream almost covered the noise of the company below. I asked my amiable companion for some hot water, wishing to neutralize the effect of the cold baths I had undergone to the ankle in the

course of my day's travel, to which she said, "A che serve?" and that she could not attend to whims; and when my patience, long on the wane, deserted me, sent me some by her squinting brother, in a broken coffee cup, so that seeing the remedy I had meditated was not attainable, I drank it.

Our next suffering was supper, and here again we excited our hostess's ire by ordering eggs in the shell, as the only incorruptible kind of food, instead of sharing the greasy liquid and nameless ragouts which it pleased her to serve up before our companions. Her ill-favoured brother waited on us, the old French gentleman asserting he looked like a wretch quite ready to murder when his sister should have robbed; an opinion which must have flattered him if he understood French, but it was decided he did not, though I thought he grew a shade more hideous during the physiognomical study. After regretting that all travelled without arms, and determining to try any pass in the morning rather than stay there, we retired to our apartments. To obviate the bad effects produced by the stifling size and dirt of ours, I tried to admit the air, but the casement was merely fixed in its place, and had no hinges, so that having deranged its economy, I had some trouble in restoring it and keeping it fast by help of the broken

chair. To speak the truth, I had intended to lie awake till day, a design which I thought the noise and the bad bed rendered easy to accomplish, but fatigue was stronger than the resolution, and after a few moments I forgot that the door would not shut, lost the impression of resting my feet on ground which gave way under them, which had pursued me like the motion of a ship after a voyage, and slept far more soundly than I should have done in my own bed and home. The Princess Bacchicchi occupied this same chamber two days before me—I pitied her.

We were on our uncleanned horses at seven, our kind hostess, with “a laughing devil in her sneer,” asserting she should see us again, and one or two of the carabiniers smiling confirmation of her hope of plunder. It was a cold misty morning, and we started without breakfast, there being nothing at the inn. I believe the beauty of the scenery was almost lost on us, yet Isella is beautifully situated, and the uniformity of crag and pine forest is broken by the brighter green of fruit trees as well as by masses of beech, which here clothe the mountain. The gallery of Isella, a few paces below the village, is picturesque in form as in situation, for it is rather a deep archway, and the jutting rock it traverses is supported by a gigantic and naturally formed column.

Looking back, we could see Isella and our place of durance through the frame the dark rock made. A bend in the road the next moment concealed both, exhibiting an obstacle at our feet which seemed fatal to further progress. It was evident the Americans had passed, but they had no horses with them, and one of the thousand streams in which the melted glacier had descended to swell the Doveria had here brought down an avalanche of stones, and piled them to form its banks. The broken road before Isella, though of greater extent, was far less difficult of passage. D—— with his grey got first over, and one of the men, roused to good nature, advanced to hold her while he returned for Fanny; but I had half slipped, half jumped the descent in search of the best mode of bringing her without danger, and the little creature sprang lightly down after me as if she had been on her native turf. Grizzle was far less intelligent, and difficult to lead through the foaming water, but neither even stumbled. I got my first footpath, increasing the sensation of shivering, perhaps produced by starting in a mountain fog with fast unbroken.

We proceeded perhaps a hundred yards without obstacle, followed by several cantonniers, telling us we went in vain, and a sudden turn we again made proved it was indeed

hopeless, showing not now the remnant of a road, but the place it had occupied, for not a vestige remained—it was difficult to believe it had been there. The length of this gap was about half a mile. The Doveria had partly changed her course, and left some distance from her opposite bank dry; and dashing against this with doubled violence, had formed a wild bay inclosed, opposite us, by a far advancing promontory, round whose foot the road had circled, but which now rose perpendicularly from the water; on this side, by the same road, broken like a branch, and between both swept angrily over the ruins, unwilling its trophy should prove its barrier.

Our American friends, whose carriage waited here, about to be carried over piece-meal, came up to consult with D—, and leaving the horses in my charge, they set forth together to inspect what might be done; for the cantonnier en chef offered to take his men there, and construct a path three feet wide, along which horses might be led before night. It was now near nine o'clock, we had already lost two hours.

I watched D— (having taken his first plunge from the high ground we stood on to the water) scramble through the foam and rocks, clinging to, or climbing over them, here ten to twelve feet high, and keeping near as

ssible to shore on account of the depth and strong current, crawl up the precipice to a cottage which had been left unharmed, when the earth cracked and fell from around and under it. This, my companion the cantonnier said, was easy to accomplish; the difficulties were beyond, and, the path having traversed the jutting point, they were henceforth invisible. I sate on my horse employed in ascertaining their nature, till I again saw D.— turning by his inconvenient footway, poising myself on the slippery rocks, and arriving to my surprise without limbs broken. Some of the men had already gone to cut this path, which was to be widened ere nightfall, but — said it would be impossible to travel; even supposing there should be a space of three feet between the upright wall of earth and the precipice, which goes down to the overia, inasmuch as there was a rapid descent, and where it ceased, a sharp turn, so that a horse hurried down could scarcely fail to be precipitated into the torrent. One of the ruined spaces we had already traversed, a German gentleman with his lady and a guide leading her mule, had attempted to pass on the 18th, a day before ourselves. The animal slipped on the verge, and the guide, in his effort to save the lady, was dragged over also. Her body, for she was

killed on the spot, was recovered and carried to Isella, that of the unfortunate man was swept away. This was a warning; we proposed to ford the torrent, thus circling round the base of the mountain where it was shallow, but the men, whose aid we demanded, treated the idea as madness, and refused positively, we therefore paid the cantonnier en chef for his trouble, and turned our horses' heads towards the Simplon inn; for, discouraging as it was to seek again obstacles once surmounted, to do so seemed the one thing possible. As we turned, disconsolately thinking of the wearisome valley of the Rhone, and the long détour we must make by Geneva, a young officer of carabinieri, with whom we had been in conversation before, and a priest, came up to accost us. There was a way, he said, which might be just passable, over the Trasquiera, he had gone it once in search of deserters; but a guide to lead Fanny was indispensable, and none was to be had. Chance served us well, for as we were looking about with but faint hope of seeing one, (all the cantonniers being gone to their work a mile away, and no one walking there for pleasure.) came up a young man, to whom the kind priest immediately applied, asking him for what recompense he would accompany us across the mountain, and to Domo d'Ossola: he said seven

frances, but that he did not know the way ; and our embarrassments would have recommenced, but that the Paroco summoned his young brother, a pretty slight boy of twelve, who knew all the paths and precipices within five miles round. The Trasquiera almost hangs over Isella, and the zigzag path up its side commences from the broken road we had crossed after leaving the village that morning. Over this our poor horses were led again, and bidding good bye to the priest and officer, we commenced our ascent, the boy leading the way, Fanny climbing like a goat and pulling up the guide, who, having never touched a horse's rein before, rather hung by it than was of service; D—— supporting Grizzle, who was very frightened and awkward, and I bringing up the rear, and though they were obliged to pause every ten steps for breath, often at a distance ; as the weight of my habit encumbered me, and this path is not even used by mules, and by the country people rarely to drive their cattle to the pastures, as there is a better on the other side the mountain. For the first five minutes we went on trusting it would improve ; after the first quarter of hour, because to turn became almost impossible, the track being at no part more than two feet broad, and winding in zigzags along the extreme verge above a

torrent, which, though neither so broad nor deep as the Doveria, would, as Mercutio said, "serve," and besides formed like an irregular stair of steps of stone two and three feet high, small and pointed, broad and smooth. I often used hands as well as feet, catching at rocks and roots. Poor Grizzle went sorely against her will; only the boy and Fanny, who were far a-head, seemed to enjoy it.

As the road grew steeper and I found I must have both hands free, I took off the skirt of my habit and laid it over the latter's saddle, thinking at the time I never saw a prettier object than her little thorough bred form in the guise of a packhorse, but stepping on with a demeanour as dignified as if she had been at a review in the Champ de Mars. The path now became absolutely vertical, and the more difficult from its being over smooth loose ground. As we had dined lightly the day before and not breakfasted this, even on a cup of water, I have perhaps an excuse for the giddiness and fear produced by exhaustion, which took momentary possession of me, and certainly brought with them my only real danger, for worn out by the scorching heat and harassing walk, I felt unable to climb higher, too giddy to look back, and unable to sit down, as the ground from its excessive slope afforded no support, and I was afraid of

slipping in a minute from the height I had passed three hours in attaining. I believe I was going to scream, but I thought better of it, and seized a pine branch and arrived at the stones and safer ground before D—, who had therefore left Grizzle to her fate, could arrive to help me. Here was the first châlet, but it was locked, left by its owners, who were gone to the high pastures, and we were disappointed in our hoped for draught of water. There was a spring, the boy said, half an hour's walk farther, so we rested a few minutes and then went on patiently, though it was twelve o'clock and we were parched with thirst, and mountain air, renovating as it is, will not supply the place of all things. We were now in a tract of pine forest, and at its steepest part found our way barred by half a-dozen Italian woodcutters, who were felling the trees, one of which lay across our path. D— said afterwards he expected a worse adventure here, for we had a large sum in gold about us, and the odds were in their favour, besides that the ground was of such nature, that a push would have been sufficient to settle matters without trouble. The Italians were, however, better than their countenances; they opened their dark eyes wider in wonder at the apparition of English horses there, but dragged aside the pine; and when I, who had

struck my foot against some roots and could get no farther, called to them to give me "la mano," good naturedly pulled me up, each consigning me to the broad black hand of his comrade, so that I arrived at the summit of the mound with more ease than accompanied my climbings heretofore. After this followed a few steps of what the guide denominated plain. The direction of our road had changed, and now too high above the unseen Doveria to hear its roar, we looked through vistas of pines to those of the mountains on its opposite bank, seeming a continuation of these forests without a symptom of the abyss between. We toiled on some time longer, D—— casting back at me looks of pity, and I trying to smile, though I should have been puzzled to say for what. We found too juniper berries and hips and haws, and shared them after the manner of the babes in the wood, but the delight was the spring, at which we arrived at last, trickling from a rock. D—— bent the top of his hat into a hollow, and out of this cup we drank, I do not know how many draughts, but certainly the best in our lives; for my own part the relief it afforded seemed to dispel all fatigue, and we went on merrily, though our path lay across the bed of a torrent, which, though hardly flowing, had still sufficient water to make slippery its

smooth shelving stones, polished like marble by its passage.

The ascent continued, but it was no longer rapid, and half an hour brought us on the mountain pastures at the summit, and among the chalets. We saw nobody; the priest's brother said it was not the hour for finding milk, so there was nothing to be done but to lie down on the short fine grass, irrigated by a hundred rills, and let the horses drink from them, and drink ourselves out of the palm of our hands. The guide murmured for the fiftieth time "paese del Diavolo," and the boy laughed at me. Though he had knocked at one of these habitations and found no one, he was fortunately wrong as to the absence of all, and the wondrous sight we indeed constituted there, attracted some of the half wild mountain women, good looking and picturesquely attired with bright kerchiefs on their heads, and cloth leggings instead of stockings on their feet, coarse brown jackets and blue cloth petticoats with a deep crimson border.

The first who issued from the dwelling, seeing the perseverance with which I drank out of my hand from the mountain stream, came smiling to offer a long ladle, which was an admirable substitute. An old woman seeing, I suppose, that I looked pale and faint, plunged her hand into a long pocket and drew forth

two apples. We accepted them with great gratitude, and asked if we could get some milk ; it really was not the hour, but several of the good natured creatures set forth different ways in search, and our first benefactress, who had left us for a moment, returned, this time her apron quite full of the small sweet apples, and with her half a dozen companions came close to watch us eat them, and say "povero" and "poverina" every minute. They asked the guide and the boy fifty questions without obtaining satisfactory answers, for they spoke a patois, which neither clearly comprehended. For my own part, Giuseppe's Swiss Italian was bad enough ; the boy spoke purely, for he was from the shores of the Lago Maggiore, but of this not a word in ten was intelligible to me. I understood, however, that the horses were even more than ourselves the objects of their curiosity. Their admiration was unwearyed ; they walked round them and clapped their hands, and laughed to see them eat and drink, repeating some of the few Italian words they knew, "Oh la bella bestia, la bella bestia," and that they had never seen a horse before. How far this is possible to people, who, though on a mountain, are but three hours removed from the most frequented road in Europe, I leave you to decide. The guide confirmed it; the women, he said, were employed all the summer

on the pastures and in making cheese, which the men carried for sale below, and in the season when the snows fell, which at this height happens early, they spun their own wool and lived inclosed in their mountain village. Certainly the men were less primitive in their manners than the women, and also less prepossessing in appearance. Several, when the females gone in search of milk returned, came in their company inspecting us with less merriment but more attention. We began to think it would be unwise to be benighted on the mountain, and paying the good women for our breakfast in a way they thought splendid, I mounted Fanny for the five minutes during which the plain lasted, and was hardly on her back, when she thought proper to leap a stream, through which I should have preferred her walking quietly. Whether or no the mountain women had ever seen a horse before, I doubt they will ever see one leap that rivulet again. At the next we reached, for they are innumerable, Grizzle, whom D——— was still leading, following her comrade's example, but as usual in the wrong place, jumped it with great energy, knocking her master down.

A bad path and steep ascent led hence to another meadow, where Grizzle was in jeo-

pardy, for her saddle, valise, and all, turning, she was so frightened as to start away from D—, who had quitted her bridle to arrange them, and towards the bushes on the verge, where she would have rolled over, for the meadow was a mere platform, with precipices all round it. We saved her by an appeal to her greediness: she stopped short to eat the clover I gathered for the purpose. Met here an old man, who asked the guide whence we came, and said, in reply, "Non scenderanno mai," which was encouraging. Continuing to ascend, we were on the summit in half an hour more, in presence of the miserable village and desert inn. No one is there save on fête days, the boy said. We sate under the shed which is its appurtenance, on the stone seat which surrounds the stone table. A few steps further, on the mountain's very verge, is the small church, painted and ornamented, and here the priest's brother left us, delighted with his fee, as the descent began at this spot, whence the mule-path winds to the valley. For a few minutes it appeared more promising, but for a few minutes only, for though cut in broader zigzags and its precipices less appalling, it was still but four feet wide, and its steep steps of loose stone made Grizzle groan with fear as she slipped down them, her head in the air, and her feet thrown

forward most helplessly. It would have been impossible to lead her, but that Fanny was first, hurrying gaily forward, and picking her steps like a mule,—the guide said, “ *Va d’incanto.*” The rain had commenced falling as we passed the church, a circumstance we were too busy to notice: it was at all events preferable to the overpowering sun, whose heat we had suffered. Arrived at the bottom, under the shelter of some noble chestnut trees, an improvement after brushwood and barrenness, there is a hamlet under the wall of rock, and before it and us, the Querasca, which joined the Doveria a stone’s throw further. Our guide had sought this spot for the sake of its wooden bridge, left unharmed when the storm swept away that of stone.

Arrived at the torrent’s edge, and looking about in vain, he asked a peasant girl to conduct him thither, but it had disappeared also, carried down the current the day after its comrade. Giuseppe never despaired—we had done so during this expedition twenty times over,—but all he said was “ *Adesso vedremo;*” and now, the wooden bridge being wholly invisible, we went on to the high road opposite the ruin of the other and the avalanche of stones occupying the place of a farm which had been carried away, and stood under the pouring rain on the brink of the torrent,

which this time had changed its course in its fury, leaving the one arch which remained standing an island. Giuseppe said the same thing. With the calm blue eye of a northern, he was in all things a contrast to the Italians we had met hitherto; for his courage was always quiet and ready, and he never tried to enhance his services, and in the most difficult moments looked round with an encouraging smile on his good-natured face. If ever I pass through Crevola again, I will look for Giuseppe Sala. On our side the gulf, and on the commencement of the vanished bridge, were standing about a dozen Italians, not at work, but in contemplation; and Giuseppe, brave fellow as he was, after looking a moment at the turbid water, intimated his intention of fording it. We desired him to employ one or two of these to assist him in crossing. The ill-looking idlers came crowding round in consequence, talking fast and loud; "they did increase the storm," but insisted on it, that if one were hired all must be, and Giuseppe gently said, "*Io solo*," and walked into the water with Fanny. The torrent was broad, and, though not more than four feet deep, fearfully rapid, and only by clinging to her he got safe over, though not without extremely alarming us, for in its very centre, where it rushed most furiously among the masses of

stone, she stopped to drink, and we almost expected to see both swept away. As they turned the opposite point of land, we lost sight of them, but were soon reassured by Fanny's violent screamings for her comrade, and the sight of Giuseppe, very wet and triumphant, running back to us along the pine trunk flung from the high ground to the shore. He had less trouble with Grizzle, for it had become impossible to hold her, and in her impatience to join her comrade, she rushed through rocks and water, dragging him along without any effort of his own. Our turn was now come, and we were to cross the pine trunk, which, considered an easy comfortable bridge in the mountains, made me giddy to look at. I believe we both would have preferred the water, but necessity makes the head steady, and shame prevented our hesitation, for an old woman crossed it before us, composedly, as if it had been a meadow, with a pile of faggots on her back for ballast, and her bare feet clinging to the asperities of the bark, wherein she had an advantage over us. I called to her from the other side to hold out her hand, but the poor soul returned the whole length and then walked it backwards, leading and nodding to me, with the stream flowing ten feet below, and when I wanted to pay her, ran away and over it once more.

D—— arrived, marshalled by a boy, and we found the horses waiting : Fanny held by a youth, who complained of having lost in the water, which he had not entered, shoes never made for him. The rain had fallen during two hours without interruption, and now gave place to scorching sun once more. Ere we rode on, we looked up at the little church on the summit of the Trasquiera, in wonder that our horses had been there, but our hour of tranquillity was not yet come, and a very short distance brought us to an obstacle impassable as at Isella, and resembling it closely, for there was picturesque confusion in place of the road, of which no vestige remained, and a tongue of high land, round which foamed the Doveria. Here, however, Giuseppe knew his road, and led among vineyards, by ways we should have thought steep and bad at other times, to a picturesque village—it must have been Dovedro—and thence across the dry bed of a stream, and under long arcades of the trellised vine. Giuseppe gathered grapes for us, for which (in poetical justice) we paid a woman carrying a sickly child, to whom they did not belong.

Further on our way, for we made a round of a mile, Giuseppe and the horses fording another tributary torrent, and ourselves passing it partly on a plank, partly by wading

through, we arrived at and kept the high road, crossing breaks innumerable—none so important as to force us aside, though elsewhere I would have ridden twenty miles to avoid one of them.

The last gallery was that of Crevola, cut for the length of one hundred and seventy feet, in a straight line, through the solid rock. The scenery had lost its naked horror, and grown beautiful as well as grand; trees fringing, far below the road, the banks of the deep torrent; and, as we ascended the hill, we passed on our right hand, prostrate on our way, and expressive in its silence, a broken column, once on its road to be a monument of Napoleon's glory. From the summit of this hill we had a noble view of the high bridge of Crevola, over which we were to pass, and to which the road descends gradually; its two arches rest on a pillar one hundred feet high, and beneath them the Doveria utters its dying roar, and spends its last fury in its encounter with the Tosa.

Having crossed this bridge, we were out of the Val Doveria and in that of the Tosa, trellised vineyards covering the slopes to the right, the broad river flowing along its centre, and on the left, gentler mountains, with green woods dotted with villas, and the high white campanile rising each above its village. Still,

after the descriptions I have read of this valley, its aspect disappointed me. It was a relief from contrast certainly, to ride along a level, and unaccompanied by the roar of the torrent, and our previous fatigue might perhaps indispose us to admire what beauty it really possesses, or it might be saddened by the mists of that dull evening. To me it had a look of desolation, for the Tosa, which had swollen and now shrunk again, had left a broad track of sand and stone through the ravaged meadows; and a short distance from Domo we found a sign and token of its power, for the fine stone bridge was carried away, and, for the convenience of foot-passengers, a plank, sloping considerably, had been laid from the high remnant, on the one side, to the ground, where there was no vestige, on the other. On the right of this ci devant bridge, the ravaged space extended wide and far, the river still flowing in its centre. Giuseppe said, "Adesso vedremo," and ran down to seek a fitting place for crossing with the horses, for it seemed, to the left of the bridge, so deep and broad as to give little hope of finding a ford. An Italian lady and gentleman had, however, driven from Crevola before us, I suppose to see the state of the route, and good-naturedly recalled our guide, saying, the only possible place was there. The sun had long been set, and the brief twilight

was fading also, so that we had no time to lose. Giuseppe went in without hesitation, this time above the waist. I watched him in fear, for though there were now no rocks in his way, the strength of the current was such as, but for clinging to the horses, he could not have mastered. This was our last impediment, and we arrived at dark at Domo d'Ossola; it was well for our vanity that we made our entry then, D——'s hat, which had served, as I told you, for tea-cup, and my tattered boots and muddy habit, looking unlike the garb of conquerors such as we considered ourselves to be. Giuseppe took leave of us in the yard of la Posta. I had asked him to conduct us to the best hotel, to which he said, "Son tutti ladri, ma è questo un buon ladro." He had not thought of increasing his demand, and looked surprised at receiving gold and a supper. The horses had a good stable and wondrous appetite, Fanny rolling ever and anon, and recommencing with fresh energy.

A knock at the door of our apartment announced our amiable American friends (whose carriage had been carried over), come to congratulate us on our safety. Our dinner was served about ten, and very acceptable as the first meal during the day. We shall remain a day or two, for the inn is comfortable and, as the hand-book observes, clean as

Italian hotels usually are. I should prefer bright rubbed floors to the matting which covers these, and seems seldom or never swept, but the cabin at Isella is a good foil for all that may follow.

21st September.

Rain from dawn to sunset, and now a terrific thunder-storm, more disconsolate travellers arrived on foot or in *chaises à porteurs*; carriages left perforce at the Simplon.

22nd.

Prince William of Prussia, the king's second son, just now driven into the yard with his princess, and in a cart; they slept last night at Isella. They have been in an amusing dilemma; for by some mistake he had no passport, and was in consequence about to be detained, as he is travelling *incognito*, when being a remarkable looking soldier-like man, he was recognized by one of the authorities. We were agreeably surprised by the apparition of our comrade of the Simmenthal, who has just been to Bex, hoping to find a battle there, and as the Valaisans are more talkative than terrible, and he heard the Simplon road was broken, came on to see its damages, and good naturally to look for us here. Our friend Mr. H—— and his family are at the

Simplon waiting till the road shall be so far repaired as to render the carrying over of their heavy carriages possible ; we hope to meet them at Florence.

Mr. D—— went to visit Fanny, and after an hour's stay, started to walk back to the inn on the Simplon.

CHAPTER V.

Vogogna—Country overflowed—The ferry—Isola Madre—Baveno—Innkeeper—Isola Bella—Ground made in 1670—Arona—Castle of St. Charles of Borromeo—Castle of Angera—Frescoes in its ruined halls—History of St. Charles of Borromeo—Early habits—Resides in his diocese at Milan—Strives to reform the church—Attempt to murder him—A miracle—His conduct during the plague—Life of St. Anthony—Who cured the young pig—St. Christopher, who was twelve feet high—The Ticino—Amusement on board the ferry—The commissary—Sesto Calende—A charge—Somma and Julius Cæsar's cypress—Castle of the Visconti—Birthplace of Teobaldo—Elected Pope when in the Holy Land with Edward the First of England—Otho Visconti founder of his family's grandeur—Gallerate—A threatened beating—The Lord's Supper on the auberge wall—The robber's seven towers—Battle between the Visconti—Unwarranted preference shown by a ghost—Murder in the castle at Milan—The murderer poisoned by his wife—Rhô—Milan.

Milan, 25th September.

ONCE more not “upon the waters” but on the road, though indeed I need not have changed the quotation, since at Vogogna there is no bridge. Leaving Domo, the road runs in a straight and even line along the valley

and between the wooded mountains, the Simplon and its snow closing the glen behind us. The vine, so unsightly in France, here confers great beauty, rising from the road in terraces of shady arbours, or winding its flexible branches round cherry-tree and thorn, the long untrained tendrils waving gracefully, and the rich bunches hung heavily down. We passed, ere we reached Vogogna, which is six miles from Domo d'Ossola, several tracts of land ruined by the late overflow; meadows covered with mud, and Indian corn decaying on the stalk. "Ha tutto rovinato," said a poor woman, who was mournfully gazing at her field of rotting corn. Arrived at Vogogna, the ferry-boat was on the opposite side, and on ours, waiting to be transported thither, were troops of horned cattle lying on the sand, and an English carriage. Seeing there was small chance of speedy removal, as we could distinguish on the other side a most obstinate cow, who was first to be deposited on ours, we dismounted to sit patiently on the crags scattered about us, left probably by the Anza, which joins the Tosa, here rushing down through the valley of Anzasca, whose opening lay behind us, and from its source in the glaciers of Monte Rosa. The stonework, whence sprung the bridge which once transported travellers to Vogogna, remains on each

side the river, but the bridge carried away in 1834, Italian indolence leaves unreplaced; substituting the worst of ferry-boats, small and without barriers. The English gentleman, the inhabitant of the carriage, had got out with his daughter, and come near to admire Fanny and kindly yield his turn to us. Our horses started at their unusual conveyance when led on board, particularly mine, who we feared would spring into the water, but our good natured countryman insisting on lending his assistance, the difficulty seemed surmounted, till we found that the two boatmen, who had contentedly ferried across one cow, were now preparing to drive six oxen on board, an addition which, from the size of the boat, if it did not frighten, was likely to force our horses over. We fortunately comprehended that there was an alternative, and having before paid the fare, gave three times the sum for *buona mano*, and were allowed to cross without them.

This had been a long delay, and to redeem lost time we cantered along, leaving behind vines and wood and much of the road's beauty, substituting marsh and bare mountain. Arrived at Fariolo we found compensation, for it is the first village on the lake border, and the lake, blue and glassy, soothing in its calm and silence, was beautiful beyond

description. There is here an inn which appears a good one, and had been recommended to us by the master of that of Domo, but the stage would have been too short.

The first visible of the Borromean islands is the green and lovely Isola Madre, backed by bold mountains, opening and receding to admit the lake which stretches between them, completing its length of fifty-four miles, for the portion along which we were riding forms its west arm only; broken crags and wooded promontories, crowned by church, convent, and castle, bounded the shore opposite and parallel to our broad road carried under cliffs and green hills, their abrupt sides covered with graceful vineyards, and their summit shaded by luxuriant oak and sweet chestnut. We were disturbed in our admiration only by swarms of flies, which made our horses kick violently; I personally, by a half fear of the bright water, along whose edge this noble causeway has been made, sometimes rising many feet above its level, and here, as at the Simplon, the only obstacle between it and my starting little steed, low granite posts unconnected and far apart. We passed the quarries of pink granite which take so high a polish, and arrived at Baveno, but it was early still, and the innkeeper has at present a character for being both dear and insolent,

while his house has one for dirt ; it is a pity, for it is well situated, with only the road and some fine trees between it and the lake. This is the person, who, having fleeced unmercifully an English party we met at Vevay, said in reply to a remonstrance, " What the prices of Milan, or of any other place may be, I never inquire ; these are mine !" so having walked our horses towards the inn whence this dignitary had issued at our approach with a self-satisfied air and two waiters, we cantered by, though the Monte Montereone rises behind the village, commanding from its summit a view of the Lago de Orta on one side, and of the Lago Maggiore on the other ; we were yet too fresh from a mountain pass to desire a second. I more regretted wanting time to visit the Isola Bella, distant but a twenty-five minutes' row from this spot, but it looks perhaps to more advantage seen from the shore, its ten amphitheatrical terraces rising green and glowing with its orange and citron forests from the bosom of the blue water ; and the lake supporting it gently, and smiling to reflect it, as if it were proud of its presence, and bare its exotic carefully. On the northern side of the island, that nearest Baveno, the still unfinished palace rises abruptly from the lake, as do the inn and a few poor dwellings almost by its side. Beyond them is a grove

of laurel and myrtle and the hardier shrubs, this exposition not being favourable to all, for the terraced gardens have a southerly aspect, and it is there that the aloes and camphor tree and cactus grow, with the Alps looking down on them, as if in their own tropical soil. This was a barren slate rock. Here, as well as on the other islands, naked crags also, was the now fruitful earth transported by human labour in 1670, by order of Count Vitaliano Borromeo, whose descendant still makes the palace his summer residence. Perhaps the hand of art is too visible, and the Isola Bella less striking from its individual beauty than its glorious position; but if not deserving the exaggerated praise of some, it still less merits the contempt of others. I prefer indeed the Isola Madre; for its forest of laurel, cypress and gigantic pine, though planted on a made soil also, grows in the wild beauty of nature, sheltering exotic birds, which live and multiply in freedom, and the plants of southern climes flourishing in the open air.

We could distinguish the Isolino, the smallest of these islands, nestling under the promontory of Pallanza. The Isola Pescatore lies near the Isola Bella, like the beggar at the rich man's gate, covered with the dirty hovels of the fishermen, and without a green leaf to enliven it. We rode on, viewing them only

from the shore, though on the *Isola Bella* is the bay-tree bearing the word *Battaglia*, carved by Napoleon's knife shortly before the battle of Marengo. The road continued to skirt the lake, raised high above its waters, crossing a fine bridge over a torrent, and passing through Stresa, where boats may be hired to visit the islands, and Belgirate with its villas and terraces of flowers. The sun set as we rode through the last, and though the cool evening air was a relief, and the Swiss lakes sink into mediocrity beside the beauty of this, the loneliness of the road caused by the broken Simplon made me anxious to arrive ere nightfall; but the distance at which we saw Arona, built at the promontory's foot, and the long curve of the road to arrive there, soon proved that this was impossible, though, at the first glimpse, the extreme clearness of the atmosphere deceives as to space. I was glad, as the sky darkened, to meet custom-house officers on the look out for smugglers. Pleasure-boats and fishing-smacks were silently moving along the water, wanting the neatness and gaiety of those of Geneva, but manned by most picturesque forms. My first impression of Italian beauty was a favourable one, for from Domod' Ossola to Arona I hardly saw one peasant not handsome. Arona is picturesquely situated, the

spire of its church towering high above the old houses which descend to the water's edge, and the whitening remains of the ruined castle in which St. Charles of Borromeo was born covering the tall crag which commands the town. On the summit of the hill, ere arriving at Arona, we could distinguish St. Charles's statue looking black against the glowing sky, but having little effect at that distance, though it is sixty-six feet in height, and its pedestal forty-four; neither did I think the attitude good; one hand holds a breviary, the other is extended to bless the place of his birth, but the arm seems cramped. It had become quite dark, and the road rather unsafe, for it is narrower and higher above the lake. The full moon was rising slowly from behind the hill of Angera opposite us, showing herself above the ruined castle which surmounts it, and resting on its towers like a glory. The castle and village once belonged to the dukes of Milan, and in the deserted halls are still some fresco paintings, commemorating events of the life of Archbishop Otho Visconti. There was just sufficient cloud in the sky to make its blue seem more bright and pure, and the reflection of the moon which crossed the lake to our feet danced so dazzlingly that the eye pained to watch it. We had some trouble in forcing the horses past a lime-kiln. The strong

light flung across the road mingling with the moonbeam, and falling on the fine dark faces of the Italians who stood near ; the ruin and that sky and water, made a picture for Vernet. I dare say we shall never forget the moon rising over the Lago Maggiore. We found our way to the inn with difficulty, through narrow streets of lofty houses, into which the moonlight could not penetrate ; and as Arona boasts no lamps, would have been wholly dark but for the lights glimmering from the windows to make their crookedness visible.

La Posta is clean, its owners civil, and dinners good, but the nakedness of Italian rooms is melancholy. In France, even in an humble inn, you will find the mirror over the chimney, with the clock and vases of gaudy flowers to decorate it, and a comfortable chair, and curtains to bed and window ; but here the iron bedstead has none, the chimney has no looking-glass, one or two upright straw chairs and a deal table only on the dirty brick floor ; and looking from the furniture to the plastered walls, it is difficult not to fancy oneself either in the cell of a prison or the ward of an hospital. I must say in La Posta's favour, that all the apartments to the lake, which are the best, were already occupied when we arrived, so that having dined and passed half an hour at

the window of the corridor behind our rooms, looking out on its beauty, I proceeded to my deal table and the contemplation of the Life of San Carlo Borromeo. Pursuing my old habit of borrowing a book to summon sleep, I am likely to read through a strange library. The colossal statue is but half an hour's walk from the inn : the head, hands, and feet only, are of bronze, the drapery composed of sheets of beaten copper, supported within by a species of stone pyramid, crossed by bars of iron, which defend it from the violence of the winds. It is possible to clamber up in the dark, making these serve for ladder, first entering by an aperture between the folds of the robe; but as the promenade would be impossible for a lady, and the temptation to sit in the saint's nose was not strong enough to attract D—, we neither made a pilgrimage to his shrine, contenting ourselves with his history.

Know then that he was born in 1538, in that ruined castle on the crag, the mild child of pious parents, enthusiastic from his infancy, passing his hours of recreation in the castle chapel, alone and in prayer—when taken from a life of contemplation, which might have weakened his intellects, studying with none of the relaxations of his age at Pavia and Milan—at twelve years old provided with a rich

abbey, whose possession was hereditary in his family; and soon after, the Cardinal De' Medici, his uncle, becoming Pope Pius the Fourth, he ceded to him a second and a priory. His older brother dying in 1562, and his family in consequence beseeching him to abandon the profession to which he was yet unbound, and marry for the sake of his ancient line, to extinguish at once their hopes of his doing so, he entered into holy orders and was ordained bishop. It is strange that, before this and his brother's death, he wore the purple as cardinal at the age of three-and-twenty; occupied divers posts of importance; taking part in the temporal government of the pope's states as well as in the affairs of the church, protecting letters, and establishing an academy at the Vatican. His biographer says he communicated to Pius the Fourth, infirm and feeble, the energy so needful to him; gave the impulse wanting to the deliberation of the Council of Trent, and prosecuted the reform of the catholic church, so necessary in his time. At the Roman court he had lived in splendour, but obtaining in 1565 the papal permission to reside in his diocese, he practised in his own house a reform and austerity unlikely to find imitators. He condemned himself to perpetual abstinence and long fasts; gave up his other

benefices, and resigned his inheritance to his family; divided the revenues of his archbishopric into three portions—the first for the poor, the second for the wants of the church, the third for his own, and of the employment of this last rendered up a strict account in his provincial councils.

Having found the diocese of Milan in a most deplorable state from the negligence, ignorance, and scandalous conduct of the clergy, he so toiled to produce a better state of things that, despite his patience and charity, his enemies among the religious orders, which had shaken off all subordination, were virulent; and many and foremost of these, as it had hitherto been most shameless and irregular, was that of the "Umiliati." One day, during mass, while the prelate prayed with his whole household in his archiepiscopal chapel, and at the moment that the anthem "Non turbetur cor," &c., was commenced, a brother of the order, named Farina, who had taken his post, seemingly in prayer also, at the entrance of the chapel, but five or six paces distant from St. Charles, who was kneeling before the altar, fired his harquebuss at him. The chant ceased, the consternation was general, but the saint, notwithstanding that he believed himself mortally wounded, made a sign that the service should continue. Rising up when the prayer

was done, the ball, which had deposited itself in his robe, fell at his feet!!! The assassin, and three monks, his accomplices, were punished with death, though against St. Charles's will; and their order, which had existed from the eleventh century, was abolished by a bull of Pope Pius the Fifth, and the archbishop employed its confiscated revenues in founding colleges and hospitals. The event which best proves him worthy of his reputation was the breaking out of the plague at Milan. He had been on a visit to a distant part of his diocese, and on the receipt of the fatal news, notwithstanding the advice of his council, he hurried back, and during the six months through which it lasted, sought fearlessly contagion where it existed in greatest violence, administered the sacraments in person, kneeled by the bedside of the dying, weeping over their sufferings; and to provide at least for their temporal wants, parted with all the relics of his former splendour. He did not fall a victim, but his strength insensibly gave way, and when the scourge had passed by, and the archbishop had resumed his pastoral visits, a low fever, which undermined his worn-out constitution, obliged him to return to Milan, where he died, aged forty-six years. He had chosen for sepulchre a vault near the choir in the cathedral of Milan, and here his modern

biographer observes that the numberless miracles performed by his remains forced Pope Paul the Fifth, in 1610, to verify his title to canonization, and authorize the prayers long before addressed to him by the faithful.

With the life of San Carlo our host had lent another volume from his stores, perhaps from our curiosity concerning his native saint, thinking us on the road to conversion, and that it was right to light our way by a few miracles more. The volume proved one of the renowned "Golden Legends of Saints," compiled by the Dominican Voragine, archbishop of Genoa in the year 1298. Between asleep and awake, I read the lives of saints Anthony and Christopher, and found that St. Anthony, having been tempted on the seven mortal sins, and beaten by the demons angry at their failure, tamed a lion about to devour his monks, and obliged him to take service in the convent as lay brother! that he then went to the court of Barcelona, where a sow brought to him in her mouth one of her litter, born without feet or eyes, and, laying it down before the saint, pulled him by the robe imploringly,—as much as to say, "Pray bless it and cure it," which St. Anthony did, and is therefore represented in company of a young pig, as this one for the remainder of his life never left him.

Saint Christopher had a hideous counte-

nance, and was twelve feet high. Being strong and brave he was calculated to serve some great prince, and resolved on selecting for master the most powerful. He offered himself to a mighty king, fought and conquered for him; but Christopher had a bad habit of swearing, and he noticed that his majesty made at every oath the sign of the cross, and asked him why he did so. The monarch replied, he was afraid of the devil. "If that be the case," thought Christopher, "the devil must be a more powerful master, therefore I will serve the devil." Having formed this determination, he set forth to a desert, and there found a knightly company, one of whom, most terrible of aspect, asked him what he wanted. "I am looking," said Christopher, "for my lord the devil." "I am he," answered the knight; and Christopher, very joyous, became his servant. But one day, passing before a cross, he observed that the devil trembled, and he asked him why. The devil confessed it was because the Saviour was more mighty than him.

Christopher, in consequence, left his service, but this time was embarrassed as to that he was henceforth to perform. He applied for advice to a hermit, who desired him to fast; but Christopher, being twelve feet high, did not approve of the counsel, and the hermit desired him to take up his abode on the shores of a

very rapid river, and carry over for charity those who had business on the other side. This Christopher, now on the way to be a saint, performed for some time; and one day, sleeping in his hut, he was wakened by a child's voice, which said, "Christopher, come forth and bear me over;" and going as he was called, he found a young child on the shore, who begged he would lift him on his shoulders. St. Christopher took his staff and entered the river, and the river rose by degrees more and more, and the weight of the child increased till it became insupportable, and yet Christopher, though about to drown, did not let go, and by dint of struggling arrived on the beach, and said, "Child, that art so weighty, who art thou?" and the child answered, "Do not marvel, for you have carried the whole world and him who created it."

Christopher understood that he had borne the Lord on his shoulders, and became a great saint. At last, desiring martyrdom, he allowed himself to be bound and carried before a pagan monarch, and when the latter insulted him, he said he was bound because it was his will to be so, and that if he chose, he could ravage his city still. His majesty defying him to do so, he broke his bonds, destroyed all the pagan temples, then allowed himself to be bound once more, and his head cut off,—predicting

that his blood would be a sovereign balm for all maladies, which it proved; for the king and executioners were struck with blindness, and bathing their eyes in his blood, saw and were well again.

September 26th.

Left Arona for Milan, a beautiful morning. We followed the lake, though no longer near its edge, but the road winding through a grove of fine chestnut-trees, and the blue water seen through the vistas made by their branches. Arrived at its extremity, at the turn of the road we quitted its shore, crossing the plain which here bounds it; with the view of its bright expanse, (Arona with its ruin, and Angera opposite,) now on our left, and behind us the splendid ridge of Monterosa. We rode along the flat till we entered a stunted oak wood, and issuing from it, were about to leave the Piedmontese frontier, and cross the Ticino (which at this spot issues from the lake), to Sesto Calende. The douaniers came to demand the passport, and retiring withal, spent half an hour in its examination, during which time we sate on our horses, looking at the lake, and the ferry, improperly called Pont Volant, approaching most leisurely—stared at ourselves by a dozen women, who pressed round us, some veiled by the elegant mantilla, and the

poorer wearing the silver or pewter ornaments, ranged round the back of the head, which, being hollow and of the exact shape, look like a crown of spoons; all with the handsome faces and most undaunted dark eyes peculiar to their nation, and here I think also to their sex; for the men have an expression of effeminacy and the females of hardihood.

The passport returned and the flying bridge arrived, we led our horses on board, during which operation Fanny in gratitude pulled me off the plank into a foot and a half of water. The ferry-boat, unlike the last, was a barge, and had barriers; and during the crossing, which occupied three quarters of an hour, a stone-deaf man beat the fives off, and a blind one played the violin, and sang far from badly. They are friends, and find companionship convenient, each supplying to the other the sense wanting. They divided most amicably the money we gave them, and having paid our fare, and the *buona mano*, and then something more, under what pretext I forget, we landed through the water again, and now in Austria's dominions. A soldier desired me to follow to the commissary, while D—— remained with the horses: so, obeying the mandate, I found him lodged at the end of a dirty street and top of a dark stair. He asked me fifty questions quite irrelevant, fidgeted exceedingly, because

D——'s description was not down in the passport, and at last, Oh, Wisdom ! desired me to dictate one, which he wrote down, and being "Middle height, grey eyes," and otherwise as explicit, would suit four-fifths of her majesty's subjects. He then made me a polite bow, said there was nothing to pay, and we went on again.

Sesto Calende and its environs enjoy a very indifferent reputation. I can say nothing of the honesty of its inhabitants, but a great deal of their incivility. Walking our horses through the town, the boys hooted us as usual, but arrived at the outskirts, they were joined and augmented by youths and men, till there were about thirty of these last following at a few paces behind us, and shouting with the whole force of their lungs. We bore it till it became insupportable, and at last turned the horses, who were excited by the noise, and fretting at being insulted, and I think perfectly understood they were to scatter the enemy, for they darted on them at full speed; Fanny, in particular, very warlike, with her small ears laid back, and her heels thrown up to make way. The road was clear in a second, and when our charge was executed and we quietly walked on, I suppose they returned to the town, as no one followed us farther. Between Sesto and Somma we crossed wild tracts of melancholy

moor, and here and there a stunted copse. At Somma is the ancient and superb cypress tree, averred to have been a sapling in Julius Cæsar's time, and certainly measuring twenty feet round its stem, and a hundred and twenty in height. For the sake of its green old age the road diverged from the straight line by Napoleon's order. We passed on our right, and within the village, a castle belonging to the Visconti family, in which was born Teobaldo, who was archdeacon of Liege, and elected pope in 1271, when absent in the Holy Land in company of Edward the First of England, then Prince of Wales. When the news of his promotion reached him, he ascended the pulpit and pronounced a brilliant discourse, taking for text the two verses of the 137th Psalm :—

“ If I forget thee, O Jerusalem ! may my right hand forget her cunning.

“ If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth ; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy.”

Arrived in Italy, Teobaldo, become Gregory the Tenth, exerted himself to promote a crusade, and to accomplish his end commenced by striving to reconcile Guelphs with Ghibellines, and to pacify Italy. It was he who first made the law, after his death revoked, and then again put in force, inclosing the cardinals

in conclave after the decease of a pope, till they should have elected his successor, to prevent the papal chair from again remaining vacant through their tardiness, as it had done before his accession, two years and nine months. The founder of his family's grandeur was Otho Visconti, born in 1208, created archbishop of Milan by Pope Urban the Fourth, in opposition to the La Torre, then chief of the Republic; but after long wars and various fortune, presented with the perpetual lordship of the Milanese territory by the people, weary of the cruelty and exertions of his descendant Napoleon, and profiting by his defeat to free themselves from the yoke of his family, substituting in its place that of the Visconti, whose sovereignty (with one brief interval) was destined to flourish during nearly two hundred years.

At Somma and Gallerate, which is the next town on our way, have been found many Roman antiquities, inscriptions, and medals, and also arms: for near Somma was fought the first great battle between Hannibal and Scipio, in which the latter was defeated; and previously that of Marcellus against the Insubrians. Gallerate takes its name, say the antiquarians, from the legion Gallerata, encamped there under the command of the consuls Marcellus and Cornelius. Beyond these

we were in the vine and corn country ; for the first is trained to climb the trees, oak or elm, planted in avenues for the purpose, dropping from one to the other in deep festoons,—a mode of cultivation which seems wise as well as ornamental, as it leaves a much larger portion of ground free for other produce. The plain is here bounded by no mountains, and the country interesting only as the vintage had begun ; and the peasantry, proceeding to or returning from it, reproducing at every step the beautiful picture in the Louvre by Robert, who died so early and unhappily : the oxen drawing slowly along the heavy car, with its barrel laden with grapes ; the men with red handkerchiefs tied round their black hair, and male and female with legs bare and bronzed by the climate, but with heads of surpassing beauty. I particularly noticed one girl who had the fair hair and dark eyes, so seldom united, and the very perfection of Grecian form : that French artists should reap benefit in studying such features beneath such skies is not extraordinary. We found little or no shade, for the road was bordered only by low hedges of acacia, now in flower, and our horses missed the bright streams and stone reservoirs by the road-side in Switzerland, and impatiently sought muddy water in ditches not yet dried since the rains. Suffering from

thirst ourselves, D—— hailed some of the vintagers, and they brought us a quantity of grapes, to which those of France bear no comparison. Fanny turned her head to ask and receive her share, and in gratitude walked on with unusual gentleness, though with the reins on her neck, as I feared to drop any part of my burden. We passed henceforth through a succession of villages, boasting most savage inhabitants, exciting the wrath of D——, lately accustomed to the more civilized Swiss of the German cantons. Before one auberge stood a half drunken crowd, one of whom, as we went slowly by, seized a long pole to rush on me withal, and was with difficulty held back by two of his comrades; the rest laughed; and I, who had no expectation of an attack, (not thinking a lady's habit would wake such animosity,) as mine enemy struggled hard, and I did not know how the contest might end, thought proper not to wait to see, and we rode away. I dislike their country churches,—begun with overweening pomp and left unfinished when the funds have failed—their domes and pillared façades unsuited to their situation among trees and cabins, and far less picturesque than those of Switzerland built on their green or craggy mounds, with pointed windows and spires of grey stone. We passed crosses innumerable, many bearing, in lieu of

the Saviour's figure, the sponge, nails, and spear, carved in wood; and small cemeteries, the recesses of the low walls which inclose them, gaudily painted in fresco with saints and martyrs. On a wall of a miserable inn near Milan, the village artist has depicted a Lord's supper! We rode through the Cascina delle corde; or, as it is called, the Cascina del buon Jesu! a little to the right of which is seen the town of Busto, whose church was designed by Bramante. Of the seven old towers, formerly the refuge of a famous robber-band, there remains but one standing. Near Legnarello, on the shore of the little river Olona, is Parabiago, celebrated as the site of a battle fought in February, 1339, by Luchino, third son of Maffeo Visconti, against his cousin Lodvisio and a rebel army. His horse had been killed under him, and his casque broken, and himself bound to an oak tree, the blood gushing from his wounds; till, the tide of fortune changing, he was delivered by a party of Savoyards, and Lodvisio in his place taken captive. A wondrous apparition startled, it was said, both armies, and put a stop to the carnage. Saint Ambrose, who in the fourth century was archbishop of Milan, suddenly arose between the rebels and allies. That he should have left his grave to protect Luchino, would at least prove he interested himself in an unworthy subject:

for Luchino's only *mérit* seems to have been courage. He advised and directed the murder of his brother Marco (the bravest and perhaps the best of this stirring family), when Azzo, the nephew of both, as the son of their elder brother, was lord of Milan. Marco had distinguished himself in the service of the Ghibelline party, and choosing that no political consideration should interfere with its welfare, he saw indignantly that his brother Galeazzo negotiated with the pope, and denounced his proceedings to Louis of Bavaria. Galeazzo, his son Azzo, and his brother, were in consequence arrested; but Marco was no sooner aware of what his imprudence had caused, than he repented of it, solicited their liberty of the emperor, with an earnestness not to be silenced; himself aided in supplying their ransom, and, unable to furnish the entire sum, consented to remain hostage till its completion.

Galeazzo died, and Azzo was in no haste to deliver his uncle; but Marco, confided to a portion of the emperor's army, so won the hearts of the soldiers placed to guard him, that they named him their general. Heading them, he surprised and took possession of Lucca, sold it to Spinola to satisfy his soldiers with its price, and returned to Milan in July, the citizens who had rejoiced in his triumphs—the soldiers

whom he preceded in danger—the peasants whose fields he had guarded—flocking forth to meet him.

His nephew Azzo, and his brother Luchino, invited him to a festival in their castle of Milan, and when the feasting was over and the night far advanced, and Marco was about to retire, Azzo requested his private hearing of a few words, and led him to an apartment, whose windows looked on the public square. As the door closed on them, hired assassins rushed on and strangled Marco, flinging his dishonoured remains forth where the people, impotent to avenge, might see it and shudder as they passed at the dark end of their warrior. Azzo died in his bed; and Luchino, having inherited his authority, persecuted all who had held place or power during his reign. His severity causing a conspiracy to deprive him of his lordship, and elevate in his stead his nephews, sons of his brother Stefano, he discovered the plot. The conspirators died by the gibbet, by torture and famine; his nephews were banished; but from that time the sombre disposition of Luchino grew still more severe, and his pale and menacing brow never unbent thenceforward. He had married twice; his second wife was Isabella of Fiesco, a lady of rare beauty but shameless conduct, on whose

account he had exiled his nephew Galeazzo. Reconciled to her husband, Isabella, under pretext of devotion, craved permission to make a pilgrimage to Venice. A splendid flotilla was got ready on the river Po, and the fairest dames of Milan accompanied their liege lady. Ugolino of Gonzaga, son of the lord of Mantua, now found favour in her eyes. He detained her some time in his father's states, and accompanied her to Venice, whither she repaired for the festival of the Ascension. On her return to Milan the details of this journey became whispered abroad, and the mutual accusations of the ladies of the court at last brought the tale to Luchino's ear. He listened in silence, for he meditated a fearful revenge, and Isabella, ere she heard she was betrayed, read his knowledge and her own fate in his dark features; and resolving to forestall him in crime, mixed poison in his drink, and he died in the castle wherein he had murdered Marco.

We passed through Rhò, a village of some importance; beyond are rice-grounds and extensive and unhealthy marshes. The entrance to Milan is fine: an avenue a mile in length of tulipiferas, now about to blossom, with a grove on either side, conducting to Napoleon's memorial, the Arco del Sempione.

Our passports examined, we crossed, as the sun set, the extensive exercising ground, and the courts of the building now serving for barracks, once the fortified castle of the dukes of Milan, but still retaining its ancient aspect; built of dark brick with heavy battlements and covered walls; that towards the town flanked by two massive round towers, on which cannon are now pointed, ready at need to awe the town.

We summoned an idler to be our guide, and without him should have failed in arriving ere midnight, for Milan boasts an incomprehensible collection of crooked streets, and an insolent population, who would have lent no aid in the labyrinth. Young and old crowded about us, almost preventing our horses from moving forward, and hooted manfully. Yet I am told the governor's daughter and officer's wives ride constantly in the Corso, but not daring to offer insult to the Austrian masters, who I heard with satisfaction make no difficulty of correcting with the blow of a cane or the flat of the sword, a word from a refractory vassal, they compensate for the privation when an opportunity offers, as now. We rode by the beautiful cathedral, and through more winding alleys, some so narrow that two carriages cannot pass, made dangerous for horses

by the bands of flat pavement laid down to facilitate the roll of the wheels, and arrived at dusk at San Marco. I do not think it a good inn: its rooms are large, but dirty; its servants numerous, but inattentive; and its cookery greasy beyond description.

CHAPTER VI

The Duomo—Our host's advice—Joseph the Second—Tomb—That to the memory of Giovanni and Gabrielle de' Medici, designed by Michael Angelo—Chapel of St. John—St. Bartholomew—Tomb of Otho, archbishop of Milan—Crucifix carried by St. Charles of Borromeo—Antique altar—Burial-place of St. Charles—La Scala—Opera ballet—The Brera, once monastery of the Umiliati—Paintings—The old castle—Arms of the Visconti—Prerogative preserved to himself by Giovanni—The parricide—Filippo Mario—His innocent wife executed—Carmagnuola Filippo's general—Forced by his injustice to change of party—Suspicious of his new masters—His execution—Francis Sforza—His youth—His name's origin—Jane of Naples—Imprisoned by her husband—Set free—King James a monk of St. Francis—Forte Braccio—Sforza's death—Arena—Roman ruin.

27th.

PASSED the morning in the ramblings which travellers are heir to, first proceeding to the Duomo. As I wished to see there the holy mummy of St. Charles, which lies in its crystal case and subterranean chapel, I asked our host for directions: "You must knock," said he, "at the door of the sacristy, and there you will find a priest." "A priest; a gentleman?" "Yes, you had better ask his charge before-

hand, as he may be extravagant; and there are about a dozen steps to descend, and should his demand be exorbitant, you can give him two-thirds or the half, which will satisfy him."

Passing the post-office and finding no letters, we arrived at the cathedral in five minutes. It occupies one extremity of a most irregular place, and if its façade wants taste, or at least consistency, having some doors and windows of Roman architecture, mingled with the Gothic, and its form is that of a heavy pyramid,—yet seen in the bright sunshine, its mass of white marble, with all its pinnacles surmounted by statues, standing shining forth from the purest of blue skies as if they were carved in snow, its effect is far more striking than the engravings would lead to expect, and the grandeur of its size and delicacy of its execution justify the exclamation of Joseph the Second: "It is a golden mountain, chiselled by fairies, and metamorphosed to marble." The statues which adorn the edifice are in number about four thousand five hundred, of which two hundred and fifty decorate the façade. Each of the twelve needles supports a colossal figure; that of the Virgin having for base the tallest of all, of Moorish architecture. Her statue is in gilt copper, and from the pavement to the glory round her head the elevation is a hundred and eight metres, eighty-six centimetres.

To describe these and the bassi rilievi which encrust the façade of this noble church would be endless, and indeed the intense heat prevented my examining the half of them ; but I particularly remarked for their beauty the two figures which represent the Old and New Testament at either end of the great balcony above the chief portal. The two interior columns of this central entrance, for there are five, are of enormous height and size, considering that each is carved of a single block of the pink granite of Baveno. Within, the cathedral is divided into five aisles (the nave being of double width), separated by fifty-two massive pillars of octagon form; four others of far heavier dimensions, raised in the centre of the church, support the cupola, and their strange capitals each exhibit eight statues. On the right near the entrance is the tomb of Eribert, archbishop of Milan, who died in 1035, and farther against the wall a monument, which is a Gothic gem, decorated with small statues, each in its niche; while on the top lies in marble effigy one Marco Carelli, who gave 35,000 golden ducats towards the expenses of the building. Of the chapels, that best worthy notice is beside the small door which opens on the stair, whose 512 steps conduct to the dome erected to the memory of Giovanni and Gabriello de' Medici, by Pope Pius the Fourth

their brother. The real name was Medechino though Giovanni, become one of the great captains of his day, took advantage of its similitude with that of the Florentine house, and adopted their armorial bearings. He had obtained distinction early. Presented when a young officer to Francis Sforza, who having married Blanche of Visconti, and lost his father-in-law, after their long dissensions, became, in the latter's place, lord of Milan; he gained his entire confidence. Astorio Visconti might, it was feared, assert his right to the Milanese sovereignty, and Medechino, with another named Pozzino, were chosen for his assassins. Astorio dead, Sforza's anxiety to rid himself of his accomplices, induced him to command the death of Pozzino, while Giovanni Giacomo received an order to repair to the castle of Muzzo, on the shores of the lake of Como, charged with a letter for the governor. On his way thither, though they had parted on the best terms, he suspected the intentions of Sforza, and opened his despatches. Finding there his doubts confirmed, he fabricated others, commanding the governor to yield him present possession of the fortress, and once installed therein, he held it against all the efforts of the duke of Milan. He afterwards took Chiavenna; and, lastly, offered himself to Charles the Fifth, the emperor, who

created him duke of Marignano, and to whom his courage and conduct rendered signal service in the wars of Germany. Having incurred the emperor's displeasure, by unnecessarily prolonging the siege of Sienna, at the head of the army which Charles placed at the disposal of the Grand Duke Cosmo to subdue the revolted inhabitants, and also by his pillage and cruelties exercised towards the peasantry of the country which surrounds the town during the eight months the siege lasted, he fell ill from grief at losing his master's favour, and died at Milan, --where, four years after, his brother, elected pope, raised this mausoleum to his memory, designed by Michael Angelo. The six beautiful columns are in Roman marble, the remainder of marble of Carrara, excepting the statues which are of bronze; those of the brothers, of colossal size, occupying the centre, between two weeping figures of Peace and Heroism.

The large chapel, dedicated to San Giovanni Buono, which terminates the transept, is next in order: it contains some fine bassi reliefi and statues; among the latter a group, near the altar, of a guardian angel, who carefully leads a child, while his foot holds down, without an effort, a prostrate demon. At the entrance of this chapel stand two colossal figures of saints, bad, and in plaster,—though not per-

haps injurious to the effect of the whole, and to judge of it, this spot is the best which can be chosen. We gazed at all its details, the hollow of the high dome rich with countless statues ; the chapel opposite, with its rich stained window, seen athwart a forest of columns ; the light through the coloured glass crossing with a red ray pillar and floor, and touching the forms of bishop and cardinal in their niches ; on the capitals the square grated aperture, before the steps of the choir, which gives light and air to the burial place of St. Charles ; the semi-circular pulpits of carved and gilded bronze, supported by bronze figures, leaned each against its massive column ; the sculptured stalls of the canons,—the altar with its curious temple and red canopy, and the tall painted windows seen behind it, and the golden star shining on the roof above, within which lies the relic of the St. Clou ! which, with multifarious ceremonies, is once a year let down by pulleys to meet the eyes of the faithful, and with like pomp mounted to its place again :—the rich lamps suspended by gilded chains, and the priests officiating in their robes of black, green, and crimson,—and the view seen dimly through and along the pillared arches where they turn round choir and high altar. The white marble has no glare ; it is stained with a succes-

sion of softer greys than mellow stone. Near the same chapel of San Giovanni, and the entrance to the subterranean passage which, imagined by Pellegrini, leads to the Archeveché, hangs, suspended from a pillar, a much-prized picture by Procaccini, effaced almost wholly.

As we passed on beside the choir, we looked through the gratings which, surmounted by most delicate sculpture, light the subterranean chapel beneath, also having marble columns, balustrades, and altars. Opposite is a fine monument in black, supporting a figure in white marble, which reclines upon it,—the head resting on the hand, executed by Augustin Busti, to the memory of the Cardinal Marini Caracciolo; and near it and the door, which opens into the southern sacristy, and which I beg you to notice for its lovely and elaborate carvings, hangs an effigy of Our Lady of Succour. Italian taste has glazed this picture, which is an ancient one, and represents the Virgin giving the breast to the Saviour, who stands on her knee,—and stuck, outside the glass, above the heads and across the throats, tin crowns and bead necklaces. Above, its pedestal jutting from the wall, is the statue of Pope Martin the Fifth, raised by the command of Filippo Mario Visconti, last duke of Milan of the name. The flayed St. Bartholomew, who carries his

skin on his shoulders, is a fine specimen of anatomy, and a most disagreeable production of art. Past the three stained windows and the long lists of relics contained in the Duomo, is a strange tomb, which resembles a red marble chest, supported aloft by two columns, and containing the ashes of Otho, archbishop of Milan. The seated statue above is that of Pope Pius the Fourth; next comes the door of the northern sacristy, even more beauteous in its sculpture than its companion, and the tomb of the three brothers, Arcimboldi. We had arrived at the first chapel in the transept, dedicated to St. Thecla, who is there among the lions, all carved in white marble,—a red riband and silver heart hung round her neck by some devotee.

The large chapel, which corresponding to that of San Giovanni Buono, terminates this cross aisle, is dedicated to the Virgin; and beautiful, in spite of masses of artificial flowers in the hands and tinsel on the heads, is the group of the Virgin and Child. On either side of the entrance is a colossal plaster statue, even worse executed than those in San Giovanni's chapel, and the floor in front is paved with the tombs of six cardinals. Farther on, descending the aisle, there is over an altar a wooden crucifix inclosed in a glass frame, interesting because the same which was carried

by St. Charles Borromeo when he walked barefoot in the processions he instituted during the plague of 1576. There existed here formerly an antique altar, remarkable for its age only, surmounted by a figure of the Virgin in wood, rudely carved and heavily framed. When removed some time since, there were discovered behind it two inscriptions by one Alexio of Albania, an officer of Duke Francis Sforza, who, in gratitude to Our Lady for his successes, raised this altar in the year 1480. Near the entrance stands the baptismal font, (a large vase of porphyry, brought, it is believed, from the baths of Maximilian,) beneath a tabernacle, whose pillars are of antique marble, and their capitals of carved bronze.

The pavement, with its arabesque ornaments and various coloured marbles, is worn by the feet of curious or faithful, and from the dirty habits of the numbers who frequent the church, forces one to tread it with the same precaution as the streets themselves.

Having made the tour, we returned to rest ourselves on one of the benches opposite the choir, allowable, where people walk and talk unscrupulously during mass, for I noticed even priests doing so with the unconcern of two boys, who kneeled before San Giovanni

Buono, praying a little and talking a little by turns. Opposite the doors of the two sacristies are steps conducting to the subterranean chapels, the roof of the first supported by eight massive marble columns. The sunbeams from above entered faintly, touching with their gold a part of the quaint carving, and leaving the rest in obscurity, hardly lessened by the light which burned feebly in the elegantly formed lamp before the marble balustrade of the altar. The guide leads the way to the inner chapel, which is St. Charles's sepulchre. From the grated opening in the floor above, it receives but a pale and imperfect day; and as the torch which the priest bears flashes on the riches it contains, its precious metals and marble floor, to the worth of four millions, it resembles Aladdin's cave rather than a burial place. The vault is of octagon form, the roof encrusted with silver bassi reliefs, recalling the principal events of the saint's life; the panels of cloth of gold divided by silver Caryatides, representing the Virtues, one at each angle; and the saint's embalmed body attired in pontifical robes laid at its extremity in a shrine of rock crystal mounted in silver and ornamented with the arms of Philip the Fourth of Spain, (by whom it was presented to the cathedral,)

wrought in massive gold ; the dead face and hands are bare, the latter covered with jewels, which sparkle as in mockery.

Having spent the day in the Duomo, the curiosity next in order was La Scala. You know that it retains this name because erected on the site of a church founded by Beatrice of **La Scala**, wife of Bernabo Visconti. We went thither in the evening, the opera being **Roberto Devereux**, and the ballet the last Visconti and first Sforza. The house, which yields in size only to San Carlo of Naples, is freshly and brilliantly decorated ; its six rows of boxes which each with its drapery are carried up the whole height, its pit seventy-five feet long and sixty-six broad, are capable of containing three thousand six hundred spectators. Its demerits are, that its fine lustre lights its immense space imperfectly ; that the effect of the royal box which fronts the stage and is handsome, is injured by the crown above it, out of all proportion ponderous ; that its singers are scarce above mediocrity, and its scenery below criticism. Whether from these causes or the season, there were not a dozen people in the boxes, and the parterre was but half filled. The governor's box is within two of the stage, but he did not occupy it. La Scala once boasted a first-rate scene-painter, but dying, he failed to drop

his mantle on his successor, and, saving a few of his faded scenes, you can fancy nothing so pitiable. The prima donna, who performs Queen Elizabeth of England and possesses a voice just passable, is unhappily plain, and Roberto Devereux, Earl of Essex, chanted a base most awful. The costumes were of any and no period, and yet the audience in the pit determined to be pleased, and compensating for its small numbers by applauding manfully, demanded the performers at the close of the first act, when Roberto and his beloved, who, fearing the queen's ire, had just parted for ever, came forward to bow and curtsey hand in hand. Of the undelivered ring we heard nothing, but a great deal of a dirty blue scarf which belonged to the damsel, and by mistake was sent as a token to the queen. Quitting the opera at the end of the second act, an Italian custom which would destroy all illusion, if such existed, we summoned patience to see the ballet, more fatiguing to the eyes and incomprehensible to the understanding than anything I could have imagined; the heads, arms and hands of the actors moving in unison with every note of the music, and forming a ludicrous contrast to the expressive French pantomime and magical décorations of the grand Opera. The dançeers were ungraceful, but all, even to the fat figurantes, were ap-

plauded noisily, and they have, I observe, the habit of concluding each pas seul with a grateful curtsey to the pit. The palace of Visconti was a chaos of tin, coloured paper and sheets of foil, and the ballet ended with a ~~set~~ fight, (rockets sent across the stage representing cannon,) and the entrance of a party of pasteboard deities who came in on wheels. We did not wait for the last act of the opera, preferring to stroll home by the light of a young moon.

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29th.

192 Torrents of rain. We passed a part of the day at the Brera, which was, in times of yore, the monastery of the Umiliati; the order which produced St. Charles's assassin, and on its suppression was yielded to that of the Jesuits, who have left in its noble courts and spacious halls the mark of their wealth and power. A double tier of pillared arcades surrounds the court, while opposite the entrance is the fine staircase, designed by the architect Piermarini; a monument to whose memory, with others sacred to native poets and painters, occupy places beneath these porticoes, for the Brera unites within its walls the picture gallery, the cabinet of medals, the observatory, and the schools of painting, sculpture, architecture and anatomy, besides

a gymnasium and a botanical garden on the spot where the monks cultivated theirs. In the fine rooms which contain the paintings are some of the most splendid I have seen of Paul Veronese, particularly the Adoration of the Saviour by the Wise Men of the East, whose subject might puzzle a novice, for the wise men are dressed in the costume of Paul's time, one of them accompanied by his dwarf, and the baby Christ wears a pearl diadem on his brow. I noticed also a superb Vandyck, St. Ambrose in Prayer to the Virgin, and a Last Supper by Rubens, whose composition it would be difficult not to prefer to that on the same subject by Paul Veronese. Guercino's Abraham and Agar, which several students were employed in copying badly, is very beautiful; the weeping face of Agar about to go forth to the desert contrasts finely with the proud and half averted one of Sara. In one of the rooms are several heads of the famed fresco of Leonardo da Vinci, carefully raised from the walls of what was the refectory of Santa Maria delle Grazie, and is now a barrack-room. We had gone thither hoping to see its remains, but the convent, converted to military uses, is not now shown. We could enter the church only, which, an ill-formed mass of red brick without, is curious within, and has a side chapel filled with monuments,

decorated with ultra Catholic care, but many of them ancient and interesting. The head of the Saviour, which is at the Brera, is mild and beautiful in expression, but its colouring wholly faded.

The library is rich in curious manuscripts, and occupies five spacious apartments; in the first are two bad portraits of the emperor and his consort. All the modern productions we saw, for there is a smaller chamber dedicated to them, were strangely wretched in their execution.

This part of Milan contains the widest streets and finest palazzi; the latter awoke my admiration, with their double gates and arcaded courts, surrounded by orange and pomegranate trees.

The most interesting spot in Milan, recalling as it does names famous in its story, is the old castle, which held in turn the Visconti and the Sforza. Originally built in 1358 by Galeazzo, lord of Milan, it was demolished at his death through the jealous fears of the citizens, but rebuilt by his son Giovanni Galeazzo. It stood unmolested till the decease of Filippo Mario, last duke of the Visconti family, when the Milanese, determined on adopting a republican form of government, razed it to the ground once more. Francis Sforza, married to Blanche, daughter

of Filippo Mario, and become duke of Milan, raised it from its ruins with strength and extent greater than before. It is this, of the date of 1450, which exists even now, for only its fortifications were destroyed in 1801 by Napoleon's order, substituting a vast open space and avenues, which form shady promenades. Towards the town are the two massive round towers, and entering on this side you cross five inner courts, in the last of which (that fronting the place d'armes and Arco del Sempione) are the ancient state apartments. On the capitals of the columns which support the vestibule of the grand staircase are carved the arms of Sforza and Visconti; the latter bare the serpent on their escutcheon on account of the exploit of an ancestor who, ere yet his family ruled Milan, marched to the first crusade with Godfrey of Bouillon, and there, in single combat, killed a Saracen general, and despoiled him of his arms and the shield on which was emblazoned a snake swallowing a child.

Giovanni Galeazzo Visconti, born in 1347, whose daughter Valentine espoused the duke of Orleans, the murdered son of Charles the Fifth of France, purchased of the Emperor Wenceslas the rank of duke, which he bore first of his family. He was a believer in astrology, and when already attacked with

plague, a comet becoming visible in the heavens, he made no doubt that it appeared to summon him.

His son Giovanni Mario commenced his reign by a parricide. The duchess, his mother, favoured the Guelph party. That of the Ghibellines, under the name and by the authority of the duke, then fifteen years of age, forced her to fly to Monza. Surprising her there, they dragged her back to the castle of Milan, and soon after murdered her within its walls. Giovanni Mario, by turns the instrument of Guelph and Ghibelline, lost his large possessions one by one, till only the town of Milan obeyed his sway, and even within the ducal city the sole prerogative he reserved to himself was the command of its executions.

From his childhood surrounded by crime, and inured to the sight of blood, he at last found pleasure only in witnessing a fellow creature's agony as the sole excitement strong enough to rouse him. The slow forms of justice slurred over or put aside, the condemned were delivered to his power to be hunted to death by bull-dogs, whom his huntsman Gevanco had taught the taste of human flesh to accustom them to their fearful office. At last, when the measure of his crimes was overflowing, he was massacred by the Milanese nobles as he was about to enter the church of

St. Gothard, the 16th of May, 1412, aged only twenty-two years. His brother Filippo Mario, on the news of his death, obliged the widow of Facino Cave, Giovanni's trusted general, who had died of malady the same day as the duke by violence, to marry him ere she had laid her husband in his grave, and although she was twenty years his senior ; she held at her disposal a brilliant army, the garrisons of various towns, and a fortune of four hundred thousand golden florins.

Taking instant possession of her riches, he purchased with their distribution the fidelity of Facino's soldiers, and marched to Milan, of which they made him master. He undertook to reduce Lombardy to the obedience she had sworn to his father, but being cruel and crafty, and not brave, and seldom daring to leave the shelter of his fortified walls, he seemed little fitted to accomplish such an enterprise. It happened, however, on almost the only occasion in which Filippo Mario had been present in battle, that he distinguished among his soldiers one named Carmagnuola, who, born in the lowest grade of society, had been an officer's servant, and now first enrolled himself in the ranks of the army. Apt to discern the military merit he could not imitate, he made Carmagnuola his officer, and the latter, rewarding his quicksightedness, and

himself recompensed with the titles of count and the rank of general, reconquered all Lombardy. But Filippo Mario, in the caprice of tyranny, flung down the foundations of his fortune. Falsely accusing his wife Beatrice of being untrue to him, he sent her to perish on the scaffold; and suddenly taking umbrage at the power and distinction of Carmagnuola, he dismissed him from the command of his troops, denied him an interview, flung into prison his wife and daughters, and forced his general to fly for safety to Venice, whither he was followed by an assassin, who failed to accomplish his errand.

Treachery obliging Carmagnuola to treason against the state he had first served, he took the command of the armies of the two republics of Venice and Florence, and the duke of Milan found him a victorious enemy, though opposed to his son-in-law Francis Sforza. After a signal defeat of the Milanese the peace which ensued restored his wife and children to liberty, but Carmagnuola had roused Venetian suspicion by generously sending back all the prisoners he had made in battle, and when on the renewal of the war he met with unusual reverses, they called his ill fortune perfidy. The Council of Ten, in consequence, summoned him to Venice, there to advise the republic during the negotiations for peace, received

him with extraordinary pomp, the doge honouring him with a seat by his side, and expressing to him affection and gratitude as the voice of the republic; but hardly had his soldiers retired, leaving him unguarded in the senate, than Carmagnola, destined to be the mark of ingratitude, was seized and heavily ironed, flung into a dungeon, and given to the torture. Twenty days after his arrest he was brought forth—gagged lest he should assert his innocence,—and beheaded. Of all his immense wealth which it confiscated, the republic only allowing a poor annuity to his daughters,

His death, in 1432, delivered Duke Filippo Mario from his most formidable foe, but ever pursuing the same wavering policy during his whole reign, he troubled and devastated Italy with an inconstancy of motive and action not to be comprehended. His natural daughter Blanche long promised and at last married to Francis Sforza, he by turns united his generals against his son-in-law, or sought his protection against them. He had once again had recourse to him, and peace between them was hardly ratified, when, as Francis and Blanche were on their way to join him at Milan, he was seized with fever, and died almost suddenly.

This Francis Sforza, who succeeded to the

last Visconti, despite the right of the duke of Orleans, whose mother was Valentine of Milan, was the son of a brave man, himself the founder of his family. His name was Giaco Attendolo, and his father a labourer; and the young man, though, from feelings of duty to his family, he pursued the like toil, was often distracted from his occupation by a feeling which might be a presentiment of future fortunes, that his place of exertion was elsewhere. One day, while employed in cutting copsewood, he heard the sound of military music proceeding from a troop of soldiers advanceing along the high road which bounded his father's field, and his old longings and hesitation returned upon him. With something of the superstition of his time, he resolved that a presage should decide on his destiny, and turning his face towards an oak tree, which grew at no inconsiderable distance, and towered among the bushes old and mighty, he flung his hatchet against its trunk: "If it falls harmless," he said, "my arm shall be that of a peasant still; if it pierces to the core, I am a soldier!" Hurled with his whole force, the axe cut through the bark, and sank deep into the tree, and Attendolo, casting one glance where it lay buried in the stem of the old oak, sprang from the place where he stood, and among the ranks of the soldiers: "My strength has decided my

fate," he exclaimed, "you may call me Sforza."

Received as one of their band, his impetuosity and courage, which suffered no counsel, and was stopped by no resistance, soon confirmed a name which became that of his family. It was an epoch for military talent, and Sforza in a short time was of the chief of the condottieri who sold their service to those states whose gold was most plenty, and commanded a thousand horsemen.

In the year 1414, he conducted his army to Naples, and obtained honours and employment from Jane the Second, queen of Naples, but when James of Bourbon, comte de la Marche, her husband, less patient than she had expected, seized on her low-born lover Alopo, and condemned him to die in torments, Sforza was flung into a dungeon, where he remained a year, during which period the queen was captive also, and watched unceasingly by an old French knight, who was her gaoler.

A popular disturbance, occasioned by Neapolitan indignation, at length freed the sovereign. James, whose day of power was over, as he supported impatiently the influence of the queen's new favourite Caraccioli, was arrested in turn, and though at the pope's intercession he recovered his liberty, he thought fit to make his escape from the palace, and fly

to Tarento, with the intent of stirring to insurrection the southern provinces. Besieged there, and losing all hopes of reigning at Naples, he returned to France and exchanged his kingly robes for the habit of St. Francis in the convent of St. Claire of Besançon, where he died.

Towns, fortresses, and fiefs of importance, rewarded Sforza's fidelity ; his soldiers were more devoted to him than ever before adventurers had been to a condottiere. He had summoned his relatives around him, men, like himself, reared in fatigues and hardships, and who made a ring of gallant and devoted followers about his person. His rival in the same career, one whose glory and genius equalled his own, was the condottiere Forte Braccio, and in almost every occasion in which their forces took different sides, Sforza's had the disadvantage. When, after having long served Queen Jane, he was won over by Pope Martin the Fifth to quit her defence for that of Louis of Anjou, opposed to Braccio he lost almost the whole of his army. Throwing himself on his generosity, he rode to the camp with fifteen unarmed horsemen, and asked his interest with Queen Jane, whose soldier he was determined to be once more. Forgetting their long rivalry, the two captains repaired to her court, where Jane received Sforza and

named him lord high constable. Soon after, she commanded him to oppose his forces to those of her adopted son, Alfonso of Arragon, to whose party Braccio had remained attached. Thus, though unwillingly, they became foes again ; and Sforza, having forced Alfonso to abandon Naples, marched to deliver the town of Aquila, besieged by Braccio. The 4th of January, 1424, he arrived on the shores of the river Pescara. Braccio's troops, which occupied the town of the same name, had defended its banks with palisades.

Determined to ford it, though at the very mouth, armed, and wearing his helmet, Sforza first spurred his horse into the water, traversed it at the head of four hundred men at arms, and dislodged the enemy ; but the remainder of his forces having failed to follow, he swam his charger back to seek them.

Crossing for the third time, on his return to the attack, when about half way over, he saw one of his young pages, whom the strength of the current was about to bear away, and stooping suddenly over his horse to seize and save him, himself lost his balance, and sank : the weight of his armour preventing him from swimming, and even rendering it impossible to recover his drowned body. He was the ablest and most intrepid of Italian warriors. Of his posterity all lived and died obscurely.

saving the illegitimate son, who was duke of Milan, Francis Sforza.

We have lingered perhaps too long for your patience in the Castello; and the Arena, which, entering Milan by the Arco del Sem-pione, or Della Pace, as it is now called, is on the left hand, is worth a visit. We walked there last evening: the principal entrance also gives access to the Pulvinare, a fine building, which contains a spacious hall and com-modious chambers, arranged for the reception of the court on the occasion of a gala. A broad stair conducts to the former, whose columns of red granite face the amphitheatre to which descend its granite steps, the place assigned to the viceroy and dignitaries of Milan, and covered with cushions and draperies when so honoured. The seats which surround this amphitheatre, capable of containing thirty thousand persons, are covered with green turf, and rise, range above range, up the sloping sides to the level, which forms a pleasant walk under orange and taller trees. There is a rivulet which fills the space with water, when, instead of the races usually held here, the exhibition is to be nautical. A grand fête will take place in a few days with a show of fireworks, our host says unparalleled! but the rain, which to-day has fallen in torrents, seems disinclined to give place to them, and will

prepare unpleasantly the green sofas of the audience. Notwithstanding the weather, we visited the sixteen Corinthian columns, which in this ancient city are the sole vestige of Roman grandeur; thirty-three Paris inches in diameter, they are ten diameters in height, and are believed to have stood in the exterior vestibule of baths dedicated to Hercules, and restored by the Emperor Maximilian. From their proximity to the church of San Lorenzo, they are called by its name; they stand majestic and isolated, and spite the care bestowed on their preservation, gradually crumbling to decay. The rain continues as I have seldom seen it fall elsewhere, and as it falls here sometimes for a fortnight uninterruptedly, so says our host in consolation; I did not expect to dine at Milan, and at two in the afternoon, by candlelight; yet this has happened to us twice, (when we chose that hour, hoping the fog would yield to a fine evening, which it did not,) in the large room, with its three high windows looking on the opposite wall, which resembles the deserted refectory of a convent. To-morrow, 1st of October, we hope to leave on our way to Lodi.

CHAPTER VII.

Leaving Milan—La Bicocca—Francis the First—Francis Sforza—Black Bands of Giovanni de' Medici—Lautrec—An intrigue—Samblançay—The king prisoner—Samblançay falsely accused—Condemned to be hanged at Montfaucon—His death deferred till dark, in expectation of the king's relenting—His last words resembling Wolsey's—Lodi—The Austrians—Imprecations—The serenade—Doubts as to the road—Piacenza—A thirsty douanier—The cathedral—Alberoni—A bell-ringer—The Farnese—Pier Luigi's murder—Statues on the piazza—Alessandro—His son Ranuccio—His danger in youth—His escape—His cruelty—His treatment of his son—Borgo St. Donnino—Maria Louisa—Castel Guelfo—Origin of names of Guelph and Gibelline—Parma—Madonna in the stable—A lamp serving two purposes—A procession seeking a criminal—Cambacérès—Ariosto—A robber's love of poetry—Correggio—Modena—The countess Matilda—The Emperor Henry the Fourth—Canossa—Three days unsheltered in the court-yard—Rubbiera—Modena.

1st October.

HAVING watched torrents falling till eleven they subsided to a mild rain, under which we started in weariness of San Marco ; and about three leagues from Milan, passed the village of La Bicocca, in whose château Prosper Colonna had taken up his position when

Lautrec, the French general, was obliged by his Swiss troops to give battle. Francis the First, who had lately lost Milan, had been obliged to negotiate with each canton separately,—to distribute bribes and promise pensions, and, to obtain their aid, to bear with their arrogance. Ten thousand Swiss passed, in consequence, the Mount St. Bernard in the year 1522, and with the French and Venetian troops encamped at about two miles from Milan. The city was ably defended, though Francis Sforza had yet been unable to re-enter his capital,—and by his chancellor's order, an eloquent monk, to arouse the zeal of the Milanese, preached against the barbarians. The Milan army swelled its ranks with German mercenaries; that of France obtained an unexpected reinforcement in the person of Giovanni de' Medici, who, rendered free by the death of Leo the Tenth, arrived to profit by the higher pay and greater advantages the service of France offered him, conducting three thousand foot and two hundred horse beneath the mourning banners, adopted in memory of the deceased Pope, giving them the name of Black Bands, which their prowess made so celebrated. Lautrec had attacked and been obliged to raise the siege of Pavia. The Swiss troops, in the belief that money, destined for their pay, was arrived at Arona, implored their general

to allow them to force a passage thither; but Lautrec, aware that the distress of the imperial army surpassed his own, and having already received entire companies of deserters from the banner of Prospero Colonna, felt that delays would best dissipate his army; but the Swiss replied, through Albert de Stein: "To-morrow pay, or battle; Mor,
dismissal: choose between." *See the 22d may*
Forced to allow their departure, wanting funds to satisfy them, Lautrec chose first to give battle. La Bicocca was surrounded by deep ditches, to the right and left were canals, and behind it a stone bridge. Defended by artillery and the Spanish harquebuss men, the position was almost impregnable; yet the eight thousand Swiss insisted on attacking it in front, while the Marshal of Foix turned the left flank, and Lautrec the right of the Imperial army. The Swiss, notwithstanding their bravery, forced back with great carnage, though protected in their attack by Giovanni de' Medici and his black bands, made their retreat in good order. There were yet no uniforms worn, and the troops were distinguished by the red cross of the Imperials, and the white cross of France; and Lautrec, to penetrate more easily into Colonna's camp, obliged his soldiers to change, for the Italian, their national colour. The Marshal of Foix,

arrived at the bridge, defeated the Milanese of Francis Sforza, and, supported, might have gained the battle; but the impatient Swiss retreated in discomfiture ere yet he had time to arrive, and Prospero Colonna, informed of Lautrec's stratagem, easily recognised the spurious red crosses from those of his own soldiers, who wore, by his order, each a green branch as plume to his helmet. The Swiss infantry, still unpaid, and having lost in this unfortunate affair three thousand men, retired across the frontier. Lautrec, anxious to justify himself in the eyes of Francis the First, to tell him, with his own mouth, that to hold the Milanese territory with men-at-arms left eighteen months without pay, and unsatisfied and mutinous Swiss, was impossible, yielded the command, for a time, to the Marshal of Foix, his brother, and hastened to the royal presence, accompanied by two domestics only. The king refused him an audience; but protected by the constable of Bourbon, he obtained one ere long, and to the demand of Francis—"How can you justify my losses and your conduct?" he made the simple reply: "Sire, by the lack of sums to pay your armies." It became evident, that of the three hundred thousand crowns promised by the Surintendant des Finances, Samblançay, none had reached him.

The king, surprised, summoned his minister, who acknowledged that the sums, which were in truth destined for the troops in Italy, had been demanded by, and remitted to the king's mother, Louisa, duchess of Angoulême. In his anger Francis reproached the duchess bitterly with the loss of Milan, but the princess replied, that the monies received from Samblançay were but a debt he owed her, as she had placed in his hands funds proceeding from her revenues, and the fruit of her economy. The Surintendant's assurances to the contrary, his known character for probity, and his habits of life, which kept him apart from all court intrigues or passions, convinced the king, who was so attached to him as to have contracted the habit of calling him "Father." He distinguished the innocent from the guilty; he said, "While we betray ourselves, Fortune favours us in vain." Samblançay remained in place, but his fall was decided on by his enemy, the Chancellor Duprat, and the Duchess Louisa of Angoulême, whom either avarice or her known hatred to Lautrec, or these feelings united, had moved to such base conduct.

In 1525, when Francis was about to quit France to reconquer his duchy of Milan, Samblançay was required and dared refuse to advance the sums needful, alleging that

three hundred thousand crowns were already due to him. He gave in his accounts, proved the truth of his assertions, and lost place and favour. Francis departed; Louisa of Angoulême, once more regent of the kingdom, made use of her power to crush Samblançay. It was said that her receipt, signed by her hand, was abstracted by her agent from among his papers, while one of his own clerks was brought forward to accuse, of fraud and peculation, the most honest man of his time. The king, who in the interval had, in February, 1525, lost the battle of Pavia, and, conducted prisoner to Spain, been detained there prisoner till January, 1526, at the close of the latter year, with sorrow consented to his minister's seclusion in the Bastile. His vindictive mother craved that he should be brought to trial, and the Chancellor Duprat presented, for the king's signature, a list he held ready of judges, who, chosen from the various parliaments of the kingdom, were either placed by himself or devoted to him as having shared in the profits of confiscations pronounced according to his desire. The accused was interrogated, and Duprat, aware that by delay and chicanery he could best blind the multitude, under various pretexts, so lengthened the proceedings, that they filled four years. On the 9th of August, 1527, he was condemned to be hanged at Mont-

faucon, and on the 12th of the same month, conducted on foot from the Bastille thither, passing through the Rue St. Denis, where, in conformity to an ancient ceremony, criminals on their way to execution were made stop at a monastery, and swallow there a glass of wine and three crusts of bread, and kiss an old wooden crucifix preserved within it. Samblançay submitted to this odious custom without a murmur; but, arrived at the foot of the gibbet on which he was to die, he begged that the hour of his death might be deferred, still clinging to the belief that a pardon would arrive, and that the king, who had so loved him, could not allow his suffering ignominiously in his old age. Maillard, the lieutenant criminel, deferred the execution till darkness succeeded the long summer day, and, not till all hope of the king's pity had departed, bade his prisoner make his last prayer. Samblançay was calm and courageous. "It seemed," said his contemporary, Marot, "that himself was the judge and Maillard the condemned." He exclaimed only as he ascended the fatal ladder, "Would I had served God as I have served the king!"

The road from Milan to Lodi would be melancholy even without the recollection, that to the defeat of La Bicocca is bound the fate of poor Samblançay,—the long straight road

traversing a marshy flat with a wet ditch on either side, dignified by the Milanese with the name of rivers. Approaching Lodi, the face of the country is made gay by rich pastures, for the meadows which surround it produce all the cheese called Parmesan, only because the inhabitants of Parma first made a trade of its exportation. Our passport examined again, as carefully as on leaving Milan, we rode to La Posta through a town cleaner and prettier than usual: the old innkeeper, at first exorbitant in his demands, accepting the less startling prices we offered, but reminding me of Shylock as he left the room, repeating, "what was in the bond,"—dinner, tea, breakfast,—and adding, "Poco, poco, pochissimo," till we lost the sound of his step and voice in the corridor. We were hardly installed, when there arrived an Austrian officer with an orderly to take possession of the stables for an early hour to-morrow morning, as a regiment will pass through, coming from Bresciano to join the camp.

I was amused by the expression of hatred to the Germans in the faces of their subjects, and the contrast between the fair, quiet, but determined-looking officer issuing his peremptory command, and the supple Italian, with his dark eyes and ferocious features, who received it, and the moment his back was

turned, raised his clenched hand to invoke imprecations on the *Tedeschi*. “Accidenti in fiume, accidenti per viaggio, accidenti ad ogni cavallo che stia in questa scuderia,” till his master came out to soothe his ire by threatening to turn him away, and then he gave it vent by beating a poor white goat, the pet of the sick child.

As we had left behind rain and fog, we walked during the lovely evening to the Pont de Lodi over the Adda, here broad and rapid. The same wooden bridge exists which the Austrians (repulsed and driven back by Bonaparte) crossed to Lodi, whither the latter followed in haste to prevent its being broken by their pioneers.

Our guide mentioned with satisfaction the number of Tedeschi drowned in the Adda. It flows between flat shores, and derived beauty when we saw it only from a cloudless sunset, and the trees which fringe its banks, and were reflected in its clear water. At night, sleeping with windows open, as the heat was extreme, we were wakened by the first serenade which had greeted us in Italy; the performers had splendid voices, and sang in parts. The words of each stanza I could not distinguish, but the burthen of each was—

“Son venuti, son venuti, cavalcando, cavalcando;”

and, whether the compliment was in burlesque or earnest, I have never heard street music which so pleased me before. An hour or two after, the two Austrian officers, who had preceded their comrades, and occupied a room near ours, were serenaded also by a fine military band, so that our rest was disturbed by sweet sounds almost through the whole night, and we set off early to make room for the Tedeschi.

2nd October. Lodi to Piacenza.

A prettier and more shaded road through a country, almost entirely pasture-land, and resembling the mildest parts of England. The little wine they produce is much valued, but the chief supply comes from Piedmont. We passed at Casal Pusterlengo the route which turns off to Cremona, but, unfortunately, no one being in sight just then, we were uncertain as to whether our instincts led right or wrong, and the distance to the frontier seeming longer than it had been described, we began to fear the necessity of turning back, beneath a sun whose heat was intense to painfulness. A few carters passed us with their horses, but I have learned to ask questions with discrimination, for the brutal incivility of the common Italians I have never seen equalled. They shout their disapprobation of our mode of travelling, their

energy seeming to expend itself in "sound and fury, signifying nothing;" drive on us their cart-horses or oxen, or at least act like a waggoner we came up with yesterday, and whom I requested to allow me room to pass on the side where Fanny, who, to his amusement, was starting violently, would be in no danger of arriving with me at the bottom of a twenty feet deep ditch. He told me to manage as well as I could, as he did not intend to move an inch. At last, fearing we might ride to Cremona, we stopped at a cabin door in one of the dirty villages on our way. My question was not very politely answered, and the whole family exclaimed in chorus that we were wrong, and must turn back; perhaps in ignorance, though I think in mischief, and, as I thought so then, we hesitated, and a post-boy coming up with his horses, (a person always civil to strangers, who may employ him,) desired us to ride on, as a few minutes would bring us to the frontier.

This proving true, our passport was examined at the Cà Rossa, and we were on the territory of the Archduchess Maria Louisa. The heat was intense, and they detained us some time under the sun; the oxen, dragging their waggon-loads of grapes, passed us by; and before the village doors the men with their soiled and sunburned feet were treading the

wine-press as we had seen them doing in the fields also. At last, Piacenza was in sight; the dark red city rising on the broad plain beyond the broad Po, with the one stone arch, the relic of a Roman bridge, standing in its centre, on the deposit of sand and stones; and the two bridges of boats which we were to cross, and which should be a relic also, being extremely unsafe, the boats small, and the decaying planks they sustain a succession of hill and dale, over which our horses feared to advance. The toll is five sous per steed, which, considering its state, is sufficient.

Having ridden in safety, but some dread, across this uneven and trembling bridge, we left our passport at the gate, and the douaniers came smilingly forward. "What is in this valise?" "Linen." "And in this?" "Linen also; will you look at it?"

The douanier smiled, and shook his head, but made an almost imperceptible sign of thirst, and D—— gave a silver coin to satisfy it. There is a frankness about this conduct which is exceedingly agreeable. One is sure of giving in the right place, and without offence, and also of saving trouble at small cost, for it happened that the only change we possessed was an Austrian lira, which, translated, means seventeen sous, three centimes; and though we were almost ashamed to

offer it, it seemed to content the custom-house officer perfectly.

The sombre streets of this saddest of towns led us to San Marco, an inn neither good nor bad, though certainly better than its Milan namesake, and having fine rooms and broad staircase, which common cleanliness would make objects of admiration. Our sleeping chamber with its dome is of such elegant form that I should like to transport it afar, but spoiled with gaudy frescoes on wall and ceiling, by dirty floor, and ragged furniture. The eating room, a noble hall, with a range of pillars down its centre, and hung round with paintings for sale—some few good, several curious; luxury and poverty, dirt and elegance, everywhere blended—even in the yard, which is an abomination, yet where a coved trellis-work forms a roof which a splendid vine covers with its thick leaves, making the loveliest of ceilings.

We walked to the cathedral—a dark red heavy building, built almost entirely of brick, with one high tower; an open gallery surmounting its façade, which exhibits, one above the other, three ranges of porticoes, the pillars of the lowest and central one springing from the loins of guardian lions. Within, above the principal entrance, is some curious carving. The church is large without being handsome;

two thirds of the roof, glaring with fresh whitewash, contrast with the dark grey columns. The choir has its frescoes still; and there is a subterranean church which we admired—sombre and solemn, its arched roof sustained by numerous pillars, as light and elegant as those above are massive. We were driven from the cathedral by two or three guides, who, next to beggars, persecute strangers in Italy, following with a pertinacity which defies repulse, forcing on you a new version of history, and concluding each sentence by saying, with extended hand, “Le sue buone grazie.”

In the cathedral, the famous Cardinal Alberoni (born at the village of Firenzuola, which we shall pass through on our way, and a gardener’s son) was clerk and bell-ringer. An open piazza surrounds the square, which we left in search of the citadel, once the palace and stronghold of Pier Luigi Farnese, who, invested with the duchy in the year 1545, by his father Pope Paul the Third, built for his defence what proved his tomb. Notwithstanding Paul’s affection for him, he was a man stained with all vices, and capable of all crimes. The nobility of his new states, who under the ecclesiastical sway had enjoyed great independence, were bowed to the rank of vassals; and, making his laws retrospective in their severity, (while he deprived them of

arms, limited their privileges, and forced them to reside within his city and power,) he commanded a strict investigation of their past conduct, and punished its derelictions with heavy fines or confiscation of property, exercising the same tyranny of which he had given proof when five years before he had been sent by the pope to subdue his revolted province of Perugino, the birth-place of Raphael's master; for having reduced it to obedience, he devastated its territory, and put its chief citizens to the most cruel deaths. The nobles of Placentia, roused to desperation, at last conspired against him, demanding and obtaining the aid of Ferdinand of Gonzaga, who detested Farnese also. It is said that a man celebrated for divination of the future presented himself before Pier Luigi to warn him of his fate, desiring him to examine one of his own coins struck at Parma, as thereupon, and contained in the same word, he would find the initials of the conspirators' names and the destined place of his assassination. The prophecy was little attended to at the time, but it was afterwards observed, that as *Plac*— signified Placentia, it also contained the initials of Pallavicini, Landi, Anguissola, and Confalonieri. On the 10th of September, 1547, between thirty and forty conspirators, in peaceful garb, but with concealed arms, arrived at the palace as if to

pay their court to Farnese, who, an old man before his time, lay in his sick chamber, incapable of defence or exertion. While they guarded the approaches, and prevented succour, Anguissola sought it and stabbed him. Apprized of his death by the firing of two cannon, agreed on as a signal, Ferdinand of Gonzaga despatched to Placentia a reinforcement of troops, and followed himself to take possession in the emperor's name.

It is said that they flung the corse from the balcony into the piazza, and guide-books aver the balcony is still shown; but of the windows of the still unfinished exterior, which bears the ciphers of Pier Luigi and his successor, and look on the square, not one opens on a balcony. The inner courts are invisible to strangers, the citadel being converted to a barrack, and the other side of the edifice looks on gardens. A washerwoman, whose door stood open, allowed me to obtain a view of it by entering her dirty territory, after we had made a long and vain tour, for the purpose, among hot stone walls and ill-scented alleys.

The old municipal palace, built in the thirteenth century, with its quaint architecture, dark and imposing, forms one side of the place which contains the two equestrian statues in bronze, and of colossal size, of Alessandro and Ranuccio Farnese.

Opposite is the Palazzo del Governo, where, forming part of an effaced inscription, I could distinguish the word Napoleone. Beneath the arcades of the first fortress-looking palace, and around the pedestals of the duke's statues, were grouped the market-women, with their heaps of fruit and baskets of flowers, as if they were offerings to propitiate the stern warriors who frown above on their battle-steeds. Engraved on each pedestal is an inscription, equally flattering, though deserved differently.

Alessandro, brought up at the court of Philip the Second of Spain, soon distinguished by his brilliant courage and military talent, became, after the decease of Duke John of Austria, governor of the Netherlands, and profiting by the religious dissensions there, won over to Spain almost all the resident catholics. The United Provinces had called to defend them the Duke of Anjou, brother of Henry the Third of France. Alessandro, whose triumphs had continued almost uninteruptedly, receiving news of the loss of his father Octavio, and become by this event Duke of Parma and Placentia, solicited of the Spanish court permission to return and take possession of his sovereignty. Philip refusing the leave he asked, he prosecuted, with unabated success, the war in Flanders, till that in France came to create a diversion. At the

sieges of Paris and Rouen the prince of Parma was opposed to Henry the Fourth, and returning from the latter, he was wounded in the arm before Caudebec, and died at Arras of the consequences of this neglected injury, having never seen again the province of which he had become master.

His son Ranuccio was his lieutenant in Flanders when he expired: though he had shown courage in battle, he inherited none of his father's heroic qualities. In his early youth in Rome his life had been in danger of closing violently. Pope Sixtus the Fifth, informed that, despite his severe order against concealed arms, young Ranuccio secretly carried pistols, commanded his arrest, and it took place as he entered the halls of the pontifical palace to seek an audience. The Cardinal Farnese, his uncle, craved his liberation on the instant, but in vain. Returning at nightfall to the presence of his holiness, he renewed his solicitations even more earnestly. At ten o'clock the inflexible pope sent to the castle of St. Angelo his mandate for the young man's execution. Unacquainted with the subject of the message, the cardinal continued to implore, and at eleven obtained from the hand of Sixtus a second order,—bearing that, on its receipt, Ranuccio Farnese should be set free. Provided with this last, the cardinal arrived

breathless at the castle of St. Angelo, where, to his astonishment and terror, he found his young relative kneeling before his confessor, and heard that the execution had been deferred only on his instant prayer for more time to reconcile himself with God. Whether the pope had intended merely to terrify his prisoner to future obedience, or whether he thought, in the hour which had elapsed, his first command must have been fulfilled, the cardinal did not wait to inquire, and the governor yielding up Ranuccio in the belief that Sixtus had been softened, he forced him to depart from the papal states without delay. Reigning as duke in Parma, Ranuccio strove to inspire his subjects with fear of him, and aroused, instead, their hatred. When apprised of the discontent of the nobles, he feigned belief in a wide-spreading conspiracy, seized on the representatives of the first families of his duchy, and rid himself of their future opposition by secret trials and the block, while he dragged to the gibbet their adherents and vassals.

An even darker trait in Ranuccio's life is his capricious cruelty towards an illegitimate son, named Octavio, whose noble and brilliant qualities had won for him the love of all ranks in his father's duchy. The duke of Parma had espoused the niece of Pope Clement the Eighth, Margaret Aldobrandini. His un-

founded hatred to a wife who, on her side, could not love one whose severe and sombre exterior fitly accompanied a distrustful and avaricious disposition, long kept them separated, and Ranuccio during this time named Octavio his heir. As the youth grew up, he became daily and deservedly more popular, changing his father's favour to fear and hatred, till, having heirs by his wife Margaret, he pretended a fear that the disappointed prince might interfere to put his brothers aside; seized on his person, and commanded that he should be immured in the fearful prison of La Rochetta at Parma, where he dragged through a few wretched years, and died mysteriously. His father, unjust and ferocious as he was, yet came to a peaceful end, leaving the dukedom to the second of Margaret's sons, as the eldest proved deaf and dumb.

On our return from the Palazzo Pubblico, we passed the church of San Pietro, with its monastery attached to itself, and its convent on the opposite side of the street; the blank wall of the first facing the latter's windows, barred, grated, and wired, like a prison or a mad-house, with precaution which seems excessive where the entrance is voluntary. On the whole, though we made the tour of all the other churches we found open, and wandered till we were weary among the desolate streets,

the day we passed at Placentia seemed a long one. When night closed in, the silent town awoke, and parties walked up and down, singing with most enchanting voices : it is a pleasure peculiar to Italy.

4th October.

Left Placentia for Borgo San Donnino, issuing by the old gate and ruined fortifications. Piacenza received her name, in days of yore, from her pleasant environs,—now so changed that she requires new baptism : for the country, rich and flat, through which our broad, straight road passes, is interesting only where the vintagers are employed, and would be bare of trees but for those planted to receive the vines. Here and there we found shade from the sun under a pollarded oak, growing by the road-side, with the fruit and the festoons of light green hanging among its dark branches : far away we could distinguish the Apennines, but too distant to give boldness or beauty. At the entrance of Borgo St. Donnino is its quaint old church, guarded without by a strange assemblage of saints, beasts, and non-descript figures ; and before arriving at the Angelo, which is at the extremity of the little town, we passed two fine establishments for mendicity, male and female, once a jesuits' monastery. The Angelo is the cleanest inn, and kept by the most honest people we have

had the fortune to find since crossing the frontier, the good woman, who lost her husband a year since, and the head waiter, who has lost an eye, vying with each other in civility, and proud of their beds and cookery : still as it rained pitilessly from our coming till night, we were reminded that travelling is a melancholy pleasure as we looked round the large desert rooms, examined over and over their vile frescoes, and were glad to talk to the waiter, and to hear his comments on Maria Louisa, and how with the higher classes of her subjects she is no longer popular since the movement which followed 1830, rousing their desire to be French rather than Austrians ; but adored by the poor, to whom she is the kindest of sovereigns, and who feel her charity. The hospitals, good roads, and fine bridges of her small states, give proof of her care, and, saving three months spent yearly at Vienna, her whole time is passed in her duchy.

The violence of the rain prevented our visiting the ancient church and its curious tomb of the town's patron, Saint Donnino, who was an officer of the Emperor Maximilian, and having offended his lord by becoming Christian, fled hither, and was here beheaded in the year 304.

Alberoni's first step to fortune was the place of chaplain to the bishop of St. Donnino.

The rain ceased, and we left the quiet inn, taking the long, straight, muddy road to Parma, passing, ere reaching the latter, the fine old castle of Guelfo, a part of which is a complete ruin, and the remainder with its ivied walls and square battlemented towers half concealed among old trees, though close to the road, forms a fine residence for the grand chambellan of Maria Louisa, whose family resides there throughout the year. You know that it was built by the Guelfo faction, in opposition to Castel Gibello, which lies between Parma and Placentia, though not on the road we have travelled. These fatal rallying words were first employed in 1140, at the battle of Winsburg, between Conrad the Third, the emperor, and Guelph the Sixth of Bavaria. A castle, which had been the nursery of the dukes of Swabia, was called Gibellin, and the Christian name of Guelph had long been one of predilection in the house of Bavaria. The latter sought the pope's alliance. Even when the political animosity between them had died away, old affections and old hatreds continued to spring up in gratitude or in vengeance for benefits and injuries received by either's ancestors. From Guelph the First, of Bavaria, sprang the house which gave monarchs to England.

Beyond Castel Guelfo, we crossed the fine

bridge, which seems of endless length, commenced by Napoleon, and finished by Maria Louisa, across the desolate and desolating Taro, which, now shrunken and still, winds through its winter-bed, like a rivulet in a desert, and, shortly after, arrived at Parma, built on the river of the same name, which we traversed two or three times as we rode to the Paone, whither we had been recommended, and which, though a bad inn, we bear with patiently, as its owners are civil, and stabling excellent: for, under present circumstances, our own lodging is not that held first in importance. A portrait of the Santa Madonna hangs against the wall at the lower end of the stable,—the lamp, which burns before it, serving the double purpose of doing her honour and lighting the mangers.

The rain returned in torrents, not to be braved; and the windows of our dirty rooms command a view of only a small portion of the square. As I leaned out, looking at a dirty café just opposite, and in our own alley, and a yawning Italian woman, with her dark neck bare, as usual, enjoying, with her two elbows on a cushion, the "*dolce far niente*," which so chafed ourselves, there passed beneath a long procession, headed by a few priests, and composed of men, who wore, over their usual dress, a species of friar's cloak and cape of oil-

skin, with a silver badge, resembling a coffin plate, hung to the left side. They went silently along under the pouring rain, a bare-headed Capucin walking beside the last, and a crowd following. I asked a servant who they might be. They belonged, he said, some being clerical, some laymen, to the brotherhood of La Buona Morte, and were on their way to visit a criminal condemned the next morning to die. He was guilty, the waiter said, of a "brutto delitto," and the story was, indeed, one exhibiting the unrestrained passions which are the heritage and curse of Italy.

He was a peasant thirty years of age, married to a wife of five and twenty, to whom he had been long attached, and father of an infant but a few weeks old. In the course of this summer he unhappily became acquainted with another and a depraved woman, but whom he determined to marry, and his resolution irrevocably formed, he returned home and from her presence one evening, deliberately sawed his wife's head from her body with a pruning-knife; took measures for her burial which he believed would prevent discovery, and went from her corpse to her old father to mourn with him for her early death. We shall leave at day-break, and probably make no stay at Modena, as we return by the

same road, when I will satisfy my own curiosity, and any you may feel likewise.

You know the anecdote of Cambacérès, told by Montgaillard.⁵⁵ On the 11th of April, 1814, he put down his liveries and imperial representation, and in a spirit of legitimacy, justice and humility, which cannot be sufficiently praised, signed a deed of renunciation to the title of Prince of Parma in presence of a notary! and remitted this deed to the Austrian cabinet, so that the Empress Maria Louisa and the court of Vienna will, on this head, have nothing to fear!!"

At the village of St. Ilario, at which we arrived after crossing a long narrow bridge over the Enza, is the frontier. We were detained some time, but the duke's doganieri are the first and only who have a touch of modesty about them, for they do not stretch forth the hand for coin. Fed our horses at dirty Reggio; Ariosto's birthplace; the poor noble, the unsuccessful lawyer; the great but ill-recompensed poet, to whose Orlando Furioso the Cardinal Ippolito d'Este said, "Master Louis, whence gathered you together such fooleries?" but better appreciated by the wild robber chief Pacchione, when Ariosto (sent by Duke Alfonso to purge the mountainous district of Garfagnana of the

lawless bands who infested it, and having so legislated as to succeed, and in a brief space of time to bow or soothe the turbulent to submission) was passing on horseback, and with six or seven domestics only, along a narrow pass, when at a sudden turn, and grouped in the shadow, he perceived a number of men of suspicious appearance, and hurried by, knowing his party's inability to cope with theirs. The chief of the band, however, who watched him go past, arrested his last follower by the bridle, and inquired the name of the nobleman. The domestic replying "Ariosto," armed as he was, he joined the charger at a bound, and the poet checked him suddenly, uncertain as to the motive of his haste and the action which might follow.

The robber doffed his cap and bowed respectfully, asking pardon for having failed to salute him on his passage as being then unacquainted with the person of one whose fame was familiar to him, and having made him the most polite offers, took his leave.

It was Ariosto, who, endowed with genius, not with fortune, engraved over his small house the inscription:—

SMALL DWELLING SUITED TO ME, OBNOXIOUS TO NONE, IN
NO RESPECT MEAN, RAISED AT MINE OWN COST.

and who replied to the question, why he who, in his Orlando, could so well describe splendid

palaces with porticoed courts and marble halls, had built a dwelling so humble? "It is easier to gather together words than stones."

On our left hand (the road conducting thither following the course of the torrent Crossolo, which washes one side of the town) is the village of Correggio, the birthplace and the home of Allegri, to whom it has given a name which is not to die—the man who it is said had no master: who studied nature in her grandeur and her grace; of whom a modern writer has observed that his love of childhood, his study of its anger, its joys and tears, so exact that he was wont to stop to sketch in his walks the groups he met at play, gave him in its representation such purity of conception, such brilliancy and delicacy of touch, that he seemed to paint with the breath, while over his female forms there is diffused a divinity, a celestial grace, belonging to beings of a higher order, as if he had painted in prophecy. Never rich, ill paid for his mighty works, having received but about £20 and his food during the six months his labour lasted for the *chef d'œuvre* of his life, the St. Jeronimo, he proceeded one day of 1534 to Parma to solicit that the remainder of a sum due for the frescoes of the cupola of the cathedral might be paid him, and received there £8 in copper money. Impatient to bear

it to his family at Correggio, he started on foot to carry it thither, arrived heated and exhausted by the enormous weight, was seized with acute fever and died at forty.

The appearance of the little city of Modena is most prepossessing, regularly built and clean, with wide streets and handsome buildings, a pleasant impression increased by the magnificent rooms and extreme civility of our inn San Marco.

With Modena is connected much historical interest. The famous Countess Matilda, the church's most pious benefactress, and the pope's most attached adherent, was its sovereign in 1054, and in her strong castle of Canossa near Reggio, she received Pope Gregory the Seventh, yielding to him her powerful protection on the news that Henry the Fourth of Germany, the excommunicated emperor, was on his way to seek a personal interview with the pontiff, preferring so to do to awaiting the decision of his holiness the following year at the diet-general of the empire to be invoked at Augsburg for the purpose of his ban or absolution. There exists a village of the same name, where the impregnable fortress of Matilda arose at that time. The princes of the empire had obliged the unfortunate Henry to consent to abjure the marks of his rank as well as its power; to

enter into no church, which, as a man condemned by the church, his presence might sully; and to travel without suite or dignity till such time as his fate should be decided.

Feeling that in the assembly of Augsburg that decision would be fatal, notwithstanding the danger of traversing the Alps at that season (Christmas), Henry the Fourth departed for Italy, accompanied by his empress and by Prince Conrad, then a boy, and who, in after days, was to raise the standard of revolt against the father, whom Henry, his second and best beloved son, was also, when most trusted, to betray, usurp his empire, and imprison his person, and finally refuse to it the rites of burial. The emperor arrived at Canossa, and presented himself at the first gate, for the fortress was surrounded by a triple wall, and the ground then covered with snow. He was allowed to wait a long time and alone; the few who attended him being forbidden to approach; and the gate being at last opened to him, he was wholly at the mercy of his enemies, a consideration which did not subdue his courage or change his purpose, for it is said of him, that in the sixty-six battles he had fought, he had always, save when betrayed, come off victorious. Admitted within the second court-yard of Canossa, he was bidden to put off his shoes and the royal robes which

he wore, assuming in their stead a plain woollen tunic ; and the monarch having obeyed, he was allowed to remain in this court three days, though in the month of January and in the Appennines, exposed to the severity of the weather, and receiving food only late at night, as if forgotten by the proud pontiff. The fourth morning Matilda interceded, and Gregory the Seventh allowed himself to be softened, admitted the emperor to kiss his holy foot, and gave him absolution on such humiliating terms, that they were shortly after broken through, and Henry excommunicated once more.

Nicholas of Este, duke of Modena and Ferrara about 1400, was the injured husband who beheaded Parisina ; and Alfonso of Este, whose reign commenced in 1505, was married to Lucretia Borgia, of infamous memory. It was his brother the Cardinal Ippolito who was Ariosto's unworthy patron. Rival in a love-affair of his natural brother Don Giulio, Ippolito heard its object, who was a lady of Ferrara, praise the beauty of Don Giulio's eyes, having preferred him for her lover. As his brother returned from a hunting party, he was surrounded by assassins guided to meet him by this unnatural relative, and the eyes, whose lustre the fair lady of Ferrara had praised, torn from their sockets in his presence.

Before arriving at Modena, and on the river Secchia, we rode through the wretched town, and beneath the strong stern towers of the fortress of Rubiera, within whose walls died Ottobon Terzi, who, from a condottiere, striving to rise to be an independent sovereign, seized successively on Parma, Reggio, and Modena, pillaged Placentia, beheaded sixty-five citizens of Parma, but at last, desirous of peace, as the Marquis of Este opposed to him the brave Attendolo Sforza, consented to a conference at Rubiera. The chief and the noble arrived, each followed by a few chosen knights, and among those of the latter was Attendolo. Excited by sudden passion, or perhaps obeying a command unworthy of him, in the midst of the peaceful discourse Sforza sprang forward and stabbed Ottobon Terzi. Those who accompanied him fled, and the corpse (transported thither and mutilated by the people's fury) was dragged through the streets of Modena.

So much for the striking traits of her history, we shall know her features better on our return; for here, as at Parma, it has rained the livelong day, and we leave early to-morrow. It is the first time since I arrived on Italian ground, that the comfort of an inn has made me wish to stop for repose.

CHAPTER VIII.

Pia de la Mirandole—Castel Franco—Bologna—A bad inn left for La Pace—Its mistress—Statue of Pope Julius the Second—St. Petronio—Mistake of a learned man—Charles the Fifth—Here crowned King of Lombardy—King Eddie—His peasant-love—His twenty years' captivity—The origin of a name—The towers—Accademia—St. Cecilia—The cathedral—Temple dedicated to Isis—Papal troops—A capitulation—Cholera—An Italian hospital—French soldiers—The procession barefoot—The well-attested miracle—The Appennines—Lojano—The Pellegrino—Filigare—Pietra Mala—Strange properties of its fire and cold spring—Fruit—Montecarelli—St. Antonio's grapes—Palazzo Borghese—Hôtel du Nord—Jerome Bonaparte's cook—Piazza della Santa Trinità—Spot occupied by the Palazzo degl' Uberti left vacant—Recording escutcheons—The Saviour, king of Florence—The Loggia—Galleria de' Medici—Piazza del Duomo—The Baptistry—Work of Ghiberti at twenty years old—Chains of the gates of Pisa—A funeral.

6th October.

MIRANDOLA is not on our road although at no great distance, on the Secchia, and forming part of the duchy of Modena; near it are two other villages, called Concordia and Quarantola. It is said that Euridice, granddaughter of the

Emperor Constantine, and wife of Mainfroy the Saxon baron, in the first of the three became mother at a birth of three noble boys, from which strange fact it was named Miranda. Growing up in perfect harmony, the place which they inhabited was called Concordia; and years after, when their descendants, increased in number, in a neighbouring town mustered forty knights, it took from them the name of Quarantola. This legend you may doubt or believe in; but the family of Pio and Pic, sprung from Euridice, produced in 1463 the phoenix, Pic de la Mirandole, who, at ten years of age, held the first place among the poets and orators of his day; and in 1486, at Rome, published a list of nine hundred propositions on "all that is or can be known," offering to argue their truth with any such learned personages as could be induced to meet him there, proposing to defray the expenses of their journey and their sojourn. The envy of these denouncing him as dangerous and a heretic, he endured persecution for a time and fled to France, but justifying himself, returned to Florence and died there the day that Charles the Eighth made his entry, and having known him in France, sent his physicians, who strove vainly to save his life. He left large legacies to his domestics, and the remainder of

his possessions to the poor, and was not thirty-two when he died.

This is the fete of the Virgin. Before leaving Modena, the landlady took some trouble to convince me that the barber opposite, occupied in shaving several black faces, was a Jew, as a good catholic would on no account so labour to-day. Outside the town, we met numbers of peasants carrying the tall cierges intended as offerings at her altars, ornamented with flowers and ribands. The toilette of the women, who wore their best clothes, had an elegance about it, the lace or embroidered handkerchief covering, in guise of mantilla, the head and shoulders, and the clear worked muslin apron tied on over the bright petticoat. On the chapter of beauty, however, their "glory has departed." Since leaving Milan, we have seen but few females not plain to ugliness, and but seldom among the men one of those dark faces so peculiarly handsome, notwithstanding its doubtful expression. The dirt of the lower classes is so excessive and indescribable, that, as they make their toilette before their cabin doors, the entire breadth of the road seemed scarce sufficient to save from contamination.

Having passed through St. Ambrogio, and over a fine bridge which crosses the Tanaro,

we entered on the papal territory. At the barrier we paid two pauls per horse, the same at each of the two bridges, but on carriages the tax falls heavily ; and at Castel Franco are the pope's custom-house and passport office. Truly the subjects of his holiness lack conscience. One touched our baggage ; "What have you here?" and to the usual reply, "Linen; will you see it?" rejoined, "On no account, but we will drink your health." Then came up another to whisper "*they were not insieme,*" and that the first was a narrow-minded man, who shared nothing with a comrade ; and thirdly, a soldier bringing the passport murmured as he delivered it, "Le sue buone grazie."

Arrived at Bologna as the sun set, passing on the right hand the long brick arcade, which, three miles in length, is carried up the hill to the church containing the Virgin's most precious picture, painted by St. Luke ; and riding beneath an archway which bears an inscription in Napoleon's honour, whitewashed for the sake of effacing it, but restored by the late heavy rains. We went, as recommended, to the Pellegrino, but it was full and has no stables, and to the Aquila, which had accommodation for our horses, but none for ourselves, a circumstance it did not think proper to com-

municate till the latter were on the road to their quarters.

A voice in the crowd said "La Pace," but it was overruled by another answering, "San Marco;" and as the latter was nearest, we went thither, and found it full also. The inn opposite, a branch of this, as belonging to the same master, and called the Tre Mori, had still a disposable room, so said the innkeeper, and weary of wandering, we agreed to take it if possible. He retreated with a bow within his own premises, and we were consigned to the care of his *direttore*, the great man's great man at the Tre Mori. The room, which was small and stifling, and exactly opposite a hall in which domestics were noisily dining, had been occupied, I think, by servants also, and left unarranged at their departure. The only answer to the bell was "Patienza," a virtue I should have summoned to mine aid till morning, despite the inn's dirt and incivility, but that D—— came in dismay to say that our poor comrades were lodged in a crowded stable, without space to lie down, and next kicking horses, one of whom had lamed his neighbour the night before. To run the risk of a like accident to ours was not to be thought of—the warlike Fanny, with open mouth and ears laid back, and Grizzle, with her heels,

were prepared to resent any insult from the tall carriage horses, or even to take the initiative if necessary; and Italy being a place where even bribes are vain to induce an attendant to practise care. D— remained standing beside the surly groom, while I sallied forth on a voyage of discovery, having changed my dress, and summoned to conduct me a poor facchino, who had carried our baggage into the inn—a dwarfish wretched being we noticed for his civility, and who had since remained leaning against the wall in the hope of further employment. I desired him to be my guide to La Pace, and we threaded the winding and porticoed streets at a rapid step, as I feared it might grow dark ere our return, and San Marco being at one end of the town, La Pace is at the other, in a broader street, and better air, near the gate we shall pass through going to Florence. Arrived at the hotel, I found with satisfaction that its mistress was a Frenchwoman; and seeing that not only our horses could have a private stable, but that the house in accommodation, as well as in civility, wholly differed from the Tre Mori, we hurried back, the little guide telling his history, and how he had been left an orphan, and with three sisters, he “*povero ragazzo*” (for the *ragazzo* is, like the Irish boy, named for life) and

they had struggled, and nearly starved for a time, and then established a good character, and got on in the world, till now (in his Sunday attire) he was another man.

We asked for our bill of an hour, and, though explaining the motive of our departure, endured insolence in return, paying with Christian meekness the moor's exactions, which, for our horses and ourselves, charged such items as might have been fair the next morning. As we walked out, we passed an English gentleman, who stood on the inn steps holding a bill of interminable length, the innkeeper of San Marco and the direttore of the Tre Mori, one on each side, like Scylla and Charybdis, and the Englishman, foaming with the powerless fury of the sea in like situation, for the worthies were uncivil and positive. Escaped from their fangs, our horses led by the ragazzo, we arrived at La Pace at dusk, crossing on our way the fine Piazza Maggiore, most striking in that imperfect light, with the Palazzo Pubblico, and the Palazzo del Podestà, and the unfinished façade of San Petronio, occupying three of its sides, and the giant's fountain, with its statue of Neptune by John of Bologna, built not in the centre of the square, but in its angle, or rather on a "place" of its own, a kind of supplement to the Piazza Maggiore,

facing the buildings of the Palazzo Pubblico, where they extend beyond it.

I have heard Bologna criticized for its unending arcades, which give it in my opinion a claim to admiration; a studious and solemn character, making it resemble some mighty cathedral and its cloisters. La Pace retains the name it bore when a resting-place for pilgrims on their way to Rome; the large vaulted kitchen was then the refectory, and the upper stories of the building have still the same distribution as in those days. Our hostess has known some of life's vicissitudes. Her father had a place in, I think, the financial department, whose revenues sufficed for the comforts of his family, but, wishing to retire, he exerted what interest he possessed to get a friend, who promised compensation, named in his stead. Having succeeded, this man not only refused to fulfil his part of the agreement, but having borrowed and given no security for all the ready money the old man possessed, he finally turned into the streets, from the shelter which had been their own, the father and young daughter. The latter wandered over Paris during the day, vainly seeking employment, which, owing to her youth and disbelief in her story, was everywhere refused her. At last, night coming on, and those who passed examining the forlorn

girl with curiosity or contempt, in despair, and ashamed to beg, as she crossed the Pont Royal on her way back to the spot where she had left her father, she suddenly resolved on suicide, and was about to throw herself into the river, when her arm was caught by an old officer, who forcibly held her back, gravely remonstrated with her, and passed on. Softened, and her purpose changed, she knocked meekly at several doors, and at last found shelter with a poor portress, who received herself and her father for charity. She next took service with a lady resident in the hotel, and accompanied her to Italy. There, after some years, she married the head-waiter of the inn of San Marco, and they embarked their savings in La Pace. Her father followed when she quitted France, but he had grown childish from misfortune, and died shortly after the change in his daughter's prospects. He used to wander miles away from the inn, saying he would go back to France. The fat black terrier, who sits so petted and caressed on a chair in the kitchen, was his follower and guardian. One day, after a vain search for the old man, he was found sleeping on a mattress in a peasant's cabin, with the dog sitting at his head: he had walked farther, thinking to pass the frontier, and fatigued, and unable to speak the language, he sank

down at last before the cottage which gave him its hospitality. I think she said it was his last excursion.

The Neptune of John of Bologna holds a place once occupied by a statue, by Raphael, of Pope Julius the Second, and raised by his command shortly after his first conquest of Bologna in 1406, but the pope was represented with so haughty an aspect, and in so menacing an attitude, that the original of the statue had hardly quitted them, when the indignant Bolognese struck it down. The church of St. Petronio, though unfinished, and likely to remain so, has an imposing aspect, and is of ancient date, as commenced in 1590. It possesses its patron saint's entire body, the head, which only was wanting, having been bestowed by Pope Benoit the Fourteenth. The presence of this relic caused a strange mistake on the part of the learned German Meibomius, who, believing all the works of the satirical writer Petronius preserved at Bologna, made a long journey thither to behold his manuscripts, and was greatly disappointed when led to the shrine. In this church was Charles the Fifth, the emperor, crowned king of Lombardy by Clement the Seventh, — kissing the same papal foot he had before held captive, and creating, after the ceremony, two hundred knights, in

the list of whom are included the names of several noble families still existing in Bologna.

The palace of King Enzio opposite still bears the same name as when the prison of the unfortunate young man, illegitimate son of the Emperor Frederic the Second, and dethroned king of Sardinia. The Bolognese took him captive, and would never restore his freedom more, for he pined within these walls twenty years, and died in the year 1262. There is a legend which would make the family of Bentivoglio of royal origin: it recites that there was a fair young peasant enamoured of Enzio, and who, by bribes or stratagem, found means to see him in his confinement. She loved, and was faithful to him, and brought forth a son, who, by favour likewise, was sometimes allowed to be carried to his father's arms. The sad prisoner was wont to hold him on his knee, and murmur to the boy while he caressed him, " Ben ti voglio, O ben ti voglio."

When he died, he left him all his disposable property, and the youth adopted as a family name the words he had so often heard repeated by his father.

The towers of Asinelli and Garisenda, which serve us for land-marks in our perambulations, are at the gate of Ravignana, and at no great

en he came out again, stood bowing with
utspread. had been employed in making a few
ses: for, notwithstanding that in every
Milan included, I have visited and ques-
the speditorj, of our baggage we
heard nothing since the day it quitted
to precede us in Italy. Whether it has
the Simplon, or is domiciliated in its
s, remains unknown to me, and the linen
ned in our valises at present constitutes
wardrobe.

made the tour of most of the churches,
thedral among the rest, which is modern
aring, but owns the last fresco of Louis
cci. The church of the Dominicans con-
the tomb of King Enzio, or Hensius; and
l church of San Stefano, the only anti-
whose existence is certain in Bologna,
ought to have been a temple dedicated
Though this is the 7th of October,
at continues excessive, and the arcades,
exclude the sun by day, also prevent
circulation of air at night. The
g and ill-scented streets make bad pro-
les; and the dirt of the population of
na passes description. We walked into
Petronio this evening: it was decorated
festival, and the altar, a blaze of wax-
contrasted with the gloom of the

spacious aisles. The priests, in their rich robes, moving before, and the multitude kneeling on the pavement, had a fine and solemn effect; but the infected atmosphere made it impossible to stay more than a few moments within the curtain, which falls before the entrance. On our return to La Pace, and as I walked along the broad and dimly-lighted corridor on which the apartments open, I saw it was occupied by a party, and forth from it issued our poor dwarf facchino in the best coat of which he had spoken, and a new capacity: for he said this was his own band and its music, he being one of the performers, was certainly delightful.

We expected letters to-day, but were disappointed, and the kind-hearted landlady, fancying my anxiety proceeded from some mistake in the forwarding of our funds, begged very earnestly that her bill might remain unpaid till our return from Florence. She regrets her own country, though she has stayed here long enough to lose its accent. Her Italian rivals strive to ruin her, a laudable purpose in which they generally succeed, against the French interloper who comes within their circle with civility and better accommodation.

They are a strange compound of ferocity and cowardice, these papal vassals. They bring to my mind an anecdote told me of their

brethren at Ancona, by our friend Capt. de V—l, whose conduct at Lyons I mentioned to you, and I write it here, as a story of the pope's troops will not be misplaced at Bologna. I give it you in almost his own words, as he was present there at the time:—

The Conte P—i commanded a battalion of infantry quartered in the lazzeretto of Ancona, which is a building of considerable size, and easy to defend, as the sea surrounds it. When the 66th took during the night possession of the town, the lazzeretto, the pontifical battalion, and the quiet commandant, were all three forgotten. In the morning, enraged at the neglect, he angrily inquired whether the French general was aware of the presence of a battalion in the lazzeretto. "Very probably," was the reply. "Allora," said the Conte P—i, "si vuole una capitulazione; perche nella circostanza è cosa necessaria e militare." Sono comandante; la capitulazione la voglio, vado dunque a visitare il general Francese e la capitulazione si farà."

Such being the Conte P—i's warlike views, he was escorted to the presence of Colonel Combès, who then commanded the 66th, and laughing heartily, willingly satisfied the military scruple of the gallant officer.

An anecdote of a different time, but of the papal troops also, animated by the same spirit,

I must mention here:—After the revolution of —22 or —23, the Neapolitans, failing to prove their allegiance to their new government, yielded difficult passes it would have been easy to defend, retreating before the Austrian army, and continually defeated till their king was replaced on his throne. Asked why they had allowed themselves to be so easily conquered, they replied that their cannon had been taken. “Più non abbiamo canoni; e senza canoni che si può fare?”

It was shortly after the arrival of the French at Ancona, and in November, 1836, that the cholera broke out there, and believing it infectious as well as epidemic, the Italians had the barbarity to wall up the doors of the houses in which the first sufferers lay, introducing through the windows, and at the extremity of a pole, the food or medicine thought necessary. Our friend's lodgings looked on the hospital, wherein, when the panic had in some measure subsided, the sick were admitted—to die—either from the virulence of the malady, or the measures adopted for its cure: for abstinence was so strictly practised, that many perished from starvation. Monsieur de V—— certifies, what would otherwise seem incredible, that of all carried within its walls one only issued forth alive. This was a strong, powerful man, who attacked with cholera, but to a slight

degree, was borne to the hospital, and, laid in one of the beds, fell asleep,—and waking in the morning, refreshed and hungry, asked for food. "Come!" said the Italian nurse; "qui non si mangia; sarebbe darsi la morte!"

Feeling the weakness of convalescence, the patient, though he insisted, lay quiet and soon slept again, and through almost the entire day and night which followed; but the second morning his hunger was no longer to be borne with. He implored food, and received the former answer: "No food is given in the hospital."

Watching his time, therefore, the unfortunate man slipped from his bed, seized the first garments within his reach, rushed through doors happily for him unfastened, and into the street and Grande Place, where he saw a friend standing, and flung himself into his arms, demanding bread, as he was starving. He was fed and cured,—a solitary exception; yet the cruel and ignorant populace incurred more danger by an hour of fanaticism than they could have done in a month of charity. The French soldiers had soon constituted themselves nurses, performing frictions and other offices the Italians feared, and saving many. So great was the cowardice, that a consecrated wafer was presented to a dying man by his priest at the extremity of a pair of pincers. The only active means they adopted was the ordering a

procession in honour of Our Lady of Aricona, attired for the occasion in a white robe spangled with golden stars. Capt. de Vaud and his company formed part of the procession, it always happening, he assured me, that he was on duty as the Madonna's guard whenever she came forth. This Madonna is the same of whom Napoleon, when playing his part on this stage, asked an interview, and who, after a conference of some length, was observed to drop a tear!! Though it was the month of November, and the operation a dangerous one in times of cholera, by the clerical command all constituting the procession, saving our friend and his men, marched bare-foot. Arrived at the Grande Place, on a kind of scaffolding raised there, appeared a priest to address the multitude; who vociferated with the whole power of his lungs, commanding that they should prostrate themselves on the cold pavement, and telling them that this scourge had come upon them because they observed fasts less strictly, and because their faith and confidence in their clergy had declined.

"Each of you," he exclaimed in conclusion, "ask pardon of heaven with meekness and penitence; say frankly, I am a sinner, a thief, an assassin; therefore pardon me." It would seem he knew his congregation. Of the poor wretches who assembled that day, swarms had

perished ere the close of the next; but there is, not far from Ancona, a small town or village, whose name I forget, which escaped the pestilence by reason of a miracle performed by its patron saint, the details of which Capt. de N---- saw on a printed affiche. When disposed to avert evil from his native place, the saint pushes up the lid of his heavy tomb, and agitates above it his hands streaming with blood. The adjutant of the 66th, talking with a man of this town, asked if any one really believed it had happened.

Il s'è veduto, veduto cogli occhi miei.

“Le dico che ho veduto, veduto cogli occhi miei.”

We are to start to-morrow, and I sent on a bandbox, and a man who came the length of the street to fetch it, grumbling when I had paid him well, I took from the table, which was in a corner of the half-lighted room, what I thought a few more baciocchi, and among them bestowed, most unworthily, a Napoleon.

9th October.

Left Bologna a little after sunrise, our good-natured hostess having got up early to prepare our coffee, à la Française, with her own hands, the horses pleased as ourselves to escape from their hot captivity. We rode for some distance still over the plain along the brink of the torrent Savena, but

from Pianoro, the first post, the route ascends undulating in a succession of steep rises and falls, far more wearisome to horses than the broad way which, sweeping across the Alps, forced aside or pierced through every obstacle. The hills, some bare as those of Burgundy, clothed with chestnut, as we advanced, not having the bold character of the Alps' mighty and lonely masses, but swelling like wave beyond wave, and in their details losing grandeur. On the whole, though admiring and enjoying the pure mountain air, and passing some spots of romantic beauty, (particularly one where the road was carried under a wall formed by the high cliff, while before us, on a tall crag, stood a lone church, and on the right hand far below, lay the valley, with its green hills close crowded and dotted with pleasant habitations,) our first day's journey over the Appennine almost disappointed me in its tranquil beauty, as compared with the wild and grand Swiss passes. The heavy oxen toiling on their way, as they preceded the post-horses of travelling carriages, or the mules of waggons, added to the picturesque aspect of the country. Its breed of cattle is peculiarly beautiful, having the dun hide and black legs of the deer. We were to sleep at Lojano, a village under a hill with a fine gorge stretching below. I recommend the

Pellegrino, the new inn on the Bologna side, clean and comfortable and having civil masters, and not the Posta, known to me only as bearing a bad character, and being immured in the dirty town. Our horses had a separate and good stable, enjoying the thick bed of fern, here substituted for that of Indian corn leaves, which made so bad a one at Bologna.

10th.

A lovely morning, and beauteous ride from Lojano through chestnut woods, which cover these hills, laden with the fruit now ripe and dropping, which, as it forms the chief food of the poor, the pretty peasant girls were busily employed collecting in their baskets. Those we saw were mostly fair and light-haired, and if they wanted the bold dark eyes of the Bolognese dames, their more delicate features would have served the sculptor for model. The heat became excessive as we approached Scaricalasino; the view thence is superb, we could distinguish the chain of the Alps and the plains of Lombardy, but not, as I hear is sometimes possible, the Adriatic. Past the town the road grew wilder and the ascents more rapid, and we shortly arrived at Filigare, the frontier, where the grand duke has built a new and handsome edifice for police station and custom-house. Pietra Mala is at no great

distance, with its dirty town and church on a crag, and inn to which is linked a robber-story. About half a mile to the right, a peasant pointed out the place occupied by the flame, which is so brilliant at night, as to light the neighbouring mountain. It covers a space of fourteen feet square, on a stony but fertile soil, as the vegetation almost touches the fire, which emits blue and red flames, and the earth beneath has neither crack nor hollow; it is believed by some naturalists to be the fore-runner of a fearful volcano. At a short distance from Pietra Mala there is also a cold spring called by the natives "Acqua Buja," which takes fire when approached by a lighted torch.

The day was oppressively warm, but we came up with a poor man driving his mule laden with pears and figs, the most delicious, and dismounted to rest under the shade of some of the bare crags which hereabouts rise, divested of plant or tree, broken into seeming pinnacles and towers, till we found we excited attention, and thought it unwise to do so any longer, as the Appennines have been of late in their loneliest parts scarcely safe for travellers. Hereabouts there is an inn, good apparently, but which I should hardly choose from its utter solitude, and we soon arrived at the summit of this mountain, the highest on

our route; formerly dangerous, as the wind, which rushes down the gorge in sudden gusts, often swept off carriages. It is now, at the places of peril, protected by high walls, of the necessity of which we were aware, even to-day, as it blew freshly there, though the temperature below was burning and breathless. A long winding descent, commanding lovely views into wooded defiles, succeeded, and we passed the spot where the old road crosses ours; it was abandoned because impossible to protect it in the snow season.

Arrived at Montecarelli, a lone inn in a pretty situation; the village itself is some hundred yards farther. I cannot say that we dined or rested well, though the beds were clean and the people civil, and certainly honest, for neither here nor at Lojano could door or window be fastened or even closed. We were kept waking by carts and roulage waggons arriving late and starting early, aided by the poor patient oxen, labouring on with their meek heads bound to the yoke, and the lantern tied between them. As they took their short snatches of rest in the stable which held our travellers, and accidents were not impossible, and the pump beneath our bedroom was all night in motion, we gladly went on at dawn to escape the heat, at least in part. Our last day's journey was the most

interesting. Montecarelli left behind, we wound through groves of old oak up and down abrupt hills, catching glimpses through the trees into valleys on either side; to the west the sky was blue and pure, but eastward, as the sun rose, it shone on the surface of the mist which lay like a broad lake in the hollow, the green tops of the hills surmounting it like its islands. The clouds are more agreeable as well as picturesque far than near; for, riding through them, the country was completely veiled, and the chill unpleasant and penetrating. About four miles from Montecarelli we passed Le Maschere, which appears a good inn; and near it the charming villa of some Florentine, its garden walls covered with roses, adjoining a ruined arch and grey tower, whence, following the slope of the hill, descends a noble cypress avenue. The views, as we issued from fog and into a burning atmosphere, grew at each step more Italian in their character, with villas on the wooded eminences and here and there the umbrella pine rising above its fellow trees. Having left behind Cafaggiolo, where on the right hand there is a turreted castle, which belongs to the duke and resembles a fortress, our road descended to a valley, skirting a bright and narrow river, enclosed between hills where we jour-

neyed beneath a sun it was difficult to believe that of October.

Here again by the road-side we found vine-yards and their refreshment, and figures or pictures of saint and Virgin perched on poles among the vines to protect them from blight or storm ; those I ate had been under the care of St. Antonio, and he had proved a good husbandman. Our horses suffered again from the small fly, and we were glad to ascend the mountain and exchange their presence and the extreme heat for its fresher air. Climbing slowly, as the way was steep, suddenly from behind a cabin at the angle issued forth to meet us an ill-dressed suspicious looking party ; the eight or ten foremost carrying guns, the stragglers who followed, thick sticks ; and as one must needs be imaginative in the Appennines, we began to think that robbers we had heard of were indeed abroad, and (having no arms) to speculate on the speed of our horses, and the necessity of galloping through the group, as we had no intention of riding back again. Having mustered courage to run away, we were prevented making any undue exertion by the banditti turning peacefully down a bye-path ; we asked a little girl, who stood at the lone cabin door, who they were, and she said *Cacciatori, sportsmen.*

At last the steep succession of sunny hills ascended, refreshed by no shade, and riding under heat such as I never yet felt, we saw Florence below with her domes and towers rising out of the mist the heat made, backed by mountain above mountain, broken and numerous as the billows of a troubled ocean. On either side, as we rode down this last hill, the country was covered with vine and olive, sounding prettier in description than they look in reality; and the terraced gardens of the villas we passed were gay with a profusion of summer flowers, and the laurier-rose with its double and beautiful blossom, growing in the open ground and shooting up against the blue sky. In compensation, the heat was scarcely to be borne; the horses devoured with flies, ourselves blinded with sunshine, and (having left two miles from the city the Campo Santo with its cluster of sombre pines on the right hand, and entered, one after the other, several villages) persecuted by beggars and by a succession of vile odours, which all the winds of the Appennines cannot waft away.

On the left hand, before entering Florence, to which it is the nearest villa of importance, the avenue, whose grass grown road is lined with broken statues, leads to the deserted Palazzo Borghese. Riding beneath the tri-

umphal arch, raised in 1739 (in honour of the Emperor Francis the First when he came hither, yet only grand duke of Tuscany, and in imitation of the Arch of Constantine), we passed through the ancient Porta San Gallo, whose date is 1284, and into the city. A boy guided us over the flat and dangerous pavement to the Palazzo Bertolini, now the hotel du Nord, and opened about a week since by the ci-devant cook of Jerome Bonaparte, having moderate terms and fine apartments, only too comfortable, as this weather we would gladly dispense with their thick carpets. Our dresses changed and dinner ended, and the horses, for which there was no room here, lodged at Huband's livery stables, I was too impatient to remain enclosed in the hôtel till morning, and, notwithstanding fatigue and the unusual heat which keeps Italians within doors, went out to receive my first impression of Florence; and though to me, as it does to many, it brought disappointment, with its streets crooked and narrow, its quays so inferior to those of Paris, and its Arno now shrunk in its bed to little better than a ditch, its ancient buildings and irregular squares have historical interest and picturesque combination, which make full atonement.

The Piazza della Santa Trinità, on which our inn is situated, is near the Palazzo Vecchio

and far famed Duomo. On our way to the last, we crossed the Place, at an angle of which the former stands, not in the centre, as a decree ordained that the spot once covered by the razed palace of the Uberti should remain vacant for ever, in memory of the traitor's infamy. Built in the year 1298, it frowns unshaken by time, a square fortress with embattled walls of jutting stones, surmounted by one high tower, and the nine escutcheons which bear the coats of arms of the city's various possessors ranged below the battlement. Crouching on the steps is the lion of Florence, holding its place in the city's armorial bearings, from as early a period as the lily which blooms on the two first of these recording escutcheons. - The arms of Napoleon and the grand dukes are last in order, and among those which mark the factions of Guelph and Gibelline, those of Charles of Anjou and King Robert of Naples; of the wool-carders and the Medici, the merchant monarchs. There is one bearing the monogram of the Saviour, for Nicholas Capponi, in the year 1527, and at a period of excitement when no temporal sovereign seemed strong enough to sway the disobedient Florentines, proclaimed Jesus Christ their *king*, in a grand council composed of a thousand voters, of whom twenty, opposing the election, formed a

minority!! The colossal statues which guard the entrance, the fine fountain with its Neptune and marine horses, beside its steps to the left, and beyond on the Place the royal statue of Cosmo mounted on his war-horse, to the right, as we stood opposite the citadel, the Loggia d'Orgagna with its three arches, light and yet solid, which once served for tribune to the orators of the republic, and now shelters the beautiful Sabine group of John of Bologna—the Judith beheading Holophernes, and the proud Perseus of Benvenuto Cellini, with the stern palace and the ancient prison tower, which rises above the roofs of the irregular houses opposite—and the two parallel lines of colonnaded buildings, which extend from the Palazzo and the Loggia to the quay, and contain in their attics the Galleria de' Medici, make this the most striking portion of Florence. We saw it to advantage beneath the bluest of skies, and a sun which shone red and intense on the burning pavement, as if it had been August, calling up, alas! the succession of ill scents which betray an Italian town.

Passing the post-office, and turning down the Via de' Calzajoli, we arrived shortly on the Piazza del Duomo. The cathedral and its elegant bell-tower, beside it, but detached, and St. John the Baptistery, opposite the unfinished façade of the cathedral, which has

been painted in fresco, now washed away by rain, occupy the centre of a fine open space, which shows to advantage their beauties or peculiarities. Is it sacrilege to think that its monstrous dome seems to weigh down the remainder of the building; that its mass of black and white marble wants relief, or what the French call *mouvement*, to give it light and shadow; that the octagon temple, with its pointed roof, once pagan, cased in marble, and become that of St John, is heavy and ungraceful? St. John possesses the bronze doors, so beautiful in their workmanship: that facing St. Maria del Fiore executed, when but twenty years old, by Ghiberti, whose model was preferred to those of Donatelli and Brunelleschi, and of which Michael Angelo said, that it was worthy to be the portal of paradise. On either side of this door hang, as a trophy, chains once belonging to the gates of Pisa, and suspended here in memorial of the victory gained over Pisa by the Florentines in the year 1362.

Entering this square from the Piazza del Gran Duca, there is on the left hand a small church, its exterior not distinguished from the houses which adjoin it. It was growing dusk, and at the door stood attendants with torches, I fancied for some festival within, but, while we lingered, there issued thence a funereal

procession, the most solemn I have seen; the mourners in their long sable robes, and hoods forming masks, with openings for the eyes only two and two, bearing torches in their hands, following the priests, carrying banners, and the coffin, with its velvet draperies, and followed in turn by the clerical attendants, in white robes and crimson capes, slowly sweeping round the Duomo on their way to the Campo Santo; all burials being performed at night and without the town.

At noon I took a walk in the Piazza del Duomo, where the church of S. Maria Novella stands. This is a large, square, Gothic church, built in the middle of the 13th century, and dedicated to St. Mary of the New. It contains a fine collection of statues, and a very rich interior. The ceiling is supported by four pillars, and the roof is covered with lead. The floor is paved with marble, and the walls are decorated with paintings. The altar is made of white marble, and the pulpit is of wood. The organ is large and well constructed. The choir is composed of boys, and the organist is a man of great skill. The church is surrounded by a high wall, and there is a gate leading into it from the Piazza. The exterior of the church is very plain, but the interior is very ornate.

The next day I went to the cemetery of the Novelle, which is situated on a hill overlooking the city. The cemetery is very large, and contains many tombs and monuments. The most prominent is a large, white marble monument, which is inscribed with the name of a famous person. There are also many smaller tombs, and some trees and shrubs growing around them. The cemetery is surrounded by a high wall, and there is a gate leading into it from the Piazza. The exterior of the cemetery is very plain, but the interior is very ornate.

CHAPTER IX.

The Duomo—Its interior—Michael Angelo's farewell—Visari—Congress of artists convoked—A dome of pumice stone—Brunelleschi turned out as a madman—The egg—His colleague Ghiberti—His feigned illness—The difficulties divided—Height of the dome—Giotto—The Campanile—Pietro Farnese—His gilded mule—Dante—Condemned to be burned at the stake—Peter of Toledo—Conrad the traitor—The sacristy—The Pazzi—Julius murdered—Salviati hanged in his cardinal's robes—Seventy executions—The artist nicknamed Andrea of the Hanged—The Baptistry—The withered elm restored—The story of Joseph—John the Twenty-third from pirate become pope—Palazzo Riccardi—Gardens of Lorenzo—Michael Angelo—The Strada del Traditore—Lorenzino—The Duke Alessandro—Made unpopular through his vices—The plot—Anecdote told by Benvenuto Cellini—The rendezvous—The murder—Lorenzino assassinated in turn—The Galleria—The Palazzo Pitti—Cosmo—His sons' quarrel—The eldest killed by his brother—The father's revenge—His wife poisoned—Duke Francesco and Bianca Capello—Her story and death.

October 13th.

WENT to the Duomo to hear the celebration of high mass, which was not performed at the principal altar, now under repair, but in one of the side chapels. The effect of the cathedral is grand from its immensity. Divided into

three aisles, the octagon choir, surrounded by its marble balustrade, is placed beneath the dome, with which it corresponds, and the spaces, octagon also, on either side, form the cross, each containing, as well as that behind the choir, five chapels. Though richly ornamented with paintings and stained glass, and the marble statues of prophet and apostle; though the unfinished figure of Pity, behind the high altar, is the work of Michael Angelo; the pavement round the choir laid after his designs; the frescoes of its cupola by Vasari; it yet disappointed me, seen after the Duomo of Milan. The construction of this church, named Santa Maria del Fiore from the lily, the arms of Florence, occupied a space of one hundred and sixty-nine years; it had been commenced in 1298, and the year 1417 arrived before any of its successive architects had raised a stone of that cupola, to which Michael Angelo said, when, before quitting Florence to build that of St. Peter's at Rome, he paid it a farewell visit: "Adieu, I am going to build your likeness, not your equal!"

In Vasari's Life of Filippo Brunelleschi, he gives interesting details of the struggles to persuade, and the success when permitted to act, of this extraordinary man. He was a Florentine, but residing in Rome, and appreciated there at the time of which I speak; and

the members of the *Opera* debb Duomo, weary of their architect's indecision, agreed to summon him; and the syndics of the woollen trade, who supplied the funds, offered to his consideration all the difficulties of execution which had been presented to themselves. Brunelleschi answered vaguely: he said, "That as the temple was dedicated to God and to the Virgin, there was little doubt of their conferring on him who was destined to conclude this great work the science and invention necessary;" and added, he doubted not if himself were concerned that he might find resources and master obstacles. He advised that they should convolve at Florence a congress of the most skilful artists of Italy, France, and Germany; and confide the direction to the ablest: when all should have given account. He forbore, however, to bestow his own, evaded making the models demanded of him, and returned to Rome, where he passed the next three years, in the most arduous studies attending to the solving of this problem. In 1420 there met, as he had advised, a company of foreign and Tuscan artists at Florence, and Brunelleschi left Rome to join them. The meeting was held in the church, the members of the *Opera*, the syndics of the woollen trade, and the principal citizens being present; and it was amusing to hear the strange propo-

sitions made. Some spoke of constructing the dome of pumice-stone, for the sake of its lightness; a number adopted the idea of supporting its centre by a pillar like the pole of a tent. Several advised this first raising within the church a mountain of earth, mingled with coins of small value, so that when the dome should be built over it, the multitude would gladly free the church of its presence on account of that of the money. Brunelleschi alone condemned all plans proposed, asserting the necessity of a double roof; and following up his own idea, without explaining the manner of its execution, entering into minute details, and not comprehended by the assembly; till at last, after having been several times prayed to retire, and refusing to depart, the consul's pages laid hands on him, and pushed him forth as a madman. Still undiscouraged, he resolved on persuading separately the consul, and some of the members and more enlightened citizens, and persevering till he succeeded, it was decided that the choice to be made should lie between himself and the foreign architects; and another meeting was convoked for the purpose of hearing their arguments for the last time.

It was then that took place the famous dispute, which had an egg for subject. The rivals of Brunelleschi desired that he as they

had done, should exhibit plans and models. The Florentine refused, but he dared them to stand an egg upright on the marble table, saying, that he who should succeed in so doing could certainly raise the cupola also. Each attempted the feat vainly, and Brunelleschi, his turn come, quietly striking one end of the egg against the table, it stood erect on its cracked shell. Those present exclaimed, "We could all have done as much;" and Brunelleschi answered, "Very true, and you could raise the dome if you had my model!"

The syndics were henceforth decided, but the annoyance of the artist was not yet over. It was agreed that his work should proceed to a certain height, with a promise only of continuing if it so far satisfied. When this first condition was fulfilled, Lorenzo Ghiberti, who had attained celebrity by the bronze doors of the Baptistery, was named his colleague—having powerful protectors in Florence; and Brunelleschi, in vexation and fury, had almost abandoned an enterprise whose difficulties were thus to remain, while its glory would vanish. Determined on ridding himself of his coadjutor, he, after a time, pretended illness, and, instead of arriving to superintend as usual, remained in his bed, complaining of pains in his side—submitting to frictions and remedies. The master workmen applied for

directions to Ghiberti, who answered that they must wait his colleague's recovery, as he could issue no order singly, and evaded confessing that he neither knew Brunelleschi's plans, nor had been his model.

The latter's malady proving obstinate, the workmen repaired to his bedside, but obtained neither orders nor satisfaction; for he turned to the wall, saying, "Have you not Ghiberti, and can he not work a little in turn?" As it was vain to urge him farther, they departed, as he desired, to seek his fellow architect, but as time went on, and a stop was decidedly put to the building, the workmen began, as he had hoped, to murmur, and to doubt Ghiberti's capacity, and at last resolved on going in a body to Brunelleschi's lodgings, to make known to him the cessation of the work, the disorder ensuing on Ghiberti's ignorance, and the unhappy consequences to them who were poor, and dependent on their exertions for the support of themselves and their families.

"Wherefore is Ghiberti idle?" asked the mock patient; "have you not him to issue all needful directions?"

"He can do nought without you," said the workmen.

"Ah," rejoined Brunelleschi, "without his co-operation I could proceed very well."

At last, weary of idleness, urged by his

friends, who had whispered abroad the cause of his malady, and represented that he would more easily free himself of Ghiberti by recommencing his labours, and proving his colleague's ignorance of architecture, he returned to his post of director, but seeing that his patron's support retained Ghiberti in office, notwithstanding what had past, he resolved on forcing his retreat through his humiliation. "I might have died in my late illness," he said, "and had I done so, you have still Ghiberti, whom heaven preserve to you; but as our salary is shared equally, may it please you that our labours be divided also, in order that each of us may prove his anxiety for the republic's glory. There are now two difficulties to overcome—the construction of scaffoldings, solid and convenient, and adapted for the labours to be prosecuted within and without the dome, and the establishing the chain of masonry which is to bind together the eight sides of the cupola; let him choose one of these, leaving the other to me." Not daring to refuse, Ghiberti decided on the latter as most easy of performance, and relying on the cupola of St. John as a pattern, and the master masons for advisers. The scaffoldings of Brunelleschi, entirely different from any used before, were so happily invented, and ably executed, that their models were pre-

served in the cathedral stores. Ghiberti had established the stonework on one of the eight sides; but his colleague, visiting it in company of the members of the Opera del Duomo, on his return, analyzed its construction, pointed out its defects,—proved its want of solidity,—and said, in conclusion, that Ghiberti's building and salary should be alike put a stop to.

The latter was, however, not discontinued; but Brunelleschi, thenceforward, was sole director of the works. Observing that the higher they rose, the more time his masons lost, he imagined the constructing of small houses of refreshment on the dome itself, and thus prevented their long absences. The height of the dome, from the cathedral floor to the ball, is three hundred and twenty-seven feet, and the whole was terminated twenty years after Brunelleschi's death, and in conformity with his designs.

I saw, with regret, that some of the best statues, those of Florentine saints which ornament the lateral aisles, are in *carta pesta*; the San Giovanni Gualberto, who holds a cross, and whose expression and execution are alike beautiful, is crumbling away.

On the right hand, entering the church, is the portrait in marble of Brunelleschi, sculptured by his scholar; and near it that of Giotto,

the painter and sculptor, the architect of the Campanile, and the labourer's son, whose genius was first guessed by the artist Cimabue, when crossing the fields on foot he found him, then a shepherd boy, occupied in tracing on a stone the figure of one of his lambs. He took him to Florence, where he became his pupil, soon leaving far behind both his master and all the artists who had, till then, enjoyed celebrity,—studying nature, which they had neglected, and grace, which they had misunderstood. He was celebrated in the verse of his cotemporary and friend Dante, whose tomb he afterwards decorated when the poet died in exile. The Campanile was commenced in 1334, and the bas reliefs and the statues which ornament the interior of the edifice are in greater part the work of Giotto's own chisel, and the remainder executed after his designs.

Beyond his and Brunelleschi's portrait, and the mausoleum of a Florentine bishop, there is placed, above a side portal of the edifice, a monument in honour of Pietro Farnese, captain of the Florentines, which has, at first sight, a ludicrous effect, the equestrian statue being highly gilded; but the animal, which the warrior bestrides, meek-faced and long-eared. Chosen by the Florentines for their general against the forces of Pisa, the 11th of May, 1363, he led an army against theirs; and his

horse killed under him, the sole charger found disposable was an ignoble mule, mounted on which he gained the victory, took prisoner the Pisan general, and the greater part of his army. The 19th of June following, seized by plague, which then desolated Tuscany, he died the same night, deeply regretted by the Florentines.

Near the transept, but on the left hand, is the portrait of Dante by Orcagna, with a sketch of his triple kingdom, and a view of Florence: it is curious as painted in 1430, at the suggestion of a Franciscan monk, who in the church gave lectures on the *Divina Commedia*. This strange old painting recalls an eventful story; his fame predicted at his birth, in 1265, by the astrologer Brunetto Latini; his love awakened at nine years of age for the Beatrice, who was his dream through life; his bravery as a soldier and ability as an ambassador, and his banishment,—for Charles of Anjou, entering Florence, finding Dante of the Bianchi party, (which he had espoused, says his biographer, principally because the wife, whom he had married and parted from, belonged to that of the Neri,) he issued against him two sentences, which still exist,—the first condemning to spoliation and exile, the last to be burned at the stake with his friends and adherents; a wanderer over a world whose

admiration could not compensate for absence from his country; in 1304, in company of his fellow exiles, striving and failing to force a way thither; everywhere received kindly, but wearying his hosts by the proud temper which misfortune soured, or by the very fact of being unfortunate,—for in the company of women he was gay and gentle, though bitterness of retort has been reproached to him by those who provoked it; misunderstood through life, his history is concluded in the verse of Byron:

"Ungrateful Florence! Dante sleeps afar!"
Above a side door of this lateral aisle is the monument of Peter of Toledo, vice-king of Naples, and father of Eleonora of Toledo, the broken-hearted or the murdered wife of the first duke Cosmo; and nearer the principal entrance, still on the left hand as we face the altar, there is a marble mausoleum, distinguished by a cross, from whose extremities spring lilies, and placed between two eagles. It is believed to contain the ashes of Conrad, the traitor-son of that Emperor Henry the Fourth, who at Canossa was the penitent and victim of Pope Gregory the Seventh, and the Countess Matilda; urged to treason against his father by Urban the Second, Gregory's successor, and after eight years of civil war,

dying despised for the revolt which the court of Rome had instigated, and for the calumnies which he had promulgated against his father as excuse for his unnatural rebellion.

In the octagon space, to the left of the choir, is the Sagrestia de' Canonici, that which once sheltered Lorenzo de' Medici from the fury of his foemen, the Pazzi. They had determined on crushing a power which the Pitti had attempted, but vainly, to extinguish, in the person of his father Pietro.

Sixtus the Fourth was personally his enemy, and with his assent was obtained the co-operation of the archbishop of Florence, Francesco Salviati. Two fetes were given by the conspirators: the first at Fiesole, the second at Florence, to which the Medici were invited; but Julian each time failed to come. The day and place at last appointed were the 26th of April, 1478, in the cathedral; and the moment that of the elevation of the host, as the brothers never failed to attend high mass on Sundays, and it was difficult to be certain of their presence together, and off their guard, elsewhere. The condottiere Montesicco was charged with the murder of Lorenzo; Bandini and Francesco Pazzi with that of young Julian, and no circumstance of the plot having transpired, its success seemed certain. When however the mercenary soldier had been informed

of the time chosen, in horror excited by the sacrilege, not the murder, he refused the part assigned him, and yielded its performance to two priests less scrupulous. Francesco Salviati was to remain near the old palace, to take instant possession on receiving news of the brothers' death. Giacopo Pazzi, drawn into the conspiracy against his will, was commissioned to call the citizens to arms, and proclaim their freedom. Mass had begun, and Lorenzo was present; but Julian had not appeared, and Francis Pazzi and Bandini went to seek him, and accompanied him to the cathedral, conversing with him gaily as they went along; and, arrived there, Francis Pazzi embraced the young man with seeming amity, but to assure himself that he wore beneath his peaceful attire no cuirass which would interrupt the passage of steel. The moment arrived, Bandini, who stood ready, plunged his dagger into young Julian's breast, who staggered a few steps and fell; but Francis Pazzi, rushing upon him also, inflicted so deep a wound on his own thigh, as incapacitated him for further effort. The priests attacked Lorenzo, but Maffei only succeeded in slightly wounding him in the throat; and drawing his sword and defending himself gallantly, he fought retreating, till succour came, and the assassins fled, and took refuge with his friends in the

sagrestia, where Bandini, who, having murdered Francis Neri, as well as Julian, advanced to try his firmer hand against Lorenzo's life, could not reach him. Meanwhile the Archbishop Salviati, proceeding to take possession of the palace with his thirty followers, and Giacopo Pazzi, arriving on the public square with a hundred men-at-arms, found the Medici party too strong, were taken or fled. The former, in his cardinal's robes, with Francis Poggio, the historian's son, was hanged from the windows of the palace; and Francis, who had dragged himself home, and striven to mount his horse, but, weak from pain and loss of blood, had sunk down on his bed, was brought thither, half clothed as he was, and suspended by the archbishop's side. His doom inflicted with haste and carelessness, death did not immediately follow, and in his prolonged agonies he gnawed the breast of his neighbour.

Torn in pieces by the infuriated populace, or flung from the castle-battlement; or by the hand of the executioner, there perished seventy persons. Giacopo Pazzi, who had escaped, was taken in the mountains, brought back to Florence, and hanged also. Only the pope's nephew, the Cardinal Riario, who, too young to be made privy to the plot, had been conducted to the city and the cathedral to lure the Medici more surely thither, was spared.

to appease the pontiff, having first suffered insult and injury; but Paul the Fourth, nevertheless, placed Florence under interdict for the violent death of her archbishop, Salviati. Vasari mentions that the artist, Andrea del Castagno, was selected to fulfill the decree issued,—bearing, that all who had taken part in the conspiracy should be represented, with the ignominy they merited, on the façade of the old palace. Andrea, being under obligation to the Medici, executed this painting with so much energy and truth, representing all the personages hanged by the feet, but in varied and admirable attitudes, that his work awakened the curiosity of the town and the enthusiasm of connoisseurs, while it bestowed on him the nickname of "Andrew of the Hanged."

From the Duomo we went to the Baptistery, entering by the northern door, which, as well as that facing the cathedral, is the work of Ghiberti, and opposite which is the little pillar of St. Zanobi, recalling a miracle his ashes performed when they were transported to Santa Maria del Fiore:—The bier touched by accident a withered elm, which then occupied the place since yielded to the column, and its dead branches were instantly covered with leaves!! Above these celebrated doors are bronze statues of remarkable workmanship.

It was in the year 1293 that the edifice was encrusted with marble, at the expense of the shopkeepers of Florence, who were its patrons; and young Arnolfo di Lapo, entrusted with the restoration, also agreed to preserve and employ all ornaments and sacred fragments he should find at his disposal: and this may account for the irregularities within, for the mingling of Composite with Corinthian architecture, and the difference existing in the sixteen granite columns which ranged within the circle, support the terrace carried round the temple. Between these pillars are the figures of the twelve apostles, and two statues representing Natural and Revealed Religion, the former very beautiful, in carta pesta. The mosaics of the dome were chiefly executed by Giotto's pupils, and are admired for their execution. I think I never saw anything more horrid than the Last Judgment, a representation of which fills a large circle in the part of the dome immediately above the high altar, and its fine group in white marble of St. John supported by angels, and ascending to heaven. The Saviour (so the artist has named an ignoble figure of gigantic size) is placed between the elect and the damned, which last a devil of extraordinary shape is employed in thrusting down his large throat whole, with an eagerness which threatens indigestion.

The story of Joseph occupies another compartment; the creation of the world and the deluge, and the life of John the Baptist, fill the remainder, making sad burlesque of serious things. The tomb, which, entering at the northern door, is on the right hand (its statue of gilded bronze representing the buried pontiff, and the basso relievo bearing the three Cardinal Virtues), is that of John the Twenty-third; his name was Balthazar Cossa, a Neapolitan of noble family, but scanty fortune, and in his youth a pirate. Abandoning the sea, and the trade it offered him, ambitious, clever, and bold, he became an ecclesiastic, found means to introduce himself to Boniface the Ninth, and, obtaining his favour, was by him made cardinal and his legate at Bologna.

His conduct was scandalous and tyrannical, and discontented the successor of Boniface; yet the imperious legate resisted, and with success, the papal power; and Alexander the Fifth, to whom, when opposed to Ladislas, king of Naples, he rendered great services, received him into favour and intimacy. The ci-devant corsair was nevertheless suspected of poisoning his benefactor in his impatience to take his seat. He was crowned at Bologna, as John the Twenty-third, in 1410; but Ladislas first menaced Rome, next, in perfidy, recog-

nised John as pope; but when the latter, believing in his sincerity, had allowed his best troops to depart thence, made his entry during the night; and John, laying aside his sacred character, found barely time left him to mount his horse and escape towards Florence.

Though Ladislas was shortly after poisoned by his mistress, the tiara remained ill secured on the brow of the pope. A council-general was assembled at Constance; a list of important accusations presented against him; and finally, having fled in disguise from Constance, been delivered up by the duke of Austria, (forced to the act by the Emperor Sigismund,) he found himself obliged to ratify the sentence which declared him to have caused scandal to the church, and deposed him from his dignity, forbidding the faithful to obey him.

Martin the Fifth being elected in his place, John sought him at Florence, and, on his knees, both implored pardon and fully ratified the act of abdication. Martin received him kindly, and created him dean of the Sacred College. The short time which intervened between this circumstance and his death, he spent in retirement and literary pursuits, for he wrote verses of some elegance, referring to his gone-by greatness and solitary close. He died in 1419, about six months after, and from

his friend Cosmo de' Medici received a splendid burial.

Continuing our walk, we passed before the Palazzo Riccardi, now the Public Library, built, in 1430, on the designs of Michelozzo, by Cosmo, father of his country, and sold to the Riccardi family by the Grand Duke Ferdinand the Second. Nearly opposite the Baptistry, on the northern side, in the time of Lorenzo the Magnificent, its gardens were filled with the fine antiques which have since formed the Florentine Gallery, and then drew within the sphere of the owner's liberality the young sculptors of Florence. The most famous among these was Michael Angelo, whose noble name, for he was a descendant of the family of Canossa, is well nigh forgotten in that his genius ennobled more. Born in 1474, in the territory of Arezzo, his father, Buonarotti Simoni, opposed his taste for the arts, till he recognized that the natural bent of his son's mind was too decided to be thwarted, and Michael Angelo, who, fearing his father's severity, had worked assiduously, but in secret, was placed as a pupil with the Ghirlandai, the most celebrated painters of the time.

In the year 1489, Michael Angelo, then about fifteen, wandering over Florence with his friend Granacci, was by him introduced into the gardens of the Medici. To study the

rich antiques it contained, he abandoned the workshop of Ghirlandaio, and it was here that, at that early age, he executed, from a mutilated antique, the head of the Fawn, now admired in the galleria, supplying in his copy, which surpassed the original, the parts wanting, and adding details whose truth belonged to himself only.

It was this juvenile work which awakened Lorenzo's wonder. He said jestingly to the boy, " You have made your fawn old, and yet his teeth are perfect; do you not know, that to old people some are always wanting?"

The duke had hardly departed, when he broke away a tooth with his chisel, and hollowed the gum so that it appeared to have dropped from age.

On Lorenzo's return, noticing the alteration, and admiring the youth's intelligence, he assigned him apartments in his palace, treated him as his own son, and continued to protect him till he died. During this time, four years, he had profited by the society of learned men and artists, who frequented the Medici palace, and by the instructions of Angelo Poliziano, then entrusted with the education of Lorenzo's son, Pietro, who, profiting by them less than his young comrade, was the puerile successor of a great father.

Michael Angelo was eighteen years of age

when his friend died. Feeling his loss deeply, he quitted the Medici palace, and returned to his own home, where he shut himself up, alone and inactive, during several days, and then, finding by chance a block of marble, which had long lain exposed to wind and rain, he produced from it a Hercules. During the severe winter which ensued, he yielded to the childish wish of Pietro, and lost his time by making statues of snow, not through the complaisance of a flatterer, but such feeling of love to the dead as excuses the failings of the living representative. He was again lodged in the Palazzo, now Riccardi; but the Medici family, in consequence of Pietro's conduct, was driven from Florence, and the artist thought it wise for a time to depart also, and did not again inhabit the palace, which had been the home of his boyhood.

In the year 1715, Francisco Riccardi enlarged the palace considerably, without altering its architecture—enclosing within its walls the Strada del Traditore, so named from Lorenzino de' Medici, the murderer of Duke Alessandro. On the site his house had occupied were constructed the stables. The close of Alessandro's life forms one of the darkest portions of Florentine history.

An instrument in the hands of Charles the Fifth, the emperor; by him chosen to rule

Florence, to prepare its possession by Austria ; a bastard of the Medici, as being son of Lorenzo, duke of Urbino, and an African woman, whom it is said he poisoned that she might no longer witness to his base birth ; he was one-and-twenty when, accompanied by the emperor's delegate and the imperial decree, which named him chief of the state, he entered Florence.

Gay and clever, popular for a time with the people on account of these qualities, and losing their favour through a depravity of conduct which did not even respect the barrier of their convent walls, he excited the indignation of the republican party, as well by his vices as by his tyranny and system of espionage, which in their houses, as well as in the streets, made it dangerous for the citizens to hold communication by word or sign.

Louisa Strozzi, the young daughter of Filippo, chief of this powerful family, had not escaped insult from Alessandro's companions : he himself, it was thought, had singled out, as another victim, this noble lady, who shortly after died poisoned. It was in the father's palace that the discontented assembled nightly.

Lorenzo, named, from his slight figure and delicate features, Lorenzino, belonged to the legitimate branch of the Medici and the republican party of Florence. He was a poet,

and had written works which ranked among the best of his time,—but still more a politician; and devoted to the study of antiquity, his admiration centered on those who had freed their country from a tyrant; and resolved to imitate them he confided his intentions to none, resting on the strength of his single arm.

To become more surely the intimate and friend of Alessandro, he plunged into all kinds of dissipation with more ardour than himself. The young student, with his pale features and melancholy habits, became the minister of the duke's pleasures, and day and night his companion; till Alessandro, the most suspicious of princes, placed in the traitor who dogged his steps a confidence so boundless, that he replied to one who, noticing the strange change in his flatterer's character, bade him beware: “If I were obliged to leave Florence, I would confide the care of mine interests to Lorenzino.”

Near the houses of the duke and his confidant, lived a fair lady, the wife of Leonardo Ginori, who as yet had evaded stratagems and resisted bribes. Alessandro confided his love to Lorenzino, and said that his last hope rested on him; and Lorenzino promised to serve him, and assured him of success.

Some time before, Benvenuto Cellini, who

himself tells the circumstance, had asked an audience of the duke, to show the coin on which, by his order, he had engraved his portrait, and ask leave to finish his work in Rome.

The reverse of the medal was yet undesignated, and the duke, unwilling his artist should depart, desired Lorenzino (present as usual) would advise him to stay. The young man obeyed ; and Benvenuto, having argued for the necessity of his repairing to Rome, where his workshop was, suddenly turning to the favourite, added, " And you, my lord, who are both learned and witty, will you not supply a reverse for this coin ? "

" I was at that moment," said Lorenzino gravely, " thinking of such a one as might be worthy of his excellency."

The duke said, smiling, " Give it him, Lorenzo, and he will remain."

" I will," replied the favourite, with a sarcastic expression of countenance ; " as soon as to do so lies in my power, and I hope it will astonish the world."

Alessandro laughed, and Benvenuto departed.

The 6th of January, 1537, Lorenzino informed the duke, that Caterina Ginori had promised to meet him that night, but not at the palace. She had chosen for greater

secresy the favourite's house, to which a private passage, constructed by Alessandro's command, led from the ducal residence. Masked, and holding his sword in his hand, but not having beneath his cloak the cuirass which he constantly wore by day to protect him from his suspected Florentines, the duke arrived at the place of rendezvous ; and Lorenzino quitting him to seek the lady, he stretched himself on a couch to await his return—his weapon laid on his pillow, but the sword knot so twisted by Lorenzino's hand, that to draw it forth was impossible. The assassin lingered some time : he had placed as watch on the duke a man in whom he could confide, named Scoroucoucolo ; and he staid to prepare him for a murder without revealing who was to be the victim. Returning softly to the chamber, they saw that the duke slept, and Lorenzino, profiting by the opportunity, plunged his sword in his body. The duke sprang up notwithstanding, and, seizing a footstool for shield against his enemy, rushed towards the door, but Scoroucoucolo struck him with his knife on the cheek, and Alessandro, dropping the footstool, sprang furiously not on him, but on Lorenzino. “ Traitor,” he shouted, and these were the sole words he spoke, “ traitor, I did not expect this from thee.” Lorenzino, weak of body, inferior in strength to his antagonist, even though

wounded, by a violent effort forced him back upon the couch, and held his hand on his mouth to stifle his cries, but he felt the impossibility of ending his fearful work alone ; and while Alessandro in his struggles bit his thumb so violently as almost to sever it from his hand, he called to Scoroucoucolo for aid, and the bravo cut the duke's throat, while Lorenzino exerted his last strength in holding him down ; but, recognising him when the deed was done, he had well nigh fallen from fear. He followed Lorenzino, who fled first to Bologna, and then to Venice, to join Filippo Strozzi : forgetting his interest in the republic in his private fears ; proving himself throughout a coward ; and having wandered long, evading the snares laid for him, died at last the death he merited by the swords of two Florentine soldiers of Alessandro's guard, assassins also.

To-day and every day we have visited the Galleria with its collection of statues and paintings, which would alone make a pilgrimage to Florence an enjoyment not to be forgotten ; but though even the enthusiasm of guide-books could not here succeed in cooling mine, though we offered, like the rest, our quota of homage to the "Venus of the Tribune," acknowledging that no copy conveyed an idea of her perfection, and no praise could exaggerate it ; though we have lingered

before the marks of the immortality of those who have long been dust, and brought away recollections which summon back as the load-stone iron, you will not expect a description of all which has been so often criticised before both ill and well, and in either case can convey no definite ideas on the subject. On the splendid collection of the Palazzo Pitti the same reasons make me silent also, for one must write either a mere catalogue of names or a volume, and both would weary; though it contains the battles of Salvator Rosa and his conspiracy of Catiline, and Guido's Cleopatra and the Madonna della Seggiola of Raphael, and the Fates of Michael Angelo with their purity of outline and coldness of colouring, perhaps resembling the painter's disposition and life, and the productions of Titian and Van-dyck and Paul Veronese and others, not unworthy of being companions of these, forming a mass of precious things, among which there is not one counterfeit. I found the fine suites of rooms occupied by them, always full of students, to whom the grand duke's liberal feelings afford every facility for improvement in their art. Yesterday afternoon we passed in the Boboli gardens, which fine old trees and irregularity of ground render, if less majestic, far more beautiful than those of Versailles, which took them for model. It

was in the year 1418, that Luca Pitti purchased for about £230 sterling of that time, the ground on which the palace was constructed; destined, at the ruin of that rich and proud family, to be sold to the Medici, but to retain its original name, rather in token of the downfall of the first possessors than of the modesty of the last. Its purchaser was Cosmo de' Medici, son of John of the black bands, elected duke after the murder of Alexander, and husband of the unfortunate Eleonora of Toledo, who died of grief for the loss of her slaughtered sons, or, as some records assert, by the duke's hand also. Cosmo united in his person qualities the most opposite, patient as a botanist in the Boboli gardens which himself had planted; a laborious chemist, methodical even to minutiae in the sciences which were his amusement; calm as persevering, yet a man of terrible and uncontrolled passions, who assassinated a nobleman in his own halls and with his own hand, and, in the four first years of his reign, condemned to death by default four hundred and thirty emigrants, placing a price on the heads of five and thirty. In 1562, during the hunting season, he had gone to enjoy this amusement, which, notwithstanding his severe and sombre disposition, he preferred, to the castle of Rosignano in the Maremma, an unhealthy part of the state of

Sienna. While there, the two youths, one aged nineteen, the other but fifteen years, died suddenly, and their mother a day or two after. An attempt was made to persuade the Florentines that the pestilential air of the country, marshy and unwholesome, had produced the short and fatal illness which carried off three persons in so brief a time, but it became known that, on their return from a hunting party, a dispute had arisen between the brothers, at the close of which the eldest, Cardinal John, had received a mortal blow from the boy Don Garcia. The enraged duke sprang upon his second son and laid him dead at his feet; their mother was a spectator of this scene; she might well have died of sorrow as was averred, but many whispered that a witness of his conduct so nearly interested, was not to be borne by Duke Cosmo.

On the death of Eleonora of Toledo, Cosmo had attached himself to a fair young lady of the house of Albizzi, named Eleonora also, and with a love so excessive, that it was feared he might marry. A person of his household thought it well to communicate these fears to his son, and Francesco had the temerity to speak on the subject to his father. The old duke's violent temper roused, his heir had almost fallen its sacrifice; the presence of the informer only saved him, for Cosmo, like a

wild animal baffled in his first spring, rushed on this easier prey and plunged his sword into his bosom. It was Cosmo, who having been crowned grand duke in St. Peter's at Rome, returned to his Palazzo Pitti, to marry there the poor and beautiful Camilla Martelli, who replaced in his affections the second Eleonora, and Francis, in whose favour he had abdicated, dared make no further observation, since he himself, though husband of the austere and pious arch-duchess Jane, was the lover of Bianca Capello. Well known as is the latter's romantic story, its place is here recalled by the walls in which she was the light love and the regal mistress; and the palace court where was held the joust in her honour, in which Duke Francis broke a lance.

Two years before his marriage with Jane of Austria, a fugitive pair arrived in Florence; Bianca, daughter of the noble house of Capello, and Pietro Bonaventuri, clerk in the bank of Salviati at Venice. Proximity of residence caused their meeting frequently, and they loved "not wisely, but too well," both too young to feel difference of fortunes an obstacle. Their affection was favoured by a menial of Bianca's, who procured a false key for a private entrance of the palazzo: and while its inmates slept, the young girl nightly left the protection of her father's roof

to visit her lover, and returned before dawn. There occurred at last some mistake on the part of the attendant: the door had been barred or the key left within, or an uninterested passenger passing along had shut it in precaution, and Bianca, who could not enter unobserved, or remain to confess her fault, since she knew what vengeance must follow, tottered back to Bonaventuri's presence, and they fled together.

Apprised of their flight and of their marriage, her infuriated father obtained from the Council of Ten its sentence, condemning Bonaventuri; and casting his uncle Baptista, innocent of any fault, into an unwholesome prison, where the old man was seized with fever and died. At Florence, Bianca implored the duke's protection. Made curious by the fame of her beauty, he sought an interview; she first refused, then consented to one,—to several,—then looked for his coming,—then changed by degrees. Her husband was named to a place in the household, which he accepted; and when the marriage of Francis was concluded, for till then the intrigue was kept secret through policy, the most pleasant apartment of his palace was assigned to Bianca, and in their gratified ambition and flattered vanity, the husband and the wife were content to forget their early love with

its fondness and its sacrifices. The arch-duchess was amiable but grave and proud, and while her beauty was unnoticed by Francis, of whose life hers was a continued criticism, passed as it was in exercises of piety, Bianca's favour increased daily. Her wit and gaiety became more necessary to unbend the sombre temper and warm the sterile imagination of Francis, and as a relaxation from his fatigues and calculations, as banker, trader, diamond merchant and sovereign. On the first coming of Bonaventuri, when the Venetian senate had offered two thousand ducats for his life, and the family of Capello dispatched assassins on his track, Francis protected him for love of Bianca ; but he had grown insolent in his dishonour, and become the admirer of a young widow of high rank, he boasted of it so openly, that her relations in turn complained to the duke both of his conduct and its publicity. Francis desired Bianca to send for and remonstrate with him ; and anxious to hear their private conversation, placed himself where, unseen, he might witness the interview. It fell not out as he expected : for when the two were once more in presence, each betraying and betrayed, and Bianca faltered forth her message, Pietro, whose love was not wholly extinguished, yielding to a sudden burst of jealousy, loaded her

with invective, threatened her with death; and while Francis, hid and observing silently, decided that the life of the violent man he had supplanted henceforth might endanger his own, Bianca softened, in sorrow not in anger, wept her reply to his words of contempt and passion; and when he had flung from her, sought the duke to plead her husband's cause.

As Bonaventuri left the Palazzo Pitti, he met one of those relations of the fair widow whose remonstrances had caused his late interview with Bianca. He held a pistol to his throat, and said, "I know not wherefore I do not kill thee," cast him from his path, and passed on. The insulted nobleman asked an audience of the duke that very day. They took several turns in the presence-chamber together, in view but not in hearing of the court, as they conversed in a very low tone. That evening Francis left Florence for his villa, and remained absent but two days. On their return, Bianca was told that, waylaid by ten persons of the widow's family, Bonaventuri had been murdered. If she gave a few tears to his memory, it was the only tribute offered it: for no search was made for the assassins, and no punishment awarded. This was in 1572, and in —74 Cosmo died; and the first act of Francis, having taken the title of Grand Duke, was to enclose in a cloister, where she

ended her days, his father's widow, Camilla Martelli. The new grand duke, of inexorable temper, though needing himself indulgence, by the rigour of his laws and the scandal of his life, by trading on his own account, ruining the state while he tripled his private revenues, drew on him his subjects' hatred. His archduchess, Jane, died 1578, her pride and affection alike trampled on, the last stroke she received being the reception, like a triumph, which greeted Bianca's brother. Weary of hearing her praises, he quitted Florence and Bianca for a time. Even before the murder of the latter's husband, he had made her a promise of marriage, and, fearing the power of absence, she wrote eloquent letters, in some reminding him of his word passed to her, in others apparently resigned, but saying, that to reconcile herself to his loss she was determined to die. The softened duke returned and repeated his promise. A priest, employed by the Venetian, commanded him to marry her on pain of the church's anger; and on the 5th of June, "not two months" after the death of the archduchess Jane, so that "the funeral baked meats might have furnished forth the marriage table," he espoused Bianca, their nuptials being solemnized in the palazzo, but so secretly as to remain unknown even to the grand duke's family. The Cardinal Ferdi-

nand, his attached brother, who, having saved him from a conspiracy got up against him some time before, in grief at his conduct had quitted Florence, now returned, hoping it had changed. The grand duke was indisposed, and tending him at his bedside sate Bianca. The former was constrained to confess their marriage,—a piece of news which the cardinal received in silence, and soon quitted the apartment. As he departed, which he did immediately, he was observed to brush away a tear. The term of mourning for the archduchess passed, and the approbation of Philip the Second obtained, the duke made public his ties with Bianca, and celebrated them with tournament and festival at the Palazzo Pitti. The Venetian senate proclaimed her “Daughter of the Republic;” the cannon thundered, and the bells of St. Mark rang; the palaces were illuminated; and the father and brother of the dame, who, more pure but less fortunate, had quitted their city beneath their ban as the fugitive love of the low-born Bonaventuri, were created knights, and styled “*most illustrious*,” and took precedence of the nobles of Venice, whose names were more ancient as well as brighter. Bianca was crowned Grand Duchess in the cathedral of Florence,—embassies from her native town, and from others of Italy, arriving to do her honour. The Cardinal

Ferdinand was a solitary contrast to the vile flatterers who crowded thither. He remained at Rome; but his sister-in-law had resolved that their family differences should at least be no longer apparent to the world.

Since the rupture of their friendship, Francis, with little delicacy, had refused to pay the revenues due to his brother, who, being generous and prodigal, was necessarily in extreme embarrassment. Of this Bianca was aware, and using all her influence with Francis, she determined him to pay not only the sums due yearly to Ferdinand, but likewise the accumulated arrears.

Her seeming generosity won over the cardinal, and he returned to Florence; where, as he was a man of honour and probity, the reconciliation was on his part sincere. The duke, whose love had suffered no change, earnestly desired a son by Bianca, who expressed hopes of maternity, but so as to awaken the suspicion of Ferdinand, who, as heir presumptive, kept close watch on his sister-in-law's conduct. It is told of him, that the hour being arrived, and he waiting in her ante-chamber, there entered from without an attendant, bearing a lute with apparent care, who passed towards the grand duchess's apartment. The cardinal seized her arm, took from her hands the case, and opening it, found within a new-

born infant. Thenceforward sworn, though secret foes, they yet met as before, and Ferdinand was invited to accompany his brother and the duchess to Poggio, their villa at Caiano. There was served at the repast which awaited them, a favourite dish of the cardinal, but of which Bianca pressed him to taste so earnestly and strangely, that he pleaded indisposition, and ate nothing. The grand duke, on the contrary, ignorant of the plot, and tempted by the meat so praised, insisted on eating of it, notwithstanding her entreaties. In despair she did likewise, and both died of the poison. The cardinal, for whom it had been prepared, returned unharmed to preside at their funerals; the bodies were carried for interment to San Lorenzo, but with his command that Bianca's corpse should be so disposed of, that no trace might remain; while, in the meantime, by his order also, the insignia of power, worn by her, were trodden under foot, and annihilated.

CHAPTER X.

Boboli Gardens—Buondelmonte—Ponte Vecchio—Santa Croce—Palazzo Borgo—Tombs—Michael Angelo's monument—Died the year Galileo was born—Machiavelli—Alfieri—Galileo dying the year in which Newton was born—Chapel of the Pazzi—San Lorenzo—Monument of Cosmo, *Pater Patriæ*—Michael Angelo's Day and Night—Contradictory employments—His reply to a verse addressed to his statue—Cappella de' Principi—Santa Maria Novella—Cimabue's Virgin—Cappella de' Spagnuoli—Portraits of Petrarch and Laura—Turned out by a friar—Pietre Dure—Our guide again—Sarcophagus of the Gran Duchessa—Shut up in a private oratory—Let out by a priest—Cascine—Palazzo Vecchio—Small tower-chamber prison of Cosmo—Savonarola—His prediction of Lorenzo's death—The confession—The anathema—Trial by fire—The heavy rain—Savonarola executed—The Appennines—Birth-place of the Maréchale d'Ancre—Tre Maschere—Fog—Rain—Lojano—Crosses—Bologna—Grizzle's attack on the kitchen—Miss Kemble—Modena—The ducal stable—The stuffed charger—Parma—The five saints canonized in May—Their claims to canonization.

SPENT the afternoon again in the delightful Boboli garden: its surface is extremely irregular, and its eminences command fine views; the hill, on which is built the Casino, looks

down on Florence, bounded by her Appennines, and seen hence with her domes and old towers to best advantage. We sat a long time admiring on the stone steps which lead to the garden below; burning and cloudless, the day and the sky were Italian, and being a festival, the bells of the numerous churches were in motion, and their music came mellowed up the height, note below note, most enchantingly, bringing with it a feeling of calm and soothing more than belongs to silence.

On our way to the hotel, we crossed the Ponte Vecchio, still covered with the old shops, in one of which worked Benvenuto Cellini. To this bridge attaches a romantic story:—In the year 1215, the dispute between pope and emperor (each finding partizans among the Florentine nobility) had scattered a powder-train, which waited but a spark to ignite and desolate the city. The adventure I am about to tell served as torch to spring the mine. The heir of the noble house of Buondelmonte had affianced himself to a daughter of the Amidei, noble also. He was young and very handsome. Riding through the streets some days after his promise made, he passed under the windows of the Donati mansion, at one of which stood its lady with her youthful heiress by her side, who was surpassingly lovely. The mother spoke to Buondelmonte

reproachfully: " You have made an unworthy election," she said; " the hand of this maiden was destined for you." Whether his first choice had been merely one of interest, or proceeded from an attachment rather fancied than felt, I cannot say; but this Juliet driving forth the memory of the Rosalind, falling in love at first sight, Buondelmonte breathed the most passionate vows, and, disclaiming all other ties, swore that she only should be his bride. As this was an offence not to be pardoned, the Amidei family held council as to its punishment; other nobles, friendly to them, and indignant at their injury, being present also. " Shall we merely dishonour him by a blow, or shall we wound him?" was the question; but Mosca of Lamberti said, gloomily, " Neither, for he must die!"

The morning of Easter-day, Lamberto degli Amidei, this Mosca de' Lamberti and others, informed that Buondelmonte was to make an excursion on the opposite shore of the Arno, waited his passage at the head of the Ponte Vecchio, where at that time stood a statue of Mars. The young man soon appeared, attired in white robes, and mounted on a superb courser caparisoned with white also. As he arrived near the statue's pedestal, they rushed upon him, and dragged him from his horse. Mosca Lamberti and Amidei forced him down

into the dust and slaughtered him. This was the rallying word: for the murder was hardly perpetrated, when the whole city rose in arms, and divided in two factions: those of Buondelmonte's party bearing the Guelph banner; those of the Uberti and Amidei fighting beneath the Ghibelline.

Thus the first demonstration of their differences of opinion rose from a private quarrel, as through their bloody feuds in after times, private interests and private vengeance found a mask under the names of pope and emperor.

To Santa Croce this morning. The unfinished façade of the church, destined to be cased in marble, (a work which was begun and abandoned,) closes at its extremity the Piazza where in republican days were spectacles given and rejoicings made. On the right of this melancholy square is the Palazzo Borgo, with its exterior still exhibiting the faded frescoes, which, executed by the best artists of the time, among the rest Giovanni di San Giovanni, were completed in twenty-seven days. The good drawing may be distinguished still; the colours will soon have wholly disappeared. The church is remarkable as containing, besides some fine paintings, the tombs or cenotaphs of some of the greatest of Florence. On the right hand entering, (opposite

he inscription on the column to the memory of Francesco Neri, murdered in the cathedral the day young Julian perished,) is the monument to Michael Angelo, whose remains the citizens of Rome, where he died, were anxious to keep possession of after his death, as they had been proud of his presence during his life; but which Florence, loth to yield, eised by stratagem, for the corpse of her glorious child was transported to his birth-place in a case destined for merchandise. He died in 1564, the year in which Galileo was born; the sarcophagus raised over his ashes was surmounted by his bust, and round it weep the figures of Sculpture, Painting and Architecture. The monument which follows this is by Ricci, and dedicated to Dante's memory, though not raised above his corpse, which Ravenna refused to the ungrateful city. It is a stiff assemblage of colossal figures, the best being that of Poetry, leaning her head on the urn which rests on the cenotaph and dropping the wreath from her hand. Italy stands bolt upright folded in a blanket, and with a tower on her head, one arm stretched upward, the other holding a sceptre, resembling the pole of a French bed. Dante's figure surmounts the monument heavily and ungracefully, and seated in an arm-chair, looking down on the personages who weep for his loss.

A contrast to this is the noble tomb of Victor Alfieri, the work of Canova. The medallion containing his likeness is placed on the sarcophagus, and over it stoops and weeps Italy with the grace of a goddess; and the sorrow of his love? it was erected at the expense of the Countess of Albany. Opposite is the white marble pulpit, whose compartments exhibit the sculptured story of St. Francis, by Benedetto da Maiano; the small figures below are those of Faith, Hope, Charity, Force and Justice, and it is difficult to see anything more beautiful. The next mausoleum is that to the memory of Nicholas Machiavelli, with its fine and perhaps unmerited epitaph, "Tantum iniquum par eulogium, Machiavelli" — the extraordinary man of whom it remains undecided, whether he wrote to corrupt or warn; who poor, and having a family to provide for, retired into an insignificant village, passed his mornings in superintending his labourers, in taking birds by the net, or in the study of Petrarch and Dante, and his evenings in the composition of the works which remain to his shame or his honour. Near the entrance door on the left hand is the tomb of Galileo, his bust surmounting the funeral urn, the figures of Geometry and Astronomy standing at either side; all honour paid to the memory of the man whose life was

calumniated, and whose person persecuted; who, destined when young to the study of medicine, followed alone, and despite his father's will, that of mathematics, till arrived at the sixth book of Euclid, transported with the utility of his beloved science, he sought his parent, confessed his progress, and implored him to oppose it no farther; whose success conducted him before the tribunal of the Inquisition to abjure there, and on his knees, when aged seventy, the error of his doctrine, which affirmed the motion of the earth, and the heresy of which he had been guilty; who murmured, as he arose from a position more humiliating to his ignorant judges than to himself, "E pur si muove;" and who died blind eight years after, in 1642, the year in which Newton was born.

A door beside the church, and on the Place, opens on a corridor, paved and lined with tombstones, forming one side of the cloister, to which, at the extremity of this open funereal gallery, a flight of steps leads down under the monument elevated against the wall, the ancient marble sarcophagus, on which lies the figure of a bishop in his robes, while on the side is carved the Resurrection: it is the tomb of Gaston della Torre, head of the Guelph faction, son of Conrad lord of Milan. The elegant chapel with its cupola and Corinthian

columns was raised by command of the Pazzi family, on the design of Brunelleschi. Crossing this cloister, with its well and cabbage garden in the centre, I pushed open the door of a second like itself, similar even to the cabbage crop, but consecrated to the sole use of the friars; for above another door, which shuts in a staircase leading within the convent, was inscribed in large letters, “Silenzium;” so that fearing to disturb the invisible brethren, we went away, and to the church of San Lorenzo, less remarkable for its own beauty than the tombs of its sagrestia by Michael Angelo, and its Cappella de’ Principi separated from it by an iron grating only; a rich homage offered to corruption. We had already gone thither at an undue hour, and to-day also mass was being performed, and the crowd of Florentine poor, whose pious filthiness one fears to approach, kneeling over the floor. We determined on waiting patiently, and stood, fearing to disturb the service, quietly examining the pavement stone, which between the high altar and the Chapel of the Princes is the monument of Cosmo, Pater Patriæ: it bears a simple inscription, indicating that he was so named by a public decree, lived 75 years, and lies below.

A good natured priest, who just then crossed the church with some Italian ladies,

seeing we were strangers, made us a sign to follow, which we obeyed; and notwithstanding the just commenced ceremonial, he took the office of cicerone, and led the way into the new sacristy, so is called that built during Clement the Seventh's pontificate, and after Michael Angelo's designs. On the right hand on entering is the tomb of Julian of Medicis, duke of Nemours, the warrior above seated in a niche, the celebrated figures of Day and Night couched on the monument. Opposite is the mausoleum of Lorenzo, duke of Urbino, himself in his niche likewise; a similar tomb below bearing the figures of Twilight and Aurora. The face of Twilight is unfinished. They were the nightly task of the sculptor, when employed by day on the fortifications of San Miniato; by a strange contradiction in the character of an honourable man, the first destined to retard the success of the Medici, the last to establish their fame. It was he who, in reply to a verse addressed to his statue of Night, wrote the four lines of melancholy beauty, which prove his feeling for his country :—

Grateful to me, to sleep, to be of stone.
Ever while sorrow and while shame shall last,
The lack of sight and sense is happiness,
Therefore awake me not! I pray speak low.

The Madon  and Child are also the work of Michael Angelo. In this sacristy were laid the mortal remains of the Medicean family, in 1791 transported hence to the subterranean church. Our new friend, the old priest, led the way to the Cappella, which is built above, of octagon shape, with walls and pilasters of precious marbles, ornamented with the arms of the chief cities of the state, executed in "pietradure," and with the perfection which belongs to the Florentine art; lapis lazuli, verd antique, porphyry, and mother of pearl, and oriental alabaster, with the jaspers of Cyprus and Sicily, for materials. Of the six sarcophagi, constructed in Egyptian granite and green jasper of Corsica, some bear pillows of red jasper, which the weight of the jewelled crowns they carry seems to have pressed down; while in the niches over others are the gilded bronze statues of those who lie below, that of Cosmo by John of Bologna. The painting of the dome is now in progress, and seems rather gaudy than good. The priest led us thence to the old sacristy, built before the church itself, its architect was Brunelleschi, and in its centre is a mausoleum, by Donatello, to the memory of two Medici. — We took leave of our kind guide here, going as he had advised, to Santa Maria Novella — famous, as its architecture was so

prized by Michael Angelo. Hollowed in the wall, which joins its façade, are niches, which the Italians call sépultures, and which served for pillories to expose the condemned prisoners of the Inquisition, when the members of its tribunal were Dominican friars. The church is divided into three aisles, whose arches diminish as they recede, giving it an appearance of extent it does not possess in reality. In one of its chapels is an ancient picture of the Virgin and Child, surrounded with Angels, by Cimabue, so prized at the period of its execution, that, having been exhibited like a treasure to Charles of Anjou, it was borne in procession to the place it now occupies.

Having examined the monuments and pictures, some deserving of far more attention than is yielded in a flying visit like ours, we passed out from the church by a door of the left hand aisle, into a cloister once a cemetery; for round the walls, still covered with faded frescoes, and under our feet, were old inscriptions and gravestones, and in the centre, among cabbages and high grass, which partly conceal it, an ancient tomb. The windows of the fine chapel, which, in 1566, received the name of Cappella degli Spagnuoli, look beneath the arches of the cloister on this desolate view. It was needed to the Spaniards, then filling places at court, and occupied in

commerce. The workmen, employed in placing ornaments for some festival, good-naturedly desired we would enter to view the frescoes of its walls. Some are by Memmi, who was the friend of Petrarch, and among the figures of his composition has placed him beside a knight of Rhodes; and his fair Laura, conversing with some seated females, and representing "The Will"—(la Volonta)—is distinguished by a small flame which burns on her breast, and a green vest scattered over with violets.

Near the portal, by which we had issued from the church, there is an arched corridor, leading to another cloister, now encumbered with rubbish. Following down it a few steps, we passed before several low portals, apparently of underground prisons, and a curious little chapel, hollowed in the wall, and going to ruin; for on this side, lumber, and accumulated filth, and a company of oxen, who were tied to the pillars, eating hay, stopped our further progress; and my curiosity being yet unsatisfied, and in search of the second cloister described by guide-books, we returned to and quitted the church once more, and from its entrance on the Place passed into a court, where a comfortable looking friar in white was watching the arrival of some casks. As his occupation was sufficiently worldly, I thought his presence no hindrance, and was

about to penetrate on forbidden ground, when he called me back with "Non è permesso, signora," not uttered, however, with the due horror of a Dominican, but laughing with all his heart.

We had still some time for sight seeing, and therefore proceeded towards the manufacture of "pietre dure" at the Belli Arti, having carried away from the Cappella an admiration of their beauty, which made us desire to see the work in progress. As we walked along the street in which it stands, a gentleman accosted us, and, looking up, we saw the good-natured old priest again. "In all the years he had lived in Florence," he said, "he had never visited the manufactory, and as our questions concerning it had excited his curiosity, he was going thither now;" and he offered us his aid and company, which we gladly accepted, and found him even more efficient as a guide than before, and more agreeable as a companion also, for this second meeting placed us on the footing of old acquaintances.

A workman conducted us to the laboratories, the stores of precious stones and marbles, and through the various rooms containing specimens of the art, proving its progress and present perfection; for the wreaths of fruit and flowers imitate the cunning hand of nature so well, with their brilliant tints and delicate shadows,

as to outdo painting. The composition and grouping are due to the best artists of Florence, and the stones so chosen as to simulate lights and shadows. There are some fine productions of the manufactory at the Palazzo Pitti, but none to be compared to a table I saw here whose execution occupied, to the best of my recollection, seven years. A very small one, which I should have wished to possess, was to be sold for five thousand crowns—its wreath of fruit and flowers inserted in a slab of porphyry. The grapes were each one an amethyst; the currants cornelian; the corn flowers lapis lazuli. The workmen employed in filing the stones to the necessary size and form looked pale and weary over their work. At sixty years old they retire or pensioned. The work which, though not the most beautiful, our friend the abbé considered most curious from its difficulty of execution, is the sarcophagus in porphyry (destined for the Cappella dei Principi, and to be placed over the remains of the Gran Duchessa,) inasmuch as the hard substance has been wrought to as extraordinary perfection as if it were soft alabaster. Thirty men worked at this twelve hours a day during five years. We parted with regret from the abbé, as we are to leave Florence so soon, to attempt to cultivate his acquaintance now would be saw o'er.—To the greatest advantage

useless, I think I told you D— has found here letters which recall us to Paris with as little delay as possible. We mentioned this to the priest, and also our intention of returning next winter, and he desired us to seek him then at San Lorenzo, which he inhabited, and where we should easily find him out by asking for Padre Francesco. We had still several hours to dispose of, and we set forward to our daily haunt, the Galleria, but passed on our way the old prison, and turned into its picturesque court, with its walls covered with carved blazonries, and its heavy, uncovered stair leading to the upper stories. Fronting the street, and from the dark wall of this gloomy building, hangs the ponderous gallows chain.

Unfortunately for our visit to the museum, there stands, on a Place near, a large church and convent, comparatively of modern date, as it appears to have been built in Louis the Fourteenth's time. Possessed with the passion of sight-seeing, though there seemed to be nothing curious about this, I proposed going in for five minutes, and doing so by the central door, we found our way to an oratory, wherein we had certainly no right to enter. It was clean and modern, and having walked round it and discovered that to do so had been time lost, I turned to leave it by the same door, to the discontent of D—, who was

tired and had seated himself on a bench, but, arrived at it, I found that we were destined to a repose longer than might be desirable, for we were certainly in the private chapel of the monastery, and the monks (unconscious of company) had barred and double locked, silently, but securely, all manner of egress—this and the half dozen other doors which we tried in vain; succeeding only so far as to arrive in a closed corridor, and at a grating through whose bars we could contemplate a little desolate yard of the convent, into which nobody came. The churches of Florence are usually closed from one to three, but how long our imprisonment here was to last was uncertain, and when an hour had passed we began to think it would prove an unpleasant sleeping chamber. Luckily for us, however, a young pale priest came gently in from the convent, and kneeled down to pray before the altar, so absorbed in his devotion as not to observe our presence during his prayer, and very nearly to escape us when it was ended; for as he was gliding away with downcast eyes, I had barely time to accost him, and say, like the starling, “I can’t get out,” whereupon he delivered us by unlocking door after door with his master-key, and stood watching our retreat, in wonder as to how we got in.

This evening to the Casmine—the promenade to which the Florentines are constant as

the Parisians to the Bois de Boulogne. It has long alleys of finer trees, and better ground for riding than the latter, and a prospect of the hills which rise round Florence.

We crossed the light suspended bridge to return by the opposite shore. The view back to the city is, saving that from the Boboli gardens, the best of Florence; and that down the river the most picturesque of the Arno.

As we passed Huband's stables on our road to the hôtel, I paid a visit to Fanny. The horses are well taken care of, but the stables confined and crowded. Fanny, who had been left alone longer than she approved of, had gnawed her cord asunder, and eaten up all the oats destined for the day's provender of both.

Our table d'hôte party is an agreeable one. Among the rest, I found the first day a lady and her family whom I met at the Simplon Inn, and who told me there a story, not at all encouraging to lonely travellers like ourselves, of a journey which a few years back she had made hither with her father, and during which their carriage had been stopped by robbers who rifled it, held loaded muskets to their breasts, and tore from her neck the gold chain she wore. To-day, by a strange chance, there was seated next me a lady who, some years ago, before we either were married, I

had often met in Paris ball-rooms, and now the widow of an officer who was taken prisoner and absolutely torn in pieces at Algiers. She is here alone with a pale child, whose extreme cleverness and delicacy would make me tremble, as it does her. His soul seems too near the surface, and his hollow cough predicts that his mother will not change her mourning.

One more tale of Florentine history ere we depart from Florence, and I tell it without remorse, having spared you the tourist's usual criticism of her statues and paintings, and description of churches. I have even passed over that of the Palazzo Vecchio, and our wanderings therein one day, when in search of a guide, and bidden to go whither we pleased by the sentinel below, we mounted stair after stair, and roamed through long suites of apartments till chance brought us to a corridor whose tribunes look down on the noble council chamber, ornamented by Cosmo the First's order when, in 1540, he came to inhabit the palace, and painted in oils and fresco by Vasari and other artists. It is a pity that this fine hall should be crooked, which it is so excessively as to injure its effect to the most careless eyes. Round it are fine groups and statues by John of Bologna and Bandinelli, among the former that by Michael Angelo, destined for the mausoleum of Pope Julius

the Second, and left unfinished when the artist died; and among the last the statue of John of the Black Bands, the invincible father of Duke Cosmo, the same whose pedestal still remains in an angle of the place of San Lorenzo, which it was destined to occupy, I spare you a lengthened account of this and of the saloons of Cosmo the Ancient—of Lorenzo the Magnificent—of John the Invincible—of the Pontiffs Leo the Tenth and Clement the Seventh, on whose walls are painted by Vasari the principal events of the reigns or lives of each. I even pass over the small chamber in the Torre della Vacca, which was the prison of Cosmo, Pater Patriæ, when Rinaldo of Albizzi, his rival, conspired against him, but could not obtain his condemnation, and whence he departed to pass a year in exile at Venice—a short reverse forerunner of a constant prosperity, lasting even as it was deserved, till he died aged seventy-five years.

The extraordinary man whose story I would recall to you is Nicolo Savonarola, who was born at Ferrara in 1452, and who ended his life on the gibbet in the old piazza at Florence. When very young he was remarkable for his austere habits and singular character. The theological works of St. Thomas of Aquin were his habitual study, and one which he seldom quitted, save for poetical composition,

a pastime of which he was passionately fond. A vision seen or fancied by him decided his vocation when two and twenty, though he had before refused to take orders, not choosing, he said, to clothe himself with ecclesiastical dignities, and belong to the world when he had affected to quit it. He took the habit of Dominican and repaired to Bologna, where his talents were soon recognised.

By the advice of Pic de la Mirandola he was recalled to Florence by Lorenzo de' Medici, and arrived there he preached publicly against the scandalous conduct of layman and ecclesiastic, for Alexander the Sixth at this time occupied the papal chair, and his example had been but too accurately followed. A republican in principles, inflexible in his proud independence, he gave a proof of it in 1490, when he was named prior of San Marco. It was the custom that one so promoted should present himself before Lorenzo, recognizing him as chief of the republic, and asking favour and protection. Though the Dominicans implored, and Lorenzo demanded, Savonarola refused this mark of condescension; he said that God, not Lorenzo, had elected him prior. At another period Lorenzo requested him, through the medium of some Florentine citizens, to forbear the announcement of coming misfortune to Florence, where

such prediction ever created troubles and aroused the disaffected; but Savonarola, far from obeying, foretold on the contrary, that Lorenzo himself would shortly die. This prophecy was verified the 9th of April, 1492; and it is said that Lorenzo, feeling himself dying, chose the prior for confessor, notwithstanding the slight respect he had shown him hitherto, and Savonarola, having heard his penitent, on three conditions promised him absolution: first, that he should make oath that he was a true believer, which Lorenzo did; secondly, that he should restore all which he might have acquired unfairly; he answered he would consider of it; and lastly, that he should restore to Florence her liberty, and to the Florentine government its popular form; and to this third condition Lorenzo the Magnificent made no reply, but turned in his bed with his back to Savonarola.

After the death of Lorenzo and the exile of Pietro his son, the prior, more and more violent in his attacks on the church, and particularly on its chief, the infamous Borgia, drew down on himself the latter's excommunication, which however his nuncio, fearful of entering the town, posted without the walls at San Miniato. Savonarola despised his censure, declared its non-validity, and published his famous work entitled the "Triumph

of "Faith," which conduct, acting on the inflammable city, divided it into two factions, the one for democracy, and Savonarola, the other devoted to the house and policy of the Medici. Of the two monks who defended his opinions, and who perished beside him, the most ardent was Domenico of Pescia, who at one period took his place as preacher during the days which preceded the carnival, and those which ushered in Lent. Though less eloquent than his master, he yet, by his energetic preaching, persuaded his hearers to seek and sacrifice among their possessions such as to these austerities seemed too worldly, and calculated to withdraw them from a severe and religious life. Domenico formed into regiments the little boys of the several districts, ordering that they should march from house to house to make a collection for the poor, at the same time with that for the Anathema, so he styled the objects of luxury, or works of art, which, according to him, lay under the curse of God. During three days the young boys gathered their harvest of faded gala dresses and female ornaments, of cards, dice and musical instruments, and on the first day of the carnival, formed of them a pile in the shape of a pyramid before the Palazzo Vecchio. This ceremony completed, there being among the devoted objects many precious manuscripts and

the works of Boccaccio, the children were conducted to the cathedral where they heard mass, and after their meal, being attired in white garments and crowned with olive, and bearing small red crosses in their hands, they sought the church once more, deposited there the money collected for the poor, and again forming in procession, arrived on the Piazza del Palazzo Vecchio, singing Italian hymns; and when the chant was ended, the four children who headed the four troops advanced with lighted torches and solemnly fired the pyramid, whose flame ascended to the sound of trumpets. The next year (1498) Savonarola in person headed the procession, and this time the pile was composed of objects so valuable, marble statues and precious paintings, and illuminated manuscripts, among the latter one of Petrarch, that a military guard was posted round to keep off robbers. These unusual ceremonies exasperated the Florentine clergy; a Franciscan at Santa Croce preached to prove the prior's excommunication valid, Domenico from his pulpit loudly contradicted him, asserting the necessity of reform in the church, and offering himself (by submitting to trial by fire) to prove the truth against their adversary. *Vox et vox regia* Petrus de' Medici rebuked him. The Franciscans accepted the challenge; the 7th of April 1498, was the day appointed,

and the burning pile was raised opposite the old palace. Domenico arrived wearing priestly robes and ornaments and carrying the cross, preceded and followed by long files of Dominicans chanting psalms as they advanced, Savonarola marching before them. The Franciscans, on the contrary, approached without pomp and in silence, headed by the lay brother, whom Domenico's adversary, losing courage when the day of judgment came, had substituted to go (in his place) through the trial of fire. The parties in presence, a dispute arose; the Franciscans not choosing that Domenico should enter the flames wearing his priestly habit, or carrying the holy sacrament, as was the will of Savonarola. The contest growing angry, an hour passed without ending it, and evening closing there fell a heavy rain, which put to flight the two champions and disappointed the multitude assembled there to be amused by their torture. The next day, however, Savonarola's enemies, who felt themselves protected by the Florentine government, took up arms and attacked the convent of San Marco, in which Savonarola and his two disciples were. The monks defended themselves stoutly, for the attack commenced during vespers, and not till dark did the assailants get possession of their persons and drag them to the public prisons. The govern-

ment now took the affair into its own hands ; and Savonarola, accused of uttering prophecies not inspired, but founded on private opinions and interpretations of the Scriptures, and with a view to force the convocation of a council general, which should reform the church, was tortured and tried by delegates of the monster Pope Alexander, and condemned with the two brethren to be hanged on the Piazza del Palazzo Vecchio, now del Gran Duca, their bodies burned and their ashes scattered. The gibbet was planted opposite the palace, in the precise place where some months before they had held their strange carnival. Brought thither, their firmness did not for a moment forsake them ; they looked on, while the preparations were made, in silence ; when their bodies were consumed, their remains were collected in a cart and flung into the Arno.

Montecarelli.

Left Florence this morning to come hither. The weather has been cold since our passage, and last night the snow fell heavily. The air is a contrast to that of the city, whose burning sun and biting musquitos I am however glad to turn my back on. The Appennines appear to less advantage beneath the grey sky than when we crossed them in sunshine, and the Villa Borghese more sad in

its desolate grandeur, and saddest of all looked the public cemetery, where the grave-diggers were occupied in opening the deep fosses to which each night brings inmates: it is a large open space, without tomb or tree, saving the few cypress, which outside the wall shade the priests' melancholy dwelling.

We paused to take a last look of Florence and also of Fiesole, which on our right, as we ascended, crowns its hill, more ancient than Florence, and most interesting as the birth-place of the parvenue Leonora Galiga Maréchale d'Ancre, whose fate and fortunes have been celebrated by the first writer of France, the radiance of whose fancy has shone over history without falsifying its colours.

We saw and passed the Tre Maschere, having received unfavourable accounts of its hosts, and returned here to our former inn with the evergoing pump beneath our bedroom, and the stable with fern for litter, and horned cattle for inmates. Notwithstanding bribes, which, like other instigators to action, fail in Italy, our horses were neglected so long, that in my quality of interpreter, I proceeded to scold the inattentive groom, and so found favour in the eyes of the master, the two personages being comprehended in one, and his attachment to his own, which inhabited another stable, having made him postpone the care of ours. Among his favourites he showed

me a horse from whose long white tail one lock had been severed, the Italian said in malice by some person who had thus chosen to annoy him, and whom could he have discovered? he would have punished with his knife. I assure you, his look and gesture were sufficiently expressive to guard the hair of his horse's head henceforward. Having looked in on ours in their uneasy sleeping chamber, in and out of which the oxen seemed to be all night driven, and from whose roof swung, above the dry fern, the lamp at which all the carters our fellow-travellers came to light their pipes, proving their reliance on the care of Providence; as they take none themselves, the safety of these places being a miracle. I passed an hour walking up and down before the door, under a moon which sailed in skins whose bluish green tainly does not belong to our climates, lighting the lone inn, and chestnut trees surrounding it till she predicted bad weather by taking to herself a halo.

Up at candlelight and off by daybreak, with the cold tramontana for companion, growing so violent by degrees, that I did not feel quite so tranquil at its increase as we approached the duke's guardian wall, and the dense fog came sweeping by and over us. Fanny dislikes wind, and sometimes hesitated to advance, and we went on silent and shivering, with hardly

energy to look back on the view, from this place so beautiful, of hills and plains behind, over which rain and mist were disputing empire. As we advanced, the mist thickened and the rain fell, and the waterproofs did not deserve the name they bore, and we passed Pietra Mala, hardly knowing it again in its changed aspect, and seeing nothing but the peaks of the crags rising coldly out of the fog, and ragged herdsmen, with their drenched cattle, and a few of the large birds of prey with grey backs and black wings, peculiar to this region.

As I was riding a few yards before D—, a woman, who saw me pass, came rushing out of a decent cottage, having first caught from its cradle her baby. Not seeing the manœuvre as D— did, I gave her some silver, thinking her a poor traveller with a crying infant. They are the most clever of all beggars.

At last we arrived at Filigare, and paid four pauls for the horses, and to the satellites of custom-house and passport office *buone mani* innumerable. The smallest donations are, however, thankfully received ; they pocket half pauls. Till within a short distance of Lojano the rain continued to fall mercilessly. The rude wooden crosses, which we had before noticed here and there, hid in wild nooks or on the brow of the precipice, and which, with the sun shining on them, looked like emblems of

Quiet and Consolation, seemed now only memorials and warnings. "Pray do those denote the death of any one on the spot where they stand?" I asked an Italian, thinking, as I did so, his face and appearance perfectly suited to a bandit. "Sicuro," said the man. "And did they die violently? were they murdered?" "Possibile," said my friend with perfect indifference, as he walked away. The weather cleared just so long, ere we reached our resting-place, as left time for our horses to dry. Drenched ourselves, we gladly took refuge in the clean quiet apartment of the Pellegrino, under which there is, thank heaven! no pump. I had remained up and writing a letter to Paris, when I was roused by a crack and loud exclamation from D—, who had gone to rest, but whose place of repose had sunk suddenly under him, there being not a single screw in the bedstead. While he once more rose and dressed himself, I set forth along corridors, and up one steep stair and down two: for as the new house has been tacked on to the old, the way is sufficiently intricate. At last, guided by a noise like the witches' sabbath, I arrived at the kitchen door, and, opening it, found myself in a place and company which called to memory the cave in Gil Blas, there being about thirty present,—drinking, screaming, singing, half hid in the fumes of

tobacco, with their wild-looking, handsome figures, grouped round the dirty tables or blazing hearth. As I opened the door, the shouts and songs ceased, and, with Italian civility, all got up and closed round to know what I wanted ; so, having desired the padrone to follow, I made my retreat as soon as possible, followed by our host who was, it seemed, aware that his bedstead lacked all apparatus to hold it together, but had imagined it might last till morning.

Left Lojano in a fog, dense and yellow, which concealed all objects ten yards off,—hearing, not seeing, the approach of travellers and waggons, and D—— hailing them for our safety and theirs. Fanny was frightened and vicious; the road melancholy, as oxen and pedestrians, and now and then an English carriage, issued from the mist close at our side, and were swallowed in it the next moment. It was not till we had descended some miles that the fog diminished, and then, after exciting many delusive hopes, showing through it the sun like a paler moon, yielding between its discoloured waves, peeps into the valley, and again floating like smoke before our faces, we fairly left it behind, issuing into blue sky and sunshine, knowing their value from privation

of them. The horses knew the pilgrims' house, but Grizzle made a violent effort to enter the kitchen instead of the stable. Our amiable hostess had chosen her most pleasant apartment, and exerted all her French talent in cookery in the dishes she had noticed to please us before.

A moonlight night at Bologna, such as this, is impressive in its beauty, with the light streaming down its monastic streets, and the deep shadow of its pillared arcades. Miss Adelaide Kemble, who is also lodged at La Pace with her father, sang in her apartments till a crowd, collected beneath her windows, silenced her with its bravas. The Italians will not believe her to be English, and her appearance justifies their opinion, as she has the dark eyes of their country, with features in the style of those of Mrs. Siddons.

21st.

To Modena : a burning day. Arrived there and my dress changed, I requested the landlady's pretty daughter to be my guide, as it was advisable to strive to obtain some news of our baggage, so long missing, that we begin to be resigned to its loss and to travelling with little beside the linen our horses carry. Having discovered, with some difficulty, the spe-

dizioniere, who is the correspondent of our Commissionnaire de Roulage, I found that our trunks, having followed ourselves across the broken Simplon on mules' backs, have now been stopped by torrents likely to impede our passage also. Modena is a miniature of a fine city, with a handsome ducal palace and pretty gardens, an Accademia delle Belle Arti, and other public buildings. The palace is large and handsome; the favourite apartments of the duchess, who is very pious, communicating with the convent, and opening on a private corridor, by which she can reach the adjacent church unobserved. The tribune she occupies is so arranged as almost to conceal her presence, glazed and heavily barred like a convent grate. The duke's theatre (for he is extremely fond of theatricals) joins another part of the Palazzo, and his splendid stables are opposite and on the garden side. My guide said it was one of the sights of Modena, and as she insisted on entering, and the sentinel made room to let us pass, in we went. It is a fine building, with arched and groined roof, the horses ranged down either side, all of the duke's own breed, and some of them superb animals. The roan charger of the last duke stands stuffed and under a glass case at the extremity. There stood near us a personage, a

head groom I imagine, who, I am sure, will preserve for a day or two a high opinion of my sagacity.

"I suppose you have a hundred horses here," I said to him. To which he replied, "Cent uno!" with a look of admiring wonder which would better have suited the word *Miracolo!*

The cathedral is near the inn; we could see from our windows part of its curious façade and its high old tower. The former somewhat resembles that of the cathedral at Placentia, having portico on portico, and strange beasts for supporters. Its interior is more striking: flights of steps lead up to the elevated choir, others conduct to the half subterranean church below, where, among numberless light pillars with strange capitals, is the tomb of St. Geminiano, the patron saint of Modena. The monument of the last duke is on the left hand of the choir, and handsome; and in the body of the church are various altar-pieces of carved wood and marble, covered with saints and madonnas, deserving more attention than I had time to pay.

22nd.

To Parma; oppressively warm. Bought some grapes of a boy, who, when we had paid him what he asked, four times their value,

demanded *buona mano*. Suffered much from the heat, though we started early : for, having given orders that our horses should not, according to custom, be driven to drink in the cold yard at daybreak, the hostler disobeyed, and Fanny informed us of their delinquency by screaming her shrill neigh till she woke us, and D—— proceeded to restore her to her stall, and I to prepare for our journey. Passed again the dark old fortress of Rubiera, and fed our horses before reaching Reggio. We would gladly have found refreshment for ourselves, but it was out of the question, the stable being the cleanest part of the premises. Bad as was La Paone at Parma, we returned there on account of our horses ; but Parma being intricate in its wanderings, we were puzzled to find it. Fanny's sagacity did not fail even here ; she led the way to the alley in which it stands, and walked straight into the inn yard.

We went out this beautiful evening to buy whips at the shop of the most civil of all saddlers, nearly opposite the Posta, now the best inn. As I passed a bookseller's shop, I saw in the window a pamphlet, containing the lives of the five saints canonized in the month of May of this year, 1839, and the ceremonies which took place at Rome. As they were often the subject of conversation during our stay at

Florence, I stopped and bought it, and spent
an hour in its study, in this most desolate of
all uncurtained chambers.

The five saints were named—

Sant' Alfonso Maria de' Liguori,
Francesco di Gironimo Giovanni,
Giuseppe della Croce,
Pacifico da San Severino, and
Veronica Giuliani Cappucina.

Alfonso Maria was born in 1696, presented by his mother to San Francesco di Girolamo, who predicted that her son deserved more than common care, being destined to become a bishop, to perform for the good of the church great and marvellous things, and to live to the age of ninety years. It seems he was a wondrous child; and when he grew to man's estate, considering studies and fatigues, and maladies, to which he was subject, insufficient to mortify the flesh, he added thereto flagellation, wounds, chains, and hunger: "So that," the pamphlet says, "the Lord God, being pleased with this self-devoted victim, who offered himself up an incessant sacrifice to divine glory, chose to render him illustrious by gratuitous gifts of prophecy, of insight into the human heart, of being present in two places at a time, and of the working of frequent miracles."

Francesco di Gironimo was born in 1642,

and of him and his impressive preaching his chronicler says, “ To all this greater credit was given, on account of the appearance of St. Francis, bodily, in divers places at the same time ; of the power he had of curing the sick ; of his multiplying victuals miraculously, and (last and greatest) on account of the speech of an infamous woman, whose soul having been, suddenly and still impenitent, borne to the divine presence, was interrogated by the saint, who said ‘ Where art thou ? ’ to which she replied. ‘ I am in hell ! ’ ”

San Giovanni Giuseppe was, like the other two, of noble blood, born in 1654. It is said, that eminent in the practice of all virtues, but most particularly of that of humility, during sixty-four years he wore on his bare skin a single tunic, so joined and pieced, that from it he received the nickname of Father Hundred Patches, Padre Cento Pezze. He wore beneath it an iron cross, garnished with sharp nails. At last, having suffered from a stroke of apoplexy, he passed five days in quiet contemplation before he died, at the close of which, fixing his eyes on the image so dear to him of the holy Virgin, and remembering, to his great comfort, how that very Mary had many times spoken to him, and, on one anniversary of the Saviour’s birthday, had placed him in her arms that he might caress him, he

died; commencing his triumph in paradise in the year 1734.

Santo Pacifico da San Severino, when but four years old, was accustomed to mix ashes with the bread of his breakfast, and to say, with a taste of paradise (*gusto di Paradiso*), that it was good. Grown up, he passed, safe and sound and dry-footed, over the swollen river Menacchia. The brute creatures were submissive to him as to Adam, yet innocent; and the gift of working miracles was accorded to him. He died 1790.

Veronica Cappucina was born in 1660. When a baby at the breast, though habitually requiring much nourishment, three days of the week she refrained from swallowing more than a few mouthsfull of milk. When hardly six months old, one Trinity Sunday, she sprang from her mother's arms to the ground, on which she walked with a firm step; but very little older, she admonished with grave words a man in the market-place, being herself in her nurse's arms, and prevented an injustice of which he was about to be guilty; and at this time she enjoyed the familiarity of the child Jesus and of the Virgin, and several times it happened that the Holy Child visited to console her when she wept, and days there were in which the sainted mother consigned the blessed Jesus to her innocent arms, pre-

dicting her spiritual union with him. When she grew up, she was now inclosed in prison, now suffered under accusation of practising magic arts ; but the only sorrow which cast her down was the feeling abandoned by her celestial Spouse when he failed to comfort her, as was his wont, and this tormented her more bitterly than the worst adversity, and forced her to utter *loving complaints*. She died 1727. The pamphlet is entitled, “ Descrizione del Ceremoniale e Cenni sulla Vita de cinque Beati canonizzati dal Sommo Pontefice Gregorio XVI, l’ anno 1839; ” and I have literally translated the above passages, though belief in them would seem impossible in our time.

CHAPTER XI.

La Steccata—The Teatro Farnese—Its magnificence—Its ruin—Would contain 9000—St. Jeronimo—Sir Thomas Lawrence—Alti Relievi—The overflowed Po—The infant saved—Placentia again—Misery of Piedmontese—Voghera—Tortona—Plains of Marengo—The wrong road—The Tanaro overflowed—Asti—The Angelo and its reception—Moncaglieri—The vow, and the Virgin, who resembled a Duchess—The old Italian gentleman—Victor Amedée's abdication—The old man's arrest—His death at Moncaglieri—Susa—Its waterspouts—A chimney on fire—Mont Cenis—Fog and snow-storm—A postilion's wonder—Danger of tourmente—Lanslebourg—A thick smoke and ill scent—Modane—Lesseillon—St. Michel.

Oct. 23rd.

OUR morning perambulations commenced inauspiciously, for the spedizioniere, to whom here also it was necessary to apply, to order back our luggage, was in bed, and we went thence to La Steccata. Its choir is now under repair. Curtained from curious eyes, there are here paintings from the hand of Correggio and Carracci; the frescoes of the fine dome so faded as to renew a regret for the wasting of genius on an art so perishable. I noticed two vessels for holy water, remarkable

for their execution ; in the centre of each stands a small and beautiful figure, like the Benitier itself, in white marble ; one being that of the Redeemer, the other, I think, of John the Baptist.

A priest conducted us to the subterranean chapel below, which contains the tombs of the Farnese. He raised his torch to show that on the most ancient of these (I think that of Alessandro) lay, harmless and rusting, the sword which had been grasped by the moulder-
ing hand below.

We went thence to visit the ancient Teatro Farnese, which joins the Accademia delle Belli Arti, and entered it, having ascended two flights of the wide stair. In the time of Alessandro Farnese, it was an armoury, and by him, or by Ranuccio, his son, on the occasion of a daughter's marriage, transformed into a theatre, of which it is the very beau idéal. The centre, lined with lead, which the French, when they came hither, took up for shot, was changed at will to a lake, the pit, which in amphitheatre surrounds it, and the boxes above, would contain nine thousand spectators : the stage, to which steps ascend, being far smaller in its opening than the width of the building, the whole audience could see perfectly. On either side of the proscenium, placed high on their chargers, are

the statues of the two Farnese, originally only plaster, covering a wooden framework, and now crumbling away. The front of each box being a high open arch, shut in by a gilded chain only, the effect must have been brilliant when they were crowded with gorgeously dressed courtiers and ladies. Some of these chains are still suspended from arch to arch, dark and rusty. The ceiling was painted wood, representing historical subjects, and of this but a portion remains here and there, hanging ominously over the heads of the curious. Napoleon, when at Parma, unfortunately did not see this theatre, (so said our guide,) and it was left to decay during eighteen years—a fault which, as it was built wholly of wood, could not afterwards be repaired.

There are doors on either side of that opening into this theatre; on the right conducting to the ducal library, on the left to the picture gallery, which was a theatre likewise, and transformed to a museum by the Archduchess Maria Louisa, whose splendid bust by Canova occupies the further end, which a visitor, with but an hour to spare, should seek at once; for there, on the right hand, is the St. Jeronimo, Correggio's masterpiece, of which Sir Thomas Lawrence said, it might be studied, never copied. Three times, during

the day he spent at Parma, he returned to the contemplation of this picture; and truly painting never produced its superior, scarcely its rival. The Holy Child sits in his mother's lap, with an angel beside him, who smiles as he exhibits to the Magdalen the page on which her sins were inscribed, now white as snow, and the Magdalen kisses the Saviour's foot, and looks still repentant but consoled. St. Jeronimo occupies the foreground, a noble old figure, the limbs in such relief that he seems to stand forth from the canvass, yet still with the softness of flesh, and the "modesty of nature."

The picture opposite this, of the *Madonna alla Scodella*, is a beautiful, though less perfect, picture, by Correggio also, as is the *Descent from the Cross* by its side, which was painted when he was but nineteen. The face of the Saviour appears small, and wants expression, as the attitude lacks dignity; but the Virgin, fainting from her excess of agony, is perfect. There are other good paintings by various masters, though all inferior to the St. Jeronimo. You will notice also two alti reliefi of the thirteenth century, found in a convent some miles off. They are in pure white marble, the small figures exquisitely carved. The subject of the last and most remarkable is the Birth of Christ. He sits

below on his mother's knee, surrounded by figures in adoration, their heads off, alas ! for the French were lodged one night in the convent. Above this group, and supposed to be between earth and heaven, is a cluster of flying angels, who mark the middle region. In heaven sits the Almighty, receiving from a kneeling female the infant she offers ; and up to him are riding by a zigzag road, which commences at the bottom of the composition, the happy souls of the elect, on horseback, and in the costume of the thirteenth century !

We rode on, the short stage to Borgo, where the hostess and one-eyed waiter came running to meet us, wondering at the prompt return, which we so little expected when we passed. They tell us the Po has done awful damage, having swept away during the night the crazy bridge of boats, over which, as I told you, we rode doubtfully, sweeping from the meadows it rushed over, cottages, men, and cattle, of whom it is unknown how many perished. The bodies of a young soldier and old priest were picked up not far from the city ; and floating on the surface of the wild water was discovered, the morning after the disaster, one of the wooden cradles of the country, and, being taken up by a boatman, there was found within an infant of a month old, asleep. Where might be its parents—or what was its

name—there was none to tell ; it was conjectured that it belonged to one of those wretched dwellings, or rather inhabited recesses serving for such, which we noticed when we passed the bridge, and that the same torrent which burst its father's door, and stifled its mother's cry, floated it forth in its tiny ark unharmed. They tell me the rain has fallen ever since we quitted Borgo, and it falls now with a violence which I trust may cease ere morning.

24th.

Left Borgo early. The rain had become mist, and the mist cleared by degrees, and we have sun and flies, though the air is not stifling as heretofore. The passport receiver at the gate remembered our riding through before, and asked many questions as to our movements, in a fit of curiosity which I gratified; and he wished me good-bye, saying, "A rivederla, signora, fra qualche anno." Again at St. Marco.

25th.

Started late from Piacenza, taking our host's word for the stage's being a short one. We crossed, at no great distance from the city, Maria Louisa's splendid bridge of twenty-two arches over the Trebbia, which at this moment is a narrow stream in the midst of a wide

stony desert. The receiver of the twenty-four centesimi said we had but thirty miles to ride, but this is little consolation in a country where to teach the meaning of distance seems impossible; each person we met giving a different account thereof, and after the first hour increasing instead of diminishing the number.

At a most dirty country inn we stopped to feed the horses. No oats were to be had, and we paid for bran as if it had been some scarce known rarity. We gave the hostler the sum demanded, desiring him to pay his master the fair price, and take the remainder for buona-mano; an order to which he grinned assent, and I had the satisfaction to see the dispute commenced as we rode away. A large building at which we arrived soon after, was the Sardinian douane, and the frontier passed, the country grows interesting, and is backed by wooded hills, an improvement on Maria Louisa's treeless plains; but the roads and broken pavement of the wretched villages through which we passed are a disgrace to his majesty. The latter, with their mud cabins, and casements not glazed but papered, and their inhabitants squalid and half clothed, reminded us of their prototypes in Ireland. Though the morning had been cold and foggy, the sunshine, which succeeded, was painfully

burning, as in August. We had lingered on the way, believing the distance inconsiderable, but the sun set in a heavy bank of clouds, predicting bad weather for to-morrow, and the twilight yielded to darkness, so total, and unrelieved even by a star, that D —— dismounted and led his horse before Fanny, as the road was bad beyond description, and we were glad to keep to the path by its side. I do not like riding in the dark in Italy. The character of the country is, in the first place, hardly so good as to render it desirable, and its waggoners all travel without light, and straggling from one side to the other of roads which have a ditch on each. With all our precautions we had nearly made unpleasant blunders, for not far from our destination, a new portion of road, lately made to improve the approach to the town, but not yet completed, is closed by a high bank of loose stones on which we had almost ridden. Saved from this mistake, we failed to see the Po till arrived on the very edge of the high bank which hangs over its water; and the horses, rather than our eyesight, guided us to the long, narrow and crooked bridge which crosses it, and on which we fortunately met neither cart nor traveller. This passed, Fanny quickened her step, for we saw the lights of Voghera through the trees, and soon arrived at its entrance, but rode the whole

length of the nasty town to arrive at the Moro. The horses found a quiet stable after their forty mile journey, for the mile of Piedmont reckons as two of Italy. We ourselves were weary, and glad to see our dinner served in the enormous hall, which, but for the frescoes daubed on its walls, resembled a barn in dirt and desolation, and to lie down in the sleeping chamber which was, they said, the only one remaining unoccupied, and in which the iron bedsteads, a deal table, and wicker chair, were the sole articles of furniture.

26th.

26th.

Pouring rain all this day—one of the longest I have passed, for we staid at the Moro to rest the horses.

27th.

Left early. The morning cold as December, but the sun, when it appeared at last, burning once more. To the left and behind us, the broad plains were bounded by the distant Appennines; and away on the right, beyond nearer and picturesque hills, we could distinguish a snow mountain once more. A peasant said it was Mont Cenis; it was at least one of the range, and we were glad to see it on our horizon.

The road skirts Tortona, having passed a

half dried river, a shrunken stream creeping along the centre of its wide winter bed. A high crag commands the town, having on its summit the ruins of the fortress constructed by Amedée the Third, and which the French blew up in 1796—the eminence, like the plain it stands on, bare of wood, and devoid of beauty. An idler, as we rode by, told us we might, without much increasing the distance, traverse the “città,” and seemed surprised that we should choose to avoid its broken pavement and bad air. Arrived on the plain of St. Giuliano, the village of Marengo was on our right, interesting from its situation as well as its history, for, excepting the two or three houses built by the road side, the habitations straggle back over the rich meadows where they stand picturesquely grouped with green trees and a grey tower, between and above which rises a wooded hill, with a white church shining on it. To the left stretched the plain; before us were a few fine sycomores and a bridge, traversing a brighter and narrower river which winds between fringed shores. From one of these houses is hung for sign a cannon-ball, reminding us of Desaix, the gallant young general who returned hither from Egypt to die, having first, with his four thousand infantry, altered the fate of the battle almost lost by Lannes and Victor, and after

his fall destined to become desperate once more, and be wondrously won by Kellerman's charge with five hundred horse; for this handful of men was during an entire hour master of the field of battle, the infantry of both armies being scattered and flying, and the French not rallied till the expiration of that time. Alessandria is close to Marengo, its trees and fortifications looking to advantage as they rise from the perfect flat of the plain. Went to the Albergo d' Italia, a really good inn, with a most civil master.

28th October.

Up by candlelight to start with dawn, which shines not till seven: for, though the mornings have become painfully cold, the mid-day sun is scarcely bearable. Leaving the hotel and asking the way of several people, who all said "Straight on," we proceeded straight, as desired, and issued from the town on a high road, which we found in the dreadful state of all which traverse Piedmont; but having proceeded some way, we thought proper (the direction being wholly different from that we have lately followed) to ask whither it led, and were answered "Savona;" so turned back, the equanimity of our tempers disturbed. Perhaps from this cause I thought more brutal than he was in reality, a driver of calves, who was before me with his charge on

the side of the road which I had chosen as least heavy for Fanny, the mud in the centre being three feet thick, and who desired me to proceed thither and get out of his way, swearing in no gentle guise. Approving of the order neither in matter nor manner, we passed by, scattering his herd, and left him uttering still direr oaths, and floundering about in the deep pools to collect the stragglers. Travelling back over bad pavement and through the town, we had lost an hour ere we arrived at the fine citadel, round which the road winds, crossing an ancient covered bridge, through whose open arches the wind blew almost strongly enough to lift me from my saddle. A company of convicts, chained together, were busy sweeping; they looked hardened and wretched. An hour after we met a fresh detachment, tied with cords in carts, and strongly guarded. We had a cold fog for comrade, and the Tanaro has overflowed the country, saddening its whole face, ruining crops and meadows. Near Asti it improves, as it swells in hillocks and sinks in dells: the former covered by the vine which produces the famed Asti wine, but not trained, as in Lombardy, over tall trees; and wearing a wintry aspect ere winter has come, from the custom of plucking its leaves to feed the cattle. Met Capt. K—— with his family; the

pretty white Arab led behind the carriage. They crossed the mountain a few days since in beautiful weather, and this good news hurried us onward. The people of the Albergo Reale had treated them ill; yet outside it makes fairer show than the Leon d' Oro, whither, at their recommendation, we went. Here, as at Alessandria, the doors and windows of our apartments open on the cold gallery which runs round the inner court: bad dinner and bad attendance, and an unpleasant landlord. This morning, when we wished to leave early, the stableman had lost Grizzle's bridle, and two hours were wasted in its search, the fairest of the day: for, when we had ridden down the avenue just outside the town, the drizzling mist changed to torrents, which continued to fall without cessation till we arrived. We were to stop at the Angelo, but had forgotten the name of the bourg he protected, twelve Piedmontese miles (about four-and-twenty English) from Asti; and the questions we made remained almost always unanswered, the Piedmontese dialect solely being spoken by the peasantry. At last, in the pouring rain, up came a waggoner, and told us Poirino and the Angelo were about three miles farther. We would willingly have hastened our horses, but it was impossible: for the roads are either two feet deep in mud or newly repaired with beds

of loose stones, into which they sank to the fetlock. Here and there the path by their side was in better order, and we adopted it; and D—— justly observed, that but for his Sardinian majesty's footpaths, horse-travelling in his dominions would be impossible. When it seemed the three weary miles must have been long passed over, and still nothing was to be seen in the most desolate plain, save the broad wet road stretching before, and behind us, a few trees and a spire, we again accosted a peasant and inquired for Poirino. "It is a good bit farther," said the man, "and the inn is not in the town, which you must traverse, and turn first to the right and next to the left, and then ride straight on, as it stands in the country." I presume this intelligence, which at the time made us despair, was given in a mischievous spirit, though the weather and our plight should have excited compassion: for we shortly arrived at Poirino, and inquiring for the Angelo, some replying "Straight on." and some not at all, we made our way through the filthy town to the filthier yard. Our poor horses under cover, D——, who followed them into the warm stable, was better off than I. I made my way to the kitchen door, which I found full of vetturini, this being their dinner hour, and the place where they dine. Received with more curiosity than civility, I

called to mine hostess, who was busy cooking, and desired she would conduct me to a room. Without turning her head, she begged me to walk up stairs, which I did, and found myself in the before-mentioned open gallery, and, from the voices which proceeded from the various chambers, knew they were all occupied. Having stood there some minutes, dripping and shivering, looking down into the yard at the rain plashing on the stones and the half-dozen vetturini carriages, of whose departure there seemed to be no chance, my gift of patience was not so strong as to lead to further contemplation, and I descended once more, not this time to the door, but to the kitchen fire, where I disturbed the lady's culinary pursuits, by telling her I was going to the inn I had noticed next to hers, as I found my presence was an inconvenience. This appeal softened her heart: for she put down her fryingpan and took up a key and marched before me to open what was, in reality, her only room unoccupied. It had a broken window and no fireplace; but she brought me a half cold chauffrette, and begged I would be patient, as I should be *benissimo* when the carriages went on, which they would do in a quarter of an hour; so that on my side I called up the patience required, changed my wet clothes, and sat (not the quarter) but a whole

hour in such shivering misery as makes one expect an inflammation of the chest next morning. The vetturini were then in motion, and I made my way to a fireplace just as D—— appeared from the stables where he had seen our poor companions provided for.

After all we were served less ill than I expected, and the dinner and beds were good. Our hostess demanded prices which lacked justice and modesty; but, remonstrance made, grew reasonable. All night the rain poured, but they told us it had done so for a month, so that to wait might serve us nothing—the road little better than hitherto, and the country uninteresting till near Moncaglieri, to which place rain accompanied us less heavily than yesterday, but without pause.

The high hill on which it is built formed a commanding object long before we reached it; the route sweeps round its foot between it and the broad Po, whose shores are here wooded and beautiful. A person of whom we asked the way to Turin sent us through Moncaglieri up the paved hill and across the town, doubling the fatigue to our horses. We were recompensed by passing before the old castle where Victor Amedée, the abdicated king, was arrested, and where he died; and also by the fine view we obtained as we rode down the avenue and steep hill on the other side of the

valley and the river. Heavy clouds hid the Alps, and the snow, lying on the hills close to us, looked an ominous presage of what was to succeed on the mountain.

Notwithstanding the unfavourable atmosphere through which we saw it, I prefer Turin as a town to any I have seen in Italy. Its situation is finer than the vaunted one of Florence, with a broader river and more beautiful valley, and hills more wooded surrounding it. One of these the Superga crowns, built in consequence of the vow made by Victor Amédée the Second (when the troops of Louis the Fourteenth besieged his capital) to consecrate a temple to Our Lady, should her aid enable him to force their troops to raise the siege. It was whispered that the duchess of Burgundy, whose influence was all-powerful at the French court, had used it for her father's protection, and to lengthen the operations of the French General, Duc de la Feuillade. Prince Eugene having had time to come up, and Turin being relieved on the day of the nativity of the Virgin, the king accomplished his vow. The principal basso relievo of the high altar represents the deliverance of Turin by the intercession of the Virgin; it was observed of this Madonna that she bare a strange resemblance to the duchess of Burgundy. A fine bridge led us across the river to the Piazza

del Pò. The arcaded streets are broad, and the houses handsome, but mostly unfinished, to that degree that the holes made in their walls, for the placing of scaffoldings, remain unfilled.

We went to the hotel Fœder, kept, like all good inns in Italy, by French masters. Its cleanliness and comfort were to us, for some time unused to them, a very luxury.

Though it continued to rain, as I had purchases to make and a letter to put in the post for Paris, I changed my dress and we went out for the purpose, crossing in our wanderings the Piazza, on whose centre stands the old palace, built by Amedée the Eighth in 1416, flanked by its four massive towers, but in my opinion injured by the addition of an ornamented façade of 1720. Its interior was decorated, and its splendid staircase built, by command of Christina, daughter of Francee and duchess of Savoy. Before her time it was said of this palace that it was a house without a staircase, as now that it is a staircase without a house, the former being far too grand for the apartments to which it leads.

The stables for our horses are less delightful than the inn for ourselves, being dark, ill-kept, and crowded. D—— bribed away a horse of kicking reputation, whose vice Fanny the more excited by running at him open-mouthed, there seeming to be in her small

body no room for fear. In his visits to see them fed he nearly stumbled over a poor fellow who lay in one of the stalls. His wife now and then brought him drink ; he was very ill of fever his fellow hostlers said unconcernedly, and to lie with clothes on and with damp litter for bed seemed a strange remedy.

Next me at the table d'hôte sat an old man with long white hair, who I found on inquiry to be the Conte F——. We entered into conversation : he was just arrived from Chambery, and had crossed Mont Cenis in snow and mist, and exclaimed when I told my intention of doing so on horseback to-morrow. The kind old gentleman offered me his carriage, and when I pertinaciously refused, implored me to accept additional cloaks ; and was affectionate and anxious as if he had been my father.

We certainly start in the morning : for that snows, having once fallen, will diminish this season, there is little chance. The journey to Susa would be too long a one, and we are told we may be decently lodged at Sant' Ambrogio.

Though it be a long story, yet from the interest it casts on Turin, I will, for your sake, insert here that of the abdication of Victor Amedée the Second ; the same king who erected the Superga, and lies buried within its walls. About a month previous to his renun-

ciation of his crown, he espoused secretly the widow of the count of St. Sebastian, the object of his early love, then fifty years of age. Victor declared to his son his intention of abdicating ; and as he had proposed to himself for model the Emperor Charles the Fifth, he chose that a like ceremonial should be observed, and his court and ministers were summoned to the castle of Rivoli, which lies on the road to Susa and near Turin : of the cause which assembled them none were informed except the prince of Piedmont and the Marquis del Borgo. In the presence of all, the latter read the act of abdication, the king preserving throughout the proud and solemn demeanour which was natural to him. He led, when it was ended, the countess of St. Sebastian to the princess, become queen. "My daughter," he said, "I present to you a lady who is about to sacrifice herself for me ; I pray you show respect to her and her family."

Reserving to himself no more than a nobleman's fortune, with the countess, now marchioness of Spino, he retired to Chambery. For a time indeed, but of brief duration, the new monarch asked his father's counsel in all affairs of moment, and sent his ministers to seek it across the mountains ; but he grew weary of divided power, as did Victor Amédée of the idleness he had chosen, and the marchioness of

Spino urged him to resume the reins he had dropped unadvisedly. He arrived at Rivoli suddenly; but Charles Emmanuel, who had been absent also, informed of his movements, at the same time re-entered the capital, and the old king heard with extreme annoyance the cannon which pealed to welcome him. The two monarchs had an interview, embarrassed on both sides. The father spoke of the air of Savoy as injurious to his health, and the son commanded that the castle of Moncaglieri should be prepared for his reception, whither (also by his command) the court went, apparently to do him homage; but in reality to watch and report his actions. It was noticed that the manners of the marchioness had altered; that when she visited the queen she occupied an arm-chair, similar to hers; and at last, the moment for action come, Victor Amedée demanded of the Marquis del Borgo the act of his abdication, desiring him to make known his intention of wearing again the crown he had laid aside. The minister hesitated to reply; the old king insisted on his obedience within twelve hours, and this, fearing to excite Victor's fury, he promised and departed. The king remained in agitation of mind, half repenting his confidence in del Borgo; till, when the clocks had tolled midnight, taking a sudden resolution, he mounted his horse and

followed but by one servant, sought the citadel and summoned the governor to open the gates to him. He was refused, and returned in disappointment to Moncaglieri. Meanwhile the council assembled on the information of the minister, and the arrest of the father was signed by the son, whose hand, it is said, shook so violently, that the secretary of state was obliged to support it. The marquis of Ormea, preceded by a company of grenadiers, arrived at Moneaglieri, whose walls other troops had already surrounded, conducted thither without knowing whither they were going or wherefore. The king slept profoundly in the chamber with the marchioness, and the noise made as they ascended the grand staircase, seizing on the person of an attendant, who lay in the ante-chamber, and bursting open the doors, did not wake him. The marchioness, startled from her slumbers, sprang from her bed and towards a private door, hoping to escape. She was arrested and placed in a carriage, which, escorted by fifty dragoons, took at a gallop the road to the fortress of Ceva in Piedmont. Not even her cries, as she was forced away, could wake the king, who was of apoplectic habit, and whose sleep was like a lethargy. One seized his sword which lay on the table, and the Comte de la Perouse, drawing his curtains back, at last roused him, and showed the order

of which he was "bearer from the king." "What mean you by *the king?*" exclaimed Victor; "dare you to recognise another than me, who am your sovereign and your master?"

"You were so, sire," replied La Perouse, "till yourself commanded that our obedience should be transferred to King Charles; we, therefore, pray you to give us the example of obedience now."

The old man, furious, refused to rise, and gave a blow to the chevalier of Salace, who approached too near his bed. He was lifted perforce from it, and, partly dressed and enveloped in blankets, carried rather than led to the carriage, which waited in the court. As he crossed the ante-chamber he seemed surprised to see there his grenadiers; and the men and their officers, astonished in turn, murmured, "It is the king; why should he be a prisoner? what has our old master done?"

The Count of la Perouse, fearing mutiny, exclaimed, "In the king's name and on pain of death, silence!" and hurried the old monarch on.

In the court-yard stood ranged a regiment of dragoons, which had distinguished itself under his own eye, and which he had always favoured. Their presence affected him, and he stepped forward to speak; but a sign was made to the drummers, who covered his voice,

and those who stood round forced him to enter the carriage. On leaving Moncaglieri he had made three demands—for his wife, his papers, and his snuff-box; but only the last was granted. The day after his arrival at Rivoli, iron bars and double frames were placed to the windows of his apartments.

"What are you doing?" he asked the glazier.

"I am putting up double window-frames," said the man, "lest you should be cold this winter."

"Why, how now, fellow," said the king, "do you think I shall be here this winter?"

"Ay, indeed," rejoined the glazier; "this one and many more."

After this he was, however, transferred to the castle of La Venerie, three leagues from Turin. The fits of fury to which he had at first yielded, and in which it was feared he might commit suicide, had gradually subsided into sadness. He was, at his own demand, reconducted to Moncaglieri, whither the marchioness was allowed to come. He was permitted to have books; but neither newspapers nor anything which might satisfy his curiosity as to events passing in the world. He never saw his son more. He died in 1732, and his widow sought a retreat for life in a convent at Carignano.

31st October, 1839.

We were up at light this morning, for the weather had a more favourable aspect; crossed the Piazza with its old palace, and issued from the town on the noble avenue which makes so fine an approach to Turin. From the plain it crosses, the view of the Alps, covered with snow, appearing and disappearing through masses of clouds, was beautiful beyond most prospects. For some time favoured with sunshine and blue sky, we might have reached San Ambrogio free of rain, but that Grizzle broke a fore-shoe, and we were obliged to get another put on at the Tre Ré at Rivoli, looking on in almost as much fear as when Fanny dropped one at Montecarelli, on her way to Florence. The palace which received Victor Amedée is on the height commanding the town. Grizzle being shod, we thought it better to feed both, and thus lost time; for we were not long suffered to enjoy the country, which grows very beautiful after Rivoli, as rain and hail, which we had hoped were left behind, came down in full fury on horse and rider. The Dora, whose course we followed, had overflowed its banks, and desolation was here also.

The valley has the character of that of Domo d'Ossola, but it is more confined, and has less grandeur. The rain ceased as we drew

near St. Ambrogio, and the vapours were floating up the high cliff which hangs over it, and on whose very pinnacle stands a ruined church, or castle, or both, a high slight tower, which formed a most striking object as the mist floated upwards, hiding and revealing it by turns. As we approached the Tre Corone, its broken windows and yard choked with manure looked so hopelessly wretched, that, being wet through, we preferred riding on in the expectation of getting dry, as the weather favoured us once more. Crossing a bridge, the straight road follows the other bank of the river now on the left, and through a defile of surpassing beauty. On a hill of its own, of which it seems to be the monarch, rising from the flat before the mountains, and beside the river, stands a remarkable ruin. We had passed many proud remains of baronial castles, but this the noblest, with its turreted walls and hollow watch-towers standing and defying. The rain returned more violently than ever, almost hiding Susa, which is beautifully situated, and I fain would have seen in sunshine, and have paid a visit to its antiquities. Woe unto its waterspouts; they advanced over our heads from either side of the narrow street, irregular in their lengths, so that to strive to avoid their contents was vain; and drowned like mountain torrents

washing what little the rain had spared. We crossed the bridge over the wild river, and found the Posta on the Place. I can say little in praise of its comfort ; there remained but three rooms vacant, certainly, but I suspect those already occupied were no better than our own. The window shut badly, and the door, on the open corridor, not at all, admitting the rush of the wind and the roar of the torrent ; so that the fire scorched our faces, while the back of our heads grew rheumatic. The waiter was determined to do his best, for he piled the logs till they set the chimney on fire. He was gone when I discovered it, and looked for a bell, but as none was there, and I was little inclined to receive another shower by issuing forth on the open gallery in search of him, I watched it till it burned itself out, which it did very safely before D—— had come up from our travellers.

Nov. 1st.

Up at light. A sweet mild morning, and no rain, and our horses fresh as after a ride in the Bois de Boulogne ; and we decided on going the whole way to Lanslebourg, abandoning our first intention of sleeping on the mountain, as the inn is ill provided, and to get straw impossible.

The Roman arch raised in honour of Tibe-

rius is still to be seen in the governor's garden, built of white marble, and the Corinthian order, and rising among broken remnants of columns and capitals, which probably belonged to edifices by which it was once surrounded. In the days of Charlemagne, the famous Roland, from whom the first Marquises of Susa boast their descent, defended the town, signalizing himself by most marvellous exploits; in proof whereof there was shown some years ago a rock, which a stroke of his sword cleft in twain!

The early part of our journey was delightful, for the day was balmy though not bright, and the mist shrouded the snows of the summits before us without approaching ourselves; and the vine, cultivated at the foot of the mountain, stretched up its sides to the roots of the chestnut trees, on whose green leaves there rested but just so much snow as bowed their branches slightly and gracefully. As the road wound upwards we looked back to the Piedmontese valleys, bounded by the mountains, with their dark blue base and white coronets; and this beauty increased as we ascended higher and could distinguish the hill with its ruins, and the high crag far away above St. Ambrogio. So far the thaw had been rapid, for no snow lay in the road here, nor till we had passed the little inn of Mont Cenis. At Mo-

laret, where the church bells were tinkling sweetly in the quiet air, the route, turning suddenly, no longer hangs over Piedmont, but looks on a home view, which has its charm likewise, and the village built in the glen directly below, among the trees of the rich meadow. The first refuge is a little further, and by the time we had arrived there the half-melted snow began to ball in our horses' feet so as to impede our progress; and D—— having several times dismounted to pick them, with the loss of a quarter of an hour at each operation, we ascertained that in this manner we should not arrive ere dark, and began to think haste might be necessary, as the mists, which had hitherto held aloof, seemed thickening gradually. To prevent an accumulation of snow, our only resource was to trot our horses, and the mountain being henceforth steep, it was an unkind antidote; but Fanny shook her head, and breasted the hill gallantly, and the grey followed wheresover she led.

We had pursued this plan about half an hour, when the snow suddenly fell, and its friend the fog so closed round us that we could see nothing but the road, and I feared that would be invisible ere long, as I strained my eyes to discover the precipices which might be there, and the track which the last travellers had left, and which the flakes effaced

as they fell. From this spot the aspect of Mont Cenis is unknown to me, almost as if I had not traversed it; only as we crossed the Plain of St. Nicholas, over which, but for the hooftrack of a horse which immediately preceded us we should have failed to find the way, appeared for a moment the palisades of the ascending route, seeming built on the cloud, and a waterfall which sprang forth from the mist to be swallowed in it again a few yards lower. From the cliffs which skirt the road (here rising abruptly from the level) hung icicles from fifty to a hundred feet long, which the mist just opened to show. I almost thought we might be left on the mountain as a reinforcement, for I certainly never before knew the entire meaning of the word cold.

We went on, however, patiently, and rapidly as we could with mercy to the poor horses, who seemed anxious to advance as ourselves. The wind had risen, and the broad flakes of snow in this higher region changed to small particles of ice which drifted in our faces cold and cutting. We passed the barrier of Piedmont, whereon was written that a toll was to be paid there; but we, having called and nobody answered, went on till we reached the Grande Croix, before whose humble inn stood several waggons, and one waggoner who lifted his hands in amazement, and said, "Povera,

poverina," with an accent of pity not at that moment misplaced, for the ice adhered to our hats and cloaks, making them look like an old wall from which hangs half detached plaster; even D——'s weather whisker was an iceberg, as were the horses' manes and tails. Grizzle had rubbed hers last night, and the icicled hairs stuck forth ludicrously like "quills from the fretful porcupine."

To stop to complain would certainly have been to be frozen to death, and we rode fast over the plain of Mont Cenis, stopping to breathe our comrades before each refuge, as places where we could find aid, should aid become necessary. The lake was invisible through the mist, and we could distinguish only the mountain rivulet which for some way accompanied us, flowing along like a black line through the dull white of the snow. As we approached the Hospice, opposite which is Napoleon's fortification, the dark lake became visible through the sleet, but only like a heavier cloud lying on the edge of the plain and recognized by its more defined outline. Half the Hospice is occupied by monks, whose voices reached us through the roar of the wind, singing psalms, the other half by the carabinieri, one of whom opened the door just sufficiently to take the passport, while a second peeped at us through a closed and

barred window. I thought, considering their situation and ours, they kept it a merciless time, during which we walked our horses backwards and forwards, receiving the blast on all sides. From this level, the road ascends again, its highest point, being I believe at the refuge No. 20. The cantonnier, who was at work there spade in hand, desired us to be careful and proceed at a foot's pace, as we had a bad portion of road before us; and we found he was right, our horses floundering about in deep snow a moment after. Met here a carriage (the first); the postilion expressed his astonishment by an oath loud and deep. The snow-drift passed, the ground became worse still, for it changed to smooth ice, the wind, which every moment increased, sweeping the loose snow from its surface. Grizzle, who could not keep her footing, slipped and groaned, which meant, "Get off and lead me!" a prayer which D—— granted, but Fanny fortunately did not make to me, as, having felt the pain produced by cold, the numbness now stiffened me to my saddle, and had I been lifted from it, I should certainly have found walking impossible. At No. 17 is the Savoy barrier, which having passed we were called back. The good-natured Savoyard detained us as short a time as possible, called me "pauvre femme!" not thinking we

were travelling for pleasure ; and having written down as Heaven pleased the English names we told him, bade us speed on our way, which we did slowly and painfully.

The wind increased and threatened tourmente. The cantonnier had said that, notwithstanding the quantity of snow lately fallen, there was too little to occasion a dread of avalanches which sometimes fall between the refuges Nos. 23 and 24. A man walking down the mountain four days since was frozen to death at this spot ; and at the sharp turns of the zigzags, the blasts sweeping down the gorge and crossing the road were so strong, that Grizzle swayed to them, and Fanny planted her fore-feet firmly and put down her head to resist.

Though we forbore to say so, we neither were quite tranquil, as these gusts of wind roared down the hollow, threatening to carry us over the road side on the snow-drifts below, certainly deep enough to swallow far larger masses than ourselves and our quadrupeds.

At last came a happy change from snow to rain and from ice to mud, and we saw Lanslebourg among fir-trees beneath, with its pretty bridge flung over the Arc, and the inn on the opposite side, built by Napoleon for his staff. It was three o'clock when we arrived,

and we had left Susa at eight, and Fanny, not waiting for orders, trotted into the stable-yard. With some trouble from the numbness which paralyzed me, I arrived in the kitchen, where the landlady, intent on household affairs and also on scolding a child, having given me a seat, and desired her servant to make me a fire above, departed to her labours, and this was a signal for persecution, for the spirit of curiosity was stronger than the spirit of obedience, and she touched my hat, and felt my habit, and walked round me, asking questions till I was weary, and told her that if she would first light a fire and allow me to change my wet clothes, I would be at her service the rest of the day.

It required a great deal of smoke to drive me from the hearth, but when she had kindled the wood and departed, the wind which rushed down the chimney drove the very fire into the centre of the floor; and my eyes so streamed from the columns which filled the room, that I had some difficulty in finding the way out to summon her back. She only remarked, that it was always the case with that chimney when it rained; and we proceeded to another chamber on the opposite side of the corridor, the Abigail with her flaming pine-logs first. When installed therein, I found

the air abominable : she said, "it was always so when it blew," so that I have passed the afternoon burning vinegar.

The snow, hail and wind have as yet known no intermission ; the bad air arrives under the door and the icy wind in at the window. On account of the horses, whom eight posts like those we have travelled to-day must necessarily have fatigued, we shall remain to-morrow. Were the weather fair the situation of the inn would be lovely ; but when the torrents of rain dash as now against windows which will not close, and the wind waves the thin muslin to and fro, and the cold of these lantern-like rooms resists even such fires as I have made, the inn at Lanslebourg is the very perfection of wretchedness.

2nd November.

Still rain and wind, but with glimpses of pale sunshine which predict finer weather. The bad air prevented sleep, and the blast which sung round my head, whirling away the flimsy curtains, bestowed a cold on my chest, which shall not however detain me. The horses have passed the day in the luxury of rolling, and enjoyment of the mountain hay, of which the pastures near this produce the sweetest in the world.

3rd November.

Left early, for the clouds, though they threatened, dropped no rain, and took the road to Modane, the descent as far as Formignone being rapid, skirting the Arc and its pine-forests, the cold head of Mont Cenis towering behind. The weather grew milder and the scenery more lovely; larch and other trees not evergreen appearing beneath the masses of dark fir, and red and yellow with the tints of autumn, have a richness in their hues I never saw equalled elsewhere.

Verney, where Walpole's dog perished, is a beautifully situated village. The pine-forests, which the wolves inhabited of yore, have retreated since that time, and now clothe only the mountain on the left, before which the little church whose bell was tolling for mass, and whither the country people were hastening in their holiday clothes, stands on its green mound alone.

Ere arriving at Modane, we passed the superb fort of Lesseillon, which tier above tier crowns crag above crag, with its batteries ready to sweep road and valley. The range of cliffs to the right among which it rises are wild and bare. In the depths of the gorge under it, the Arc, narrowed to a streamlet, cuts its passage between walls of rock; the stone arch of the Pont du Diable spanning the

chasm, and nearer the fort a frailer wooden bridge flung with yet more hardihood. The mountain to the left, at whose base was our road, hanging over the savage defile, was clothed with a forest, and dashing down, or trickling to our feet, cascade and torrent wound among the roots of fir and larch, or bounded over their branches. The only neighbour of the fortress is a wretched village; it must be a melancholy garrison: for some time it made a fine object in the back-ground with the snows of Mont Cenis and his companions.

As we continued to descend, the clear green stream of the Arc, sometimes wild and angry, foams and roars among her masses of black stone, sometimes flows mildly and brightly, retreating from the road in coquettish curves, half hiding itself in a fringe of birch and larch and fir, and issuing again to smile at her admirers and receive their homage. Nothing can surpass in loveliness the valley of the Maurienne. Modane is a wretched hole, beautifully placed, a blot in Paradise; the noble road takes alternately both sides of the narrow valley. At a spot which most claimed admiration, we met a post carriage, its inmate this warm day ensconced in great coat and cap, fast asleep. We have once more the hardy peasantry, a contrast to that of Italy,

the women with their fresh faces and thick ankles, ascending the mountain paths followed by their cows and goats tinkling their gay bells ; and we have also the pretty country churches with their spires of grey stone peeping over rocks and through pines instead of the staring dome and unfinished Roman front of those of Italian hamlets, which wanted money as well as modesty. Avalanches of earth have hereabouts injured the road, not yet wholly repaired, and farther on the valley narrowed and became bare and less beautiful, and the rain fell heavily. At the next turn, however, we saw St. Michel close by, beneath and upon his noble crag, and galloped towards the shelter the horses, who went lightly on as if they had not been ridden three and thirty miles.

The landlord, who is an approved rogue, asked prices which made us threaten him with going to the other inn. He excused himself by saying all his provisions were brought over the mountain from Turin, so, as you may be curious to hear what St. Michel imports from Italy, our dinner consisted of two weary-looking larks, a chicken who seemed pinched with the cold of the snow-storm, a hard hearted old cauliflower, one fish and three apples.

CHAPTER XII.

St. Jean de Maurienne—A tradition of two fingers—Story of a procession of bears at Henry the Second's passage—Peculiar customs—Baptism—Funerals—Aiguebelle—La Carbonaria—Chambery—Road by the Mont du Chat—A valley of the Rhone—Pierre Châtel once a monastery—Bellay—Murder committed by a notary—A peculiar race—Pont d'Ain—Cathedral of Brou—Its foundress and her motto—Bourg—Fair-time—An aubergiste—Montrevel—We are taken for part of Franconi's troop—Tournus—Chalons—Arnay le Duc—Vermenton—Joigny—A poor traveller—The chapter of Sens—Montereau where Jean sans Peur was murdered—Melun—Paris—Fanny.

4th November.

LEFT St. Michel early as possible, (the mountains before us, along whose edge a passage from the road has been blasted, seeming to shut in the valley,) skirting the bright river, which widens and winds, forming birch and fir islets, its small waves all golden, not from the sun, which does not look down on them so early, but the reflection of the autumnal foliage on the hill side. St. Jean de Maurienne, two posts farther, has a good inn; looking back to it from the turn of the road, the view was smiling and lovely. In the vestibule of the cathedral are the tomb of Humbert of

the white hands, and others of the first counts of La Maurienne, and in its treasury are preserved the two fingers of John the Baptist, with which it is said he baptized Jesus Christ. According to the traditions of the country, a young girl born in the environs went to Egypt, whence she brought them back in a golden box. Gontran, king of Burgundy and Orleans, built, in the year 561, the church which was destined to contain these precious relics, and the town, tendering to them the respect due, added two fingers to its arms !!

The country surrounding St. Jean produces bears, and the Maréchal de Vielleville tells an amusing anecdote relating to the passage of Henry the Second of France in 1548 :—

“ He was prayed by the bishop and the inhabitants to honour them by making his entry into their town with some pomp, promising him some new diversion which would gratify and was unknown to him. The king consequently presented himself at the gates of Maurienne, accompanied by a train suited to royalty, but having entered and moved forward about two hundred paces, he was suddenly met by a company of men in bearskins, but their heads, hands and feet as well as their bodies so masked and accoutred, that they might be taken for real bears, and issuing

from a street to the beat of drum, banners carried before them, and each bearing a pole on his shoulder, placed themselves between the king and his Swiss guards, marching four and four, to the wonder of the court, and the people conducted the king, who was marvellously delighted at seeing bears so well counterfeited, to the portal of the church, where, according to custom, Henry dismounted, and where the bishop and clergy waited his coming, forming a station with cross and reliques, in their ornaments and richest attire, and with sacred music to welcome him.

" The service over, the above named bears brought the king back to his lodging, and executed before it a thousand bearish gambols, such as wrestling and climbing along the houses and up the pillars of the market, and, admirable to relate, they imitated with such truth to nature, the howling of bears, that one might have fancied oneself in the mountains; and seeing that his majesty from his apartments took great pleasure in watching them, the whole hundred assembled beneath and howled simultaneously a manner of salvo, so fearful, that a great number of horses, mounted by valets and lackeys, and in waiting before the king's lodging, broke violently girths and reins, flung their riders, and dashed in their terror over the bodies of all who stood

on their passage. The king confessed he had never been so gratified by rural device and drollery, and bestowed two thousand crowns."

St. Jean de Maurienne retains peculiar customs and ceremonies on the occasion of baptism, marriage and funeral. The cradle of a male child, in honour of its sex, is carried on the right shoulder, and the bells are rung to welcome its birth; they are silent for a female, and the left shoulder is the less dignified place on which rests her cradle.

The young man who aspires to the hand of a maiden seeks her cottage at night, accompanied by one comrade. If she places upright in the chimney one of the logs burning in the hearth, it is a token of his being rejected. Should this fatal sign remain unmade, preliminaries are entered upon, and the future bridegroom invites his father-in-law to the public-house, where all is arranged, and the young man, reconducted to the cottage, gives earnest-money to his intended wife. They are then affianced without ceremony. The night before the marriage the relations of both are invited to the maiden's house, who hides herself, and is sought by her lover and his comrades, and welcomed when found with rustic music. The wedding morning, the friends and guests, covered with cockades and laurel branches, conduct the couple to church. The

mother-in-law of the maiden waits her return and receives her with various and symbolical ceremonies. A broom is laid on her path ; if she forgets to take it up it is a mournful omen, and a sign that she will prove a bad housewife. Her mother-in-law throws a handful of corn at her head in token of the plenty which is to form the happiness of her household.

She next finds placed before her a loaf, which she is to cut and distribute to the poor, and a kettle of broth wherewith to serve the guests, in token of charity and hospitality. Then follows the meal : a cake is brought in, ornamented with laurel branches, and a child carries round the table a plate, on which each person lays his offering, which is presented to the bride, and by her given to the poor.

When a man dies in these countries, two of his neighbours dig his grave, others carry him thither, and the ceremony ends by a repast, during which the guests drink to the memory of the departed, and the health of those who have "*made the ground.*" There are parishes in which it is the custom to lay every Sunday, during a year, a loaf and a pint of wine on the dead man's grave. If the decease takes place on a Friday, it is a sign of new misfortune to his family. The new-born child and the person carrying it, who meet a funeral, are destined to follow within a year.

We passed La Grande Maison, a low inn by the road-side, and a little further, arrived at one of those sweet spots which make landmarks in one's memory—the entrance of a village, beyond which the mountains meet again; where a one-arched bridge spans the river before a mass of black rock, and the remains of one which former storms swept away, and is now scarce visible through the vegetation which covers it; and cottages on the shore, with trellised vines and gay flower gardens sloping to the water.

We had lingered on the way, and it was late and the fog rising, when we entered the marshy valley in which stands Aiguebelle, at whose entrance among the trees which cover its summit may still be traced the ruins of Carbonaria, or, as the Savoyards call it, the Castle of La Charbonnière, which was the birthplace and the residence of the first counts of Savoy, but, taken by Henry the Fourth, was razed to the ground. At no great distance from Aiguebelle, is, or rather was, the village of Randans, on which a mass of rock, detached from that of Combes, slipped suddenly down in June, 1750. The soil is now on a level with the steeple of the church, through whose windows it is possible to enter the buried edifice. The inn of Aiguebelle (*la Posta*) good and comfortable.

5th November.

A morning of clouds and vapour floating over the hills, and hardly favourable to the cold on my chest, which causes me some suffering ; a road all rises and falls, mud and stones, but looking down on a fair valley, whose wooded hillocks are again crowned with ruined castles. Maltaverne, or Chateauneuf, as it is called, may possess a good inn, but it looks unpromising ; I should be more inclined to try the Balance at St. Ambrose, a little farther. At last, from this narrow road which winds between green hedges, descending abruptly, we come on the rock of Montmeillan, (of whose importance you can only on this side be aware,) the high cliff commanding it, and the broad bed of the Isère below. From the bridge which crosses the latter Montblanc was not to-day visible, hid in clouds called up by the north-easter. The road skirts the dirty town, and is carried across the lower portion of the rock, (D—— said a surly No! to the inn-keeper who summoned us to his bad inn,) and we rode on to Chambery, through scenery changed and saddened in the four months which have elapsed since we left it, amongst leafless walnut-trees and fading yellow poplars. Found on the muddy road the white-haired and half blind beggar, who was our pensioner. He thanked me for my return

gift, with "Merci, mon garçon," and entering by the Faubourg Montmeillan, Fanny made no mistake, but passing scornfully the Europe and Petit Paris, entered her own inn-yard.

11th November.

Though really ill when I arrived, the comfortable bed I found ready, and the care of these kind people, who made tisanes innumerable, has already worked a cure. So having found no letters, and having three days borne with the anxiety the want of them occasioned, I decided on leaving for Geneva, where I had also desired they might be sent on. As we were about to start this morning, an employé of the post-office appeared bearer of three, whose arrival took place before our own, and my mind being at ease, we are to take the road over the Mont du Chat, eleven posts shorter than that by Geneva.

To Bourget, the first post, we crossed the plain, commencing only to ascend when we had passed its village and ruined castle on the lake shore. To us who expected a quiet promenade on a hill-side, the Mont du Chat was a surprise; its bold zigzags, often without parapets, leading to the very summit, the eye looking perpendicularly down to the blue water, and the autumnal foliage of the chest-

nut trees which cover a portion of its base, and among which hides Hautecombe.

Beyond the abbey the foot of the Mont du Chat is barren and wild, a mass of grey rock descending to the lake without relief or verdure. Aix, and the range of mountains at its back, the Mont d'Azi, and the Dent de Nivolet, lie on the opposite shore, Chambery and his snowy mountains behind, faintly outlined to-day through mists called up by the hottest sun which ever shone in November. Each bend of the zigzags of this splendid road is supported by a rounded wall from beneath, resembling towers, and the first of which deceived me, then on the look out for a Roman ruin, and so determined on its discovery, as to believe that this might be a part of the temple raised to Mercury, whose foundations may really be traced still on the little plain at the summit of the pass. Not far beyond this level of a few yards we rode by a ruin of another date, being the remnant of a Gothic portal. Descending once more, though the view had lost its chief charm with the bright glory of the lake of Bourget, it yet possessed boldness and grandeur, looking over broken hills topped by towns, strangely grouped, and barren, and terminated by the mountain of Tarare, recalling Scott's descriptions of border country. On our path, beneath the jagged line of white

cliff on the left, were green pastures, hiding in nooks, belted with rocks and patches of woodland through which peeped cottage chimneys, and streams fringed with trees, the trunks of prostrate elms serving for bridge over them, and fair fresh children watching the cattle which browsed on the strips of turf along their banks. Arrived at the foot of the Mont du Chat, we soon after reached Yenne, a prettily-situated but most ill-favoured town, beyond which the road continued level till it suddenly crossed the bed of a torrent, one of the Rhone's tributaries. This being the diligence route, they talk of building a bridge, but the width of the winter bed would render it a work of difficulty, though to-day the stream was but about forty feet wide, and barely reached our horses' knees. A few steps further brought us to the brink of the Rhone, and within a most stern and solitary glen, a valley of stone. On our left, where its wall rose, its cold grey only varied by stains the weather has made, bare of leaf or living thing; on the right, and the river's opposite shore, greenly feathered to the summit, and a mere line of crag, showing white among the brushwood, like an embattled wall. A sudden bend of the river parts it from the road, which, scarcely broad enough for one carriage, winds under and among tall crags,

scattered over turf like velvet, till it enters a gallery formed by two of these, which might serve for portal to Dante's Inferno. The sides are so high, and the aperture they leave so narrow, that no sunshine penetrates to dissipate its chill or darkness; and down the face of its upper portion, and through the more opaque mass which projects below, a winter torrent, which now only trickles, has worn itself a deep groove and circular passage.

Emerging from the few yards of obscurity, we were again on the bank of the rapid Rhône, the frontier fortress of Pierre Châtel crowning the high grand cliff opposite, and before us the light suspension bridge gracefully crossing the river, uniting Savoy to France. Half way up the cliff side and imbedded in it, a picturesque object among trees and briars which spring round, is a loopholed wall flanked by two low towers, the private entrance to the fort, to which conducts a stair cut in the living rock. Arrived at the bridge, two stupid Savoy douaniers detained us twenty minutes ere they could understand our non-possession of receipts for horse-duty, taken from us when the money was returned. On the French shore, the men said, that being a festival, they could not tell whether Monsieur would or would not descend from his pavilion to give the *acquit à caution*. We observed that, if that were the case, he

would do well to build an inn. The old gentleman appeared on his terrace shrugging his shoulders in sign of impatience, but at last thought proper to come down, and the horses being measured and the fifty-five francs paid, we were allowed to ride on, having lost an hour.

Pierre Châtel, now a fortress, was once a fortified monastery, raised by Amedée the Sixth, in the fourteenth century, who founded the order of the collar of Savoy, now named of the Annonciade, the Chartreuse of Pierre Châtel serving as chapel and place of assembly for the knights of the order. It was only when Bresse and Bugey had been ceded by Charles Emmanuel to Henry the Fourth of France, that the meetings of the knights of the order were transferred to Montmeillan, and not very long since the armorial bearings of those received during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were still hung in one of the vast halls.

The road passing from the bridge beneath the crag on which the fortress stands, though quitting the Rhone here, continues very beautiful as far as Bellay, bold in the distance and wooded near,—but the hills are frequent and fatiguing, and the last the worst, as the town is perched on a pinnacle. The miserable inn is on the Place, and the window of our bed-

room looked on the closed office of the notary Peytel. You may remember that the 31st of October twelvemonth, driving home in his cabriolet from Bourg, to obtain sole command of her fortune, he murdered his young wife, having first shot the servant, (a man of irreproachable character,) as on him was to lie the weight of the crime. The story Peytel told was at first believed, but his forgetfulness had left his servant's still loaded pistols on his person, and his guilt came strangely to light. His fellow notaries, not liking the stain of an execution on their brotherhood, drew up a petition in his favour. It appears that notwithstanding his double murder, he excited sympathy, and himself believed in the possibility of pardon; and bearing out the assertion "that all the world is a stage and the men merely players," to obtain a last dramatic effect he embraced the gaoler's wife ere he went to execution, and bade her mark that his countenance had undergone no change. The servant, while lighting my fire, said his sister had gone to Paris to petition the king, but had done so in vain, because it was said that Peytel was not a *brave homme*, as this was not his *premiere fois*. So that, according to *l'Anchette's* code of morality, a man may be a *brave homme* who commits murder only a *première fois*. Bad dinner and bad beds.

The hostler asked D—— if I did not belong to a peculiar race called Amazons, always attired thus.

Pont d'Ain, 12th November.

Rose early to leave Bellay ditto, and were detained by seeing the rain pouring down on the melancholy Place, and the red umbrellas of people who crossed it in sabots, and the dripping diligence just arrived, wrinkling the widened gutter where half a dozen ducks were dipping their heads in the water and seemed triumphing in their superior powers of enjoyment. As the inn was not tempting, we left it as soon as the shower in some degree subsided, and a short distance and gentle ascent brought us to the identical bridge, the scene of the murder. It crosses a sluggish stream which creeps on either side of it and of the road over low and marshy meadows. The spot has a melancholy aspect, partly perhaps from its associations and the weather on which we saw it. A few fine oaks grow here and there, near one of which the man was murdered, and within hearing are several cottages, one so close that its inhabitants might almost, had the moon been bright (for it was eleven o'clock), have seen what was passing. The marsh, to which she fled in her terror, was on the right hand as we approached

the bridge, and having pursued and shot her there, he feared she was not quite dead, and ere he feigned to seek assistance, laid her, face downwards, in the water, and preserving his coolness when he returned, placed her corpse in the cabriolet and drove beside his victim into Bellay.

Our road entered a desolate glen, where the deposits formed by the heavy rains have made small lakes or rather large pools under the bare hills. This melancholy valley is succeeded by one of surpassing beauty, for there are crags still grey and shattered but peeping above wooded hills on which stand the proud ruins of convent and castle, or with vineyards growing up their sides, the clear water of the rapid stream at their foot flashing as it turns watermills, and in the hollow where it flows so busily, oak and chestnut, and walnut, and ash-trees, forming groves rich and varied, interspersed with clumps of dark box and portions of fallen rock bright with the delicate greens of the mosses which cover them.

We passed St. Rambert, beautifully placed on the river's edge, with its ancient fortress above and the ruin of another stronghold like itself on an eminence which rises from the flat surface of the valley. Two leagues before arriving at Pont d'Ain, we bade a final adieu to this lovely country, and issued on the

plains of France. As it was growing dusk, we less regretted the change, and Fanny, finding a strip of turf by the road-side, shook her small head and cantered on merrily. There is a fine bridge at Pont d'Ain, and the inn is good, though dear.

13th November.

A lovely morning; Bourg is prettily placed, for the plain has undulations and patches of copse wood, and you look back to the mountains of Savoy. Left the cathedral of Brou on the right hand just before entering the town, a large building of not perhaps the purest Gothic, but picturesque notwithstanding, and within of remarkable beauty. Early in the year 1120, there stood on this spot a monastery, whither Ulric, Lord of Bresse, returned from the Holy Land to end his days. The Duchess of Savoy, wife of Philip the Second, made a vow to build here a splendid church and convent should her husband escape the consequences of a dangerous fall. Commenced by the latter, they were left unfinished, for he died in 1497. His son Philibert succeeded him; he had espoused Margaret of Austria, daughter of the Emperor Maximilian and of Mary of Burgundy. Twice affianced, to Charles the Eighth of France, and John, heir to the Spanish throne, she married Philibert, sur-

named the Handsome in 1501, and in 1504 was left a widow and childless. She had Bresse for dowry, and the government of Burgundy from her father, so that seeing herself rich and uncontrolled, she undertook to accomplish her mother-in-law's vow, and raised the cathedral as it now stands between the years 1511 and 1530. The tombs of the old duchess, its first founder, and that of Philip, are there, as are those of Philibert the Handsome and Margaret herself. On her monument is inscribed the singular motto—

Fortune, Infortune, fors une.

Unluckily for our progress it was fair time at Bourg, and the crowd of peasants in their short boddices and flat hats, which, surmounted by a black lace turret and ornamented by black lace streamers, are placed at the top of their ugly heads, literally stopped the way. One pretty girl (the only one) looked well under it. The boddice and short sleeves are ornamented with fringe, black lace, and rags innumerable, and the arms are bare, saving in those who, exhibiting great luxury, have worsted gloves confined above the elbow by elastic garters. Passing towards the centre of the fair, where the thickest crowd stood gaping round the tent which contained Fran-

coni's troop, a fat man came rushing forth from a café, and with one hand on my rein and the other on my arm, inquired whether I would take any thing, and whether the horses had been fed, so affectionately, that I had great trouble in getting rid of him.

My heart sank when I saw Montrevel, where the landlady of Pont d'Ain had said we should be "pas mal," and the poor woman, with fear in her face, told me she had never lodged travellers before. However, when I had groped after her up the dark ladder-staircase, and passed the room in which slept the whole family, three dogs included, we found one better than I expected, as it was large as a barn, and clean, though damp, as never used save for festivals, wedding, or christening. We made a good fire on the one lonely dog, and got supper, whose best dish was one of roasted chestnuts, and dry sheets over hard, moist mattresses, the beds being there for ornament. To the stable, while D—— stood there to see the horses fed, came a peasant in blue frock and striped nightcap, who watched, in respect and some awe, Fanny's demeanour, never of the quietest when she is curried, and at last said, "Those animals have far more sense than we have." D—— thought from his face that might easily be, and said, "Very true;" but with another look of admiration he

returned to the charge, and said, "Vous venez de travailler à Bourg," which D—, not quite comprehending, explanations followed; and it came out that he thought we belonged to Franconi's troop (as did I suppose the fat man at the café) and were all four performers.

Left Montrevel for Tournus, the greater part of the way a desolate flat, beneath the cold fog, broken by a few hills, long as uninteresting. The peasants of La Bresse are a quiet though uncouth set of people; their miserable habitations cleaner than those of the more northern provinces of France. Met no one save a group of gipsies, on whom we came as I walked to warm myself down one of these quasi mountains, Fanny following like a spaniel. They were gathered beneath an ancient oak, the older people cooking, a handsome youth touching a guitar, and a girl, with the dark fine features of her race, gazing at him as did the large dog, whose head rested on her knee. Outside the bridge of Tournus, found at a café the stout old gentleman, Madame Lalouet's pensionnaire, who, on our former visit, provided us with a château and private theatre. We shook hands, and he told us we should be welcome at the inn, as indeed we found on our arrival, for it is one of the very best on the road.

14th November.

Left Tournus for Chalons the 14th November, in cold fog and drizzling rain ; the view of the town and its towers, and the windings of the Saone, which I thought pretty when we rode here on a sunny morning, having lost its charm now, seen through the mist which lay heavily on the few leafless trees, and the waves of mud of the straight road before us. Before reaching Chalons we came again on the broken, bad pavé ; the sides of the road impassable, as our horses slipped or sunk into the heavy ground almost to the knee. Arrived at the Hôtel du Parc ; uncomfortable as before.

15th November.

A lovely morning, though the fog overtook us, and the last of our rides which possessed any interest ; for, after Chagny's plain and pavé, we entered the valley, and passed the ruins of La Roche pot ; they had less beauty in the gleam of November sunshine, and clouds and mist hid the plains of Bresse, and the line of snowy mountains which terminated the view. The moor beyond, soaked by autumnal rains, was too heavy to canter over ; and the oak wood, beyond Givry, exhibits now but a few brown leaves, clinging mournfully to twigs almost bare. Recognized by postilions who

met us on the road in April, and arrived at Arnay le Duc by moonlight.

16th November.

As it rains now every other day, it rained this morning, and our hostess as we left her shrugged her shoulders at our insanity. We hoped to pass Rouvray and reach Avallon, but when two leagues and a half from Roche en Breuil, Grizzy dropped a hind shoe, and we were retarded by the necessity of leading her thither, for in the two wretched villages we rode through, there was no farrier. Entering Rouvray, Fanny dropped one of hers put on at Florence, and we went to and were well received at the Ancienne Poste, our old quarters.

17th November.

Wished to get on to Auxerre, for the day was warm and lovely, but to do so took unwisely our host's advice, and a short cut by an abandoned route, where we sank into mud, and scrambled over stones and rode through a deep stream, till at the first village we reached we were very happy to inquire the way to join the high road again, and thus doubling instead of saving distance, and climbing the long hills of Burgundy, it was already dark when we reached St. Bris. We reckoned

on the moon, but she was hid in heavy clouds till we reached Vermenton, where, her light no longer needed, she shone forth splendidly.

The inn is the last house in the dirty town, and though frequented by rouliers only, whose waggons, with their dogs guarding them, were ranged before the door in the moonlight, we found there, with a good humoured fat landlady, good dinner, beds and fire, and our horses a private stable, but the waggoners sing at supper and get up at two to prepare for starting at four, so that our rest was of the shortest. Beyond Vermenton there is another long hill, steeper than any we have travelled since those of the Appennines. The heavy fog froze on our cloaks, hiding the view of the bare hills beyond our marl road, the only good one between Paris and Bourg, till we drew near Auxerre, where we fed our horses, and the weather changed during our short stay, as the sun shone out with oppressive splendour. For some miles ere we reached Joigny, the badness of the road retarded us, and the sun had set when we stopped at the *hôtel de Bourgogne*, one of the good inns on our passage.

19th November.

When half a league out of Joigny, D— discovered that he had left the small valise in

the manger, and commissioned to return for it a young man who for some time, walking lightly along, had kept pace with our horses, and had just laughed heartily at an old marketwoman, who, riding her donkey in masculine guise, treated with some contempt me and my saddle. He said it was a happy chance for him, as he was on his way from Bordeaux to Paris, and had spent his last halfpenny, having paid four sous for his night's lodging, and eaten neither supper nor breakfast. He ran to Joigny and back, and when he came up with us once more, we noticed that his shoe was cut, and praised his diligence. He said he had been a far better walker before the beam of a house, which was taking down, had fallen on his foot and crushed it. As he took from D—— the money which was to convey him the remainder of his way, he drew his left hand a moment from his waistcoat pocket, and I saw it was crippled. So here was a poor fellow, with no breakfast, and no money, and no hope of either, walking to Paris miles away, with a useless hand and injured foot, neither desponding nor trying to excite compassion, nor asking charity, nor servile when it was bestowed—proving again what I have observed so often, that the French bear privation and misfortune better than any people in the world. He said he should be well provided

for as soon as he arrived in Paris, as he wrote a fair hand, and his brother established there had a place of clerk awaiting him. At the first village we came to, he stopped for his morning meal, and we saw no more of him.

At Villeneuve le Roy we fed and rested our horses, and again lingered too long. Passed through Sens, the prettiest of French towns, and before its cathedral, without stopping. The chapter of Sens is unfortunately poor, and has lately sold ancient tapestries and curious relics to pay the expenses of its repairs. A part of this money has been expended in raising statues outside the building, and the sculptor has so executed his mission, that several are most remarkable as being very crooked; and one, in particular, whose arms are folded, leans to one side, perilously for those below, as he is ninety feet from the ground. Night closed in as we reached Pont-sur-Yonne, for we had again counted on a faithless moon; and as the trees, which bordered the bad road, had been lately felled and lay across it, we proceeded slowly and all rather wearily, till the moon shone out from behind a cloud, and Fanny knew her way and trotted on first and stopped at the inn gate. The landlady received us gratefully, as since our passage she has lodged several families who went to her on my recommendation, and we

have enjoyed the best supper by the blazing fire in her best room, hung round with Don Quixote's adventures.

20th November.

Left Villeneuve le Guiard for Melun in threatening weather, following the Fontainebleau road as far as Fossard, but the skies compensated for their yesterday's kindness, and the cold north-easter blew in our faces the coldest of all possible rains. The horses hung their heads, and so did we : for there was neither bank nor bush to shelter us. Where the road turns off at Fossard, there appears to be a good inn, which we passed crest-fallen, crossing the bridge of Montereau, where Jean sans Peur, duke of Burgundy, was murdered.

Not stopping to see his sword, which hangs in the church, we travelled with more discontent than curiosity up the long hill which rises from the dirty Yonne. My hat, lately purchased in a country town, proving only felt, and softened by rain till it clung to my throat like a black silk handkerchief: rain almost the whole weary day, and the road crossing a wood, thin, stunted and leafless, so affording no shelter. Ere entering Melun, the shoe of Grizzle's obstinate hind foot, and the two fore shoes of Fanny, were discovered to be loose, and must be put on ere we leave tomorrow. This inn, the Hôtel de France, is a

contrast and a foil to its Fontainebleau namesake, being as bad as its masters are uncivil. Poisoned at dinner by some chicorée, dressed in a dirty copper saucepan.

Paris, 21st November.

Very unwell all night, but up with dawn, as the shoeing of our horses by a country farrier is an operation long and perilous. If I had seen yesterday before dinner the aides de cuisine I watched this morning preparing vegetables in the yard, the sight of them would have cured hunger and spared illness. The rain held off till we got on horseback, and then came down and continued in torrents till we reached Charenton, accompanied by wind and fog; so that the deluge joined to the extreme fatigue which I felt at last, and the sick faintness consequent on eating verdigrease, I suffered more than any day of our journey, and, being last, it seemed the longest. At Charenton the rain abating, the horses dried, and we cheered up, and as it grew dark arrived at the Place de la Bastille. When we reached the quays, Fanny, though far from home, still knew her way, pricked her ears and hurried her pace, and, when on the Place Louis Quinze, took unbidden the way to the Champs Elysées, and cantered up them towards her old habitation.

There are always moments of anxiety pre-

ceding the meeting with friends after months of absence, and the heart beats painfully as one stops before the door, uncertain of the well-being of those within. My father's voice from the window reassured me, and we entered, hopeless looking figures, wet to the skin, and muddy to the knee. "Sure such a pair were never seen!"

It was luxury to close round the fire, talking all at once; to feel we did not care whether it snowed or shone on the morrow, as our long march was at an end at last, and our comrades consigned to the care of their old attendant, whom they recognized and caressed, after their manner, and who walked triumphantly away with his travelled Fanny.

We have travelled many a mile,
And your courage mine inspired;
Your playfulness awoke our smile,
Your eager step seemed never tired;
Suspended o'er the torrent's wrath,
When you trod the zigzag path,
Where your small foot scarce found place;
With the spirit of your race,
Climbed the steps of slippery stone
Where horse's hoof had never gone,
While the Alpine women wondered;
Where the wild stream foamed and thundered,
Firm and fearless stemmed the ford,

And calmly drank where worst it roared,
 And seemed as in contempt to tread
 O'er the easier Appennine,
 Till you toss'd your tiny head,
 Disdainful of the Florentine.

When the summer day we bore
 Air which burned and earth which glowed,
 On the broad lake's glorious shore ;
 Droopingly your comrade trod ;
 Where from the oak-boughs o'er us flung,
 The clasping vine's rich clusters hung,
 And the dark Italian laughed
 While the full grape's juice we quaffed,
 The gladness he had given to see ;
 Save you, we came so wearily ;
 Still your portion you received,
 And thanked me for your thirst relieved
 By treading yet more cheerily.

Riding o'er a land unknown,
 When day had died in twilight's bed,
 And darkness on the world sank down.
 And it was long since you had fed,
 And yet we had not reached the town ;
 The village inn you lingered nigh,
 And turned to me your asking eye :
 It said, " The long day's night is near,
 Mistress, may I rest me here ?"
 Needed but to raise the rein,
 Merrily you trode again.
 All strange places made your home,
 You ne'er demeaned you as a stranger,
 Wont in confidence to come,
 Pawing joy to rack and manger.
 Plebeian horses shrank aloof
 From my small steed's indignant hoof.
 Where'er we went, affection grew
 In the coldest hearts, for you.
 They knew you by your hurried tread ;

They watched you from afar—they said,
O'er hill, o'er hold your small form shoot,
Like a meteor of the sky,
Fanny of the flying foot,
Fanny of the shining eye!

Bright Italia woo'd in vain,
Fields of France we sought again ;
While to the Arno's narrow valley
The summer would not say adieu,
The autumn's forces failed to rally
Upon the mountain too ;
Lay in the hollow of the hill
The sealike mist, inert and still ;
And warring sunbeams shone between,
Where taller trees made islets green ;
And on the higher peaks enthroned,
The wind's contending currents moaned,
Disputing mastery o'er each other,
For the north called the snow, his brother ;
And the south, scattering clouds afar,
Made vistas for the evening star.
And it was beautiful to view
The unveiled moon smile all her love
Unto a sky so purely blue :
And by her trembling light you knew
The humble inn and chestnut grove,
Which scarce had shelter suiting you.
Beside, upon the couch of fern,
The tired ox lay down in turn ;
The poster's bells chimed thro' the night,
The mountain wind sang through the cranny,
And yet of all who rose with light,
The promptest was my joyous Fanny.

The plains of Piedmont we passed o'er,
The swollen river's ravaged shore ;
And Savoy's sentinel was nigh,
With his white forehead in the sky.

And from the road the conqueror made,
 We looked back o'er the land he swayed ;
 Land deemed an empire's dearest gem,
 Till sank into her wearer's soul
 The iron of her diadem ;
 Once could she heroes' names unroll,
 And now she yields all saving them !
 Seeming near tho' far away,
 Stretched at our feet Italia lay,
 As we the fathom line might throw,
 Where the coiled river gleamed below ;
 Where shattered peak and abbey hoar
 Darkly rose in heaven as based
 On the white vapour which embraced,
 And tremblingly one sunbeam found,
 A path unto the nearer mound
 Nobly tho' ruinously crowned,
 By some old ruler of the Dore.
 Hollow tower and crumbling wall,
 Sole historians to recall,
 Power and pride, and force, and fall.
 Rising in that fragrant air,
 Breathing life and joy and rest,
 (Such as should blow o'er the blest,)
 Gently the matin chime it bare,
 As if the voice of praise and prayer
 Its holy pinion wasted best.
 The vine crept up the mountain side,
 Paying homage to its pride ;
 The monarch forest o'er us reared
 Arms unshorn and crown unseared ;
 On its branches, poised or hid
 By the green leaves' pyramid,
 Snow-flakes, delicate and faint,
 Lay like blossoms pure and pale,
 Such as would perish in the taint
 Of the hot breezes of the vale.
 Gaily went my lively steed,
 Cast no lingering glance below,
 Browzing on the mountain weed,
 Slaking thirst on mountain snow.

Suddenly when change arose,
 Unseen winds brought unfelt foes
 Heaven to hide and earth to bound,
 While the thickening fog closed round,
 Impalpable but mighty wall;
 Where sprang a moment from the gloom,
 Engulphed again as in a tomb,
 In mid air hung the waterfall.
 And on the border of its shroud,
 The lake but seemed a denser cloud.
 We knew that shelter must be won
 Ere setting of that shadowed sun,
 Or we might find at evening's close
 Too cold a couch, too still repose.
 The Guardian screen'd him from the blast,
 In each closed refuge we rode past.
 The strings of pearl the frost had strung
 To your dark mane's tresses clung,
 Against the tempest and the hill,
 Strained gallantly my palfrey still.
 When all things shook in Nature's spasm,
 And the wind roared down the cleft
 Where barriers former storms have left,
 Bend like rushes o'er the chasm,
 Firmly placed to meet its course,
 Fearlessly you faced its force;
 When its rude hand rending wide
 The curtain of the mountain side,
 Showed the village at its foot,
 Where the pine first strikes its root,
 On the loud Arc's savage shore;
 Well you guessed your labour o'er,
 And rightly chose the stable door;
 With eye undimm'd, and limbs unworn,
 You rolled your weariness away.
 Your hunger scarce appeased at morn,
 For still you struck your foot to say,
 What sweetness has the lowland corn,
 What fragrance has the mountain hay!
 Sun and summer left behind,
 Pelting rain and biting wind

Marshalled back our joyless way,
 Thro' the brief and wintry day ;
 By the long untrodden road,
 Straight you sought your old abode ;
 Neighing welcome at the door,
 To the menial yours before.
 Strong until the goal was won,
 Failing when your task was done,

We watched you prostrate in the stall,
 Your head upon the old man's knee,
 And your dim eye turned to me ;
 Anxiously your state he scanned ;

You, untameable with all,
 Faintly licked his iron hand ;
 Now sorrow o'er and sickness cured,
 Prized for every pang endured,
 Your playful toil what sweetens rest,

Your task to bear me forth at morn,
 Lighter step and loftier crest,
 Seem proud of hardships braved and borne.

And when age shall come at length,
 And the swift foot learns to tire,
 And the dark glance lacks its fire,
 None to urge your failing strength.

Service harsh nor duties vile,
 Peasant hand shall ne'er defile ;
 The green fields of your native isle
 Home of your sinking years shall be ;
 Ranging far and dying free.

Flowers shall shine and laurels nod
 O'er the gay, the bold, the canny ;
 Larks upsoaring from the sod,
 Swell their songs in praise of Fanny.

A P P E N D I X.



APPENDIX.

THE crime of Cinq Mars consisted in his treating all means as allowable, provided they had for end the favourite's downfall ; his treason to Louis; his appeal to Spain. The fault of De Thou lay in his preference to an individual over his country, in private affections too strong for public virtues. An extract from Montresor's Memoirs, detailing the last days of their lives, must find a place here. By translating closely, I have tried as much as possible to preserve the manner of the quaint original—"Journal of all which took place in Lyons during the Proceedings instituted for the Trial of Messrs. de Cinq Mars and de Thou."

"Monsieur de Cinq Mars arrived at Lyons the 4th of September of the present year 1642, about two hours after noon, in a coach drawn by four horses, in which were four gardes du corps carrying their muskets, and surrounded by foot guards, belonging to the Cardinal Duke's household, to the number of one hundred. Before the carriage marched two hundred horsemen, for the most part Catalonians, and three hundred more well mounted followed. Monsieur le Grand* was attired in musk coloured cloth of Holland covered over with gold embroidery, having a scarlet cloak with

* He was so styled, being grand écuyer.

large silver buttons. Being arrived on the bridge which crosses the Rhone before entering the town, he asked Monsieur de Ceton,* lieutenant of the Scotch guards, if he permitted that the coach should be closed. This was refused him, and he was conducted to the bridge of St. Jean, thence to the Exchange and by the Rue de Flandres to the foot of the castle of Pierre Encise. As he passed along the streets, continually showing himself at the carriage door, he saluted the crowd with a smiling countenance, leaning half out of the coach, and even recognized many to whom he bowed, calling them by name. Arrived beneath Pierre Encise, he was surprised when told he must descend, and mount on horseback to arrive at the castle by a road which skirted the town : "This then," he said, "will be the last time" He had imagined that orders were given to conduct him to Vincennes, and had several times asked the guards if would be permitted hunting when arrived there.

"His prison was situated at the foot of the great tower, having for only view that from the two narrow windows which looked on a small garden, beneath which were stationed guards, as well as in his chamber, where Monsieur Ceton with four soldiers lay, in that adjoining and without all the doors.

"The next day, fifth of the month, the Cardinal Bichy went to visit him, and asked if it were his pleasure to see some one in his prison with whom he might converse. He said he should be glad of such favour, but that he did not deserve that for him any should be troubled.

"Whereupon the Cardinal of Lyons summoned the Jesuit Malavette, desiring that, since such was Mon-

* I suppose Seyton.

sieur de Cinq Mars' will, he should go thither ; and he went on the 6th at five in the morning, remaining until eight. He found him laid in a bed of scarlet damask, incommoded by a stomach disorder which had annoyed him throughout his journey and of which he was not rid till his death, and therefore very feeble and pale. The priest's converse so solaced him, that again that night he prayed his company, and afterwards during the days his imprisonment lasted continued to see him eve and morning. When all was over, the above named father rendered an account to the Cardinal Duke (Richelieu), and the Cardinal of Lyons, and the chancellor, of all which he had said to him, and remained a long while in conference with his Ducal Eminence, although at that time he allowed himself to be seen by no one.

'The 7th day of the month, the chancellor visited Monsieur de Cinq Mars, and treated him courteously, saying he had no reasons for fear, but all for hope ; that he knew he had an upright judge, mindful of favours received from his benefactor, since through his goodness, and his power only, the king had not dispossessed him from his office, and this great kindness deserved not only an eternal remembrance, but to be repaid with infinite gratitude. The pretended occasion of this compliment was that Monsieur le Grand had once heretofore appeased the king's anger greatly excited against the chancellor, but the true reason of his civility was a fear of being refused by him for judge and also of his appealing to the parliament of Paris, and being delivered by the people, by whom he was loved passionately. Monsieur le Grand replied, that he thanked him for a courtesy whose excess confused him, but " nevertheless," he said, " I note

well from the mode in which this affair proceeds that my life is the mark aimed at. Sir, my fate is sealed, the king forsakes me; I look on myself henceforth but as a victim about to be sacrificed to mine enemies' passion and the king's easy temper." To this the chancellor answered, "that such opinions were erroneous, and by nothing warranted, and that his own experience brought with it a contrary conviction." "Heaven grant it," replied Monsieur le Grand; "but I believe it not." The 8th day of the month, the chancellor went to hear him, accompanied by six maîtres de requêtes, two presidents, and six counsellors from Grenoble; but, having interrogated him from seven in the morning till two hours after noon, they could extract no replies.

'The 10th, they departed altogether for Vivey, a mansion belonging to the Abbé of Aisnay, Monsieur de Villeroy's brother, two leagues distant from Lyons, whither Monsieur, the king's brother, repaired from Villefranche, and where all proofs and papers were compared and examined.

'The 12th, all the judges sitting in Lyons, Monsieur le Grand was brought thither in a coach from the castle at about eight o'clock in the forenoon, conducted by the "chevalier du guet," and his company, and being introduced and placed in the accused's seat, he answered and confessed all which he had already made known to the chancellor in that conference which, on the 7th of the month, they had held together, and with gentleness and tranquillity of mind so great withal, that his judges gazed one at the other in wonder and admiration, constrained to acknowledge that never before had they seen or heard of constancy so unshaken, or a mind so strong and clear. After this he

was bid retire to a chamber, whither, soon as the chancellor had collected the votes, and his condemnation was written, they entered to read to him his sentence; and also that before its execution, the question, both ordinary and extraordinary, should be administered, in order to obtain from him more fully, the declaration of who were his accomplices.

‘ During the performance of this mournful office, which drew tears from the eyes of his judges and his guards, he neither changed colour nor countenance, losing nothing of his accustomed cheerfulness and that air of majesty which accompanied all his actions ; but towards its close, at the mention of torture, he said to his judges, though with unaltered mildness, “ Sirs, this seems harsh to me ; a person of my age and my condition should scarce be subjected to these formalities. I know what the forms of justice demand, but I know mine own rank also. I have told, and will again tell all ; I receive death with willingness and unflinchingly, and therefore is the torture needless. I confess my weakness, and that this prospect hath power to disturb me.”

‘ He continued his speech yet some time farther, with so much grace and gentleness, that his judges’ compassion prevented their reply, in contradiction, or refusal of that indulgence he hoped to obtain from them.

‘ Father Malavette at this time arriving inquired of him what might be the subject of his demand, saying that these were gentlemen well nurtured, and that from them he might expect as much favour as from the king.

‘ “ It is of small moment, father,” he replied ; “ I do but confess a weakness and that it paineth me to submit to the torture; disturbing my spirit not from

apprehension of pain, for I shall go unto death with joy and firmness, but because, having told all I know, it were vain to use torture."

'The father, embracing him, answered, "Sir, be not uneasy; you have no concern with merciless judges, since already they give your ill fortune tears;" and taking aside two of the "*mâtres de requêtes*," the priest told them that they mistook this master spirit; that he saw well the extreme constraint he imposed upon himself, and that they did ill so to shake his fortitude as to risk the casting it down. The while he spoke came thither two judges more, who said in secret to the priest, that the question would not be administered to Monsieur le Grand, but that, for the sake of justice and in obedience to its forms, they must conduct him to the torture chamber. Whereupon the reverend father accosted Cinq Mars, and drawing him aside from his guards, he said, "Are you capable of keeping an important secret?" He said, "Father, I pray you to believe I have been wanting in faith to none save God." "Well then," he returned, "you will not suffer, nor will you be presented to the torture; you come only to the chamber, whither I will accompany you in guarantee of the word I pledge you."

'They went together, and Monsieur le Grand merely saw the cords and other fearful instruments of torture. Meanwhile about ten o'clock, Monsieur de Thou was conducted from the castle of Pierre Encise to the palace, and presented to the judges to be interrogated there; and after the usual demands, the chancellor asked whether Monsieur d'Effiat (de Cinq Mars) had not revealed to him the conspiracy?" To which he made answer: "Gentlemen, I might deny, and absolutely, that I knew aught of this, nor could you

convict me of falsehood, for by Monsieur de Cinq Mars only you can be apprised of my knowledge, since to no man breathing have I spoken or written on the subject. An accused man cannot validly accuse another, and a man cannot be condemned to death save by the testimony of two irreproachable witnesses. Thus you see that my life, my death, my condemnation or absolution rest on mine own tongue; nevertheless, gentlemen, I confess that I knew of this matter. I avow it frankly for two reasons. First, because the three months of my imprisonment I have so passed in contemplation of life and death, as to know undoubtingly, that however long the life I may enjoy, it can only be unhappy. And that death is an advantage to me, seeing I hold it as the most certain proof of my election; such as renders me ready to die, for which I can never be better disposed than now. Wherefore I would not let pass this opportunity of salvation. My second reason is, that, notwithstanding this my crime be punishable with death, nevertheless, gentlemen, you observe that it is neither extraordinary, nor of great magnitude, nor of deep dye. I do confess I knew the plot; I did all that in me lay to dissuade him from its accomplishment. He believed me his only and devoted friend, and I would not betray him; therefore I deserve death and I condemn myself by the law, *Quisquis....*"

' This speech, which he spoke with a wondrous spirit and vivacity, so favourably impressed his judges, that with difficulty they roused themselves from the feelings it excited, nor was there one there present who felt not a passionate inclination to save him and preserve to France the brightest hope of her court, for so was he called even by his foes.

He was thereupon sentenced to death, as well as Monsieur le Grand; and as he quitted the hall he met there the reverend father Mambrun the Jesuit, who in Pierre Encise had confessed him, and he exclaimed in a religious transport, "Come, on my father, let us go to death and to heaven; let us forward to true glory. What through life have I done for my God to obtain from him this favour he now grants me, to die ignominiously that I may sooner arrive at true life?" and expressing the same thought unceasingly, he was conducted to the chamber where was Monsieur de Cinq Mars. Soon as the latter perceived him, he ran towards him exclaiming, "Oh! friend, friend, how I mourn thy doom!" but Monsieur de Thou embracing him, said, "Ah how happy we are to die thus!" The one asked pardon of the other; they embraced five or six times successively with claspings of a most unmatched love; bidding their very guards burst into tears, for this was such a spectacle as might soften rocks.

While these embracings lasted, three or four of their judges came; which obliged them to retire to the extremity of the chamber, where they conversed yet half an hour with most entire affection, of which they gave proof by exclamation and gesture, the while the Father Malavette prayed the judges who were there to promise him that they should not be bound, neither see the executioner till arrived on the scaffold, which was granted after some slight difficulty. And still while this lasted, Monsieur le Grand embraced Monsieur de Thou, ending his discourse thus: "Dear friend, let us go to think on God, and employ the remainder of our lives in working out our salvation."

"It is well said," replied Monsieur de Thou, and

taking his confessor by the hand, he led him to a corner of the chamber and made his confession there. Monsieur de Cinq Mars begged of the guards that they would give him another chamber, which they refused, saying that one was spacious enough, and that if so pleased him to go to the other corner, he might confess himself with all convenience. But still urging his request with grace and mildness, he at last obtained that he asked for. Being entered into another chamber, he made a general confession of his whole life, which lasted a long hour; then wrote three letters, the one to his mother the Maréchale d'Effiat, wherein he prayed her to make payment to two creditors, to whom he wrote two other letters. After which he said to the priest that he could bear up no longer, having swallowed nothing during twenty-four hours.

'The father prayed his comrade to go in search of wine and eggs, and the guards having brought both, he begged them to place all on the table. When they had gone forth, the said father offered him wine, but he rinsed his mouth only and swallowed nothing. Meanwhile Monsieur de Thou had confessed himself, and with marvellous promptitude indited two letters, and this done, paced the chamber reciting aloud the psalm, "Miserere mei, Deus," with enthusiasm of mind so shown in the movements of his body, that it seemed he were about to take flight from earth. He repeated the same verses oftentimes, exclaiming aloud and with ejaculations, mingling in his oration passages from St. Paul and the Holy Scripture, then taking up the "Miserere" once more, and reciting nine times after it, "Secundum magnam misericordiam tuam."

'During these devotions came several gentlemen to pay their respects to him, but he waved them

aside, "My thoughts are with God, I pray you disturb me not, I am no longer of this world." Notwithstanding this ecstacy, there approached him one gentleman sent by his sister the Présidente Pontac, who had come to Lyons to intercede for her brother. He asked him from her if he wanted aught, and he replied, "I need nothing, sir, saving her prayers and yours; nothing but death to conduct me to life and glory." And as he commenced reciting the psalm, "Credidi propter quod locutus sum," the guardian of the convent des Observantins of Tarascon, who had confessed him in prison there, came near and inquired what inscription he chose on the chapel founded by himself in their convent. He replied, "What you will, my father;" but the latter urging his request, he asked for a pen, and with such wondrous promptitude as showed more than human facility and presence of mind, he wrote, "Christo liberatori votum in carcere pro libertate conceptum Franciscus Augustus Thuanus è carcere vita jam jam liberandus, merito solvit."

"Having laid down the pen, he recommenced his prayers, reciting the psalm "Confitebor tibi, Domine, in toto corde meo," yielding to such enthusiasm as at times almost overcame him. The guards looked on trembling themselves with respect and awe. One of their judges arrived in the meantime, demanding what they waited for, and where was Monsieur le Grand. One knocked at his chamber door where he still was with his confessor, and Monsieur de Cinq Mars replied with his admirable gentleness, that it would be finished soon, and once more drawing the priest aside, he spake to him of his conscience with such feeling of his own offences, and of the goodness of God, that the priest perforce embraced him, adoring in his person the

might of God's grace and that of the mind of man; and then they prepared themselves to go forth. Monsieur le Grand and Monsieur de Thou being met on the steps, and having exchanged salutes, they encouraged one another with zeal and joy, such as proved that the Holy Spirit of a truth had filled their souls and bodies. At the foot of the steps they found their judges, and each made to them a fair speech with thanks for the mild treatment granted them.

' Being on the steps without the hall, they gazed attentively at the great crowd assembled before the palace, and bowed on all sides low and gracefully. Monsieur de Thou, seeing how they were to be conducted in a coach to the place of execution, said aloud to the people, " Gentlemen, this is indeed goodness to carry thus two criminals to their death, we who merit to be drawn thither in a cart and dragged on hurdles—the Son of God, the symbol of innocence, having been for us so done to death with shame and scandal."

' After this they entered the coach which had been prepared for them. Messieurs de Cinq Mars and de Thou placed themselves in the back seat, the two priests' companions opposite the confessors themselves, one at either door, the guards who accompanied them being about a hundred, belonging to the chevalier du guet, with three hundred cuirassiers, the officers of justice and the provost marshal. They began this sad journey reciting the litanies of the Holy Virgin, after which Monsieur de Thou embraced Monsieur de Cinq Mars four separate times with the ardour of an angel, saying, " Dear friend, what during our lives have we done so pleasing to God as to induce him to do us the favour to die together? with a little infamy to wipe away our crimes, by a slight shame to conquer heaven

and its glory? Alas! is it not true that we have not deserved it? let us mortify our hearts and spend our strength in thankfulness, and receive death with all the affection of our souls."

"To this Monsieur le Grand replied by such words of virtue, faith, charity and resignation, as exalted their confessors above themselves. The people so thronged in the streets that the coach could hardly move forward, and the despair was such as for like cause has seldom been seen depicted on human countenances. Arrived at the slope of the bridge of the Saone, Monsieur de Thou said to Monsieur de Cinq Mars, "Well, dear friend, who shall first die?" "Your choice shall decide," he answered. Father Malavette, now speaking, said to Monsieur de Thou, "You are the oldest." "True," replied Monsieur de Thou; but turning to Cinq Mars, "You are the most generous, you will show me the road to heaven and glory." "Alas," said Cinq Mars, "I opened before you the path to the precipice, but let us fling ourselves there bravely, and we shall rise to the brightness and happiness of God."

"During the remainder of the way, Monsieur de Cinq Mars, continuing his acts of piety, recommended himself to the people's prayers, putting his head forth from the carriage windows. A group of young girls moved withal uttered a great cry, and Father Malavette, affected by their sorrow, could not restrain his own and wept: but Monsieur le Grand, observing him, said, "How, father, are you more interested for me than I for myself? I pray you shed no tears, we need your firmness to fortify our own."

"As to the Jesuit Mambrun, he was so affected by the sorrow of the people, the guards and judges, that

neither in the palace nor on the way could he utter a word, his speech stifled by his sobs.

Monsieur de Thou continued his journey, repeating an hundred times, "Credidi propter quod locutus sum," making the priest promise that he should be allowed to recite the whole on the scaffold ere he died.

Arrived on the Place des Terreaux, Father Malavette first descended, taking Monsieur le Grand and Monsieur de Thou by the hand, and saying these words, "Go, sir; a moment will part us now, but soon shall we be united before God and to all eternity. Do not regret that which you lose; you have been great on earth, you will be greater in heaven, and your grandeur will have no fall."³ And having embraced once again with last tokens of friendship, Monsieur le Grand descended from the coach, and some insolent soldiers attempting to tear his cloak from him, he turned to the provost marshal and asked to whom it should be given. He bade him dispose of it as he chose, and he gave it to the priest's companion, desiring that its price might be bestowed on the poor. Another soldier having taken his hat, he asked him for it civilly, and it was returned, and he ascended the scaffold, having his head covered, with graceful agility and gaiety kissing his hand ere he gave it to Malavette to assist him to reach the summit. He took a turn on the scaffold, still wearing his hat, and bowing round to the crowd with his fine and majestic countenance. Then he flung his hat from him, and knelt down, raising his eyes to heaven in adoration. Next approaching the block, he made trial of it, asking how he should place himself and whether he did well. He took the crucifix from the priest's hand himself on his knees, and kissed it with a tenderness inconceivable.

And as he repeated the action a thousand times, the father called aloud to the people to pray for him; and Monsieur le Grand, stretching forth his arms and then clasping the hands which still held the crucifix, repeated a like prayer.

'The executioner now approached, but the father bade him retire, and turning Cinq Mars from him, his companion aided to undo the doublet, and then Monsieur le Grand embraced them both, and kneeling they recited together "Ave Maria, stella," and at its close he received absolution, and casting himself in the priest's arms remained there while one might say a Miserere.

'The executioner again advancing to cut the hair, Monsieur de Cinq Mars asked for scissors. The father took them from his hand and gave them to Monsieur le Grand, who called the priest's companion, desiring he would cut it, and this he did, and he laid his head on the block to try it again, and the father gave a medal into his hand and he received indulgence and kissed the cross. He then kneeled down with wondrous tranquillity, begging of the priest's companion that he would continue to hold the crucifix before his eyes which he refused to have bound, in order that he might see it till he died. Embracing the block, he placed himself thereon and received the mortal blow from a large butcher's knife, made after the fashion of the antique axes or rather like those of England, and the one blow ended him, though the head still held to the trunk by the skin of the throat not quite severed. The executioner was an old needy wretch. Unnerved by the necessity of cutting through this skin which remained, and letting the head roll on the scaffold, it fell unto the ground.

‘The people, densely crowded on the square, at the windows and on the towers, broke through the breathless silence which had lasted throughout, and when the axe was raised, uttered a wild cry. The sobs and groans recommenced with a noise and tumult altogether startling.

‘After this, Monsieur de Thou, who had remained within the coach which had been closed, came forth from it boldly, and ascended the scaffold with such alertness that one might have thought he flew, and arrived at its summit he took two turns hat in hand, bowing to the multitude; then flung in a corner his hat and the cloak, and the executioner approaching embraced him and called him brother, and stripped his doublet without a moment’s delay.

‘Father Mambrun who accompanied him was so profoundly affected as to be unable to utter a word. He begged Father Malavette, who had descended while the assistants stripped the body of Cinq Mars, to return and he did so. They recited the psalm “Credidi” together and aloud, and after ejaculations uttered in a firm and loud voice, in a transport and fervour like that of a seraphim, and gestures which seemed as if his body yielded to his soul flying to heaven, he received absolution and gained the indulgence.

‘And having performed all Christian duties, he adored the cross ere yet he lay his head on the block, then kissed the blood of Cinq Mars which stained it, and bound his eyes himself with his kerchief. Having taken his post, he received a blow on the bones of the skull which grazed it only and he passed his hand on the wound falling backwards. The executioner repeated the blow, grazing the skull once more, this time above the ear, casting his victim down who kicked vio-

lently in his agony. The executioner dealt yet a third blow on the throat which finished him, and he received yet two more ere he could cut the head completely off — so embarrassed was this wretched executioner. His body was then stripped instantly, and the two bodies being placed in a coach were borne to the church of the Feuillans.

'The next morning the corpse of Monsieur de Thou was embalmed by order of his sister and carried thence; and that of Monsieur le Grand was interred under the balustrade of the said church, through the goodness and authority of Monsieur de Gay, treasurer of France.

'Thus died these two great men, expiating by religion and constancy the enormity of their crime.'

THE END.











